July 16, 1977 U.S. $1.10/Canada 60c 18p

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 11, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	2	ROCK AND ROLL Pt. 1 & 2	Gary Glitter (Bell)
5	3	LITTLE WILLY	Sweet (RCA)
1	4	TAKE ME BAK 'OME	Slade (Polydor)
8	5	CIRCLES	New Seekers (Polydor)
21	6	SYLVIA'S MOTHER	Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
4	7	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
18	8	I CAN SEE CLEARLY	Johnny Nash (CBS)
9	9	OOH-WAKKA-DOO-WAKKA-DAY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
13	10	AN AMERICAN TRILOGY	Elvis Presley (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 15, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
—	1	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	ALTERNATE TITLE	Monkees (RCA)
1	3	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
4	4	SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME	Turtles (London)
2	5	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
9	6	IT MUST BE HIM	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
5	7	CARRIE ANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	8	PAPER SUN	Traffic (Island)
8	9	GROOVIN'	Young Rascals (Atlantic)
18	10	SEE EMILY PLAY	Pink Floyd (Columbia)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 13, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
1	2	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	3	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
18	4	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	5	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	6	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)
7	7	HERE COMES THAT FEELING	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
10	8	ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN	Jimmie Rodgers (Columbia)
6	9	I'M LOOKIN' OUT OF THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	10	THE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER	Kenny Ball (Pye)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending July 16th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(5)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	3	1
2	(1)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	5	1
3	(2)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	6	2
4	(—)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	1	4
5	(3)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	6	1
6	(4)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	7	4
7	(7)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	8	7
8	(20)	PRETTY VACANT	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	8
9	(9)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	14	3
9	(14)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO	T Connection (TK)	4	9
11	(—)	ANGEDO	Brotherhood of Man	1	11
12	(16)	SLOW DOWN	John Miles (Decca)	3	12
13	(13)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	6	12
14	(15)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	5	14
15	(6)	SAM	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	5	6
16	(25)	EASY	Commodores (Motown)	2	16
17	(10)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	11	2
18	(17)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	17
19	(11)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	6
20	(21)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	7	1
21	(21)	FEEL THE NEED	Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic)	3	21
22	(8)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	7	4
23	(—)	ONE STEP AWAY	Tavares (Capitol)	1	23
24	(27)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	3	24
25	(—)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	1	25
26	(—)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson (A & M)	1	26
27	(—)	I CAN PROVE IT	Tony Etoria (GTO)	1	27
28	(30)	I JUST WANNA BE YOUR EVERY-THING	Andy Gibb (RSO)	3	24
29	(—)	ROAD RUNNER	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	1	29
30	(29)	I KNEW THE BRIDE	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	2	29

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
GOOD GOLLY MISS POLLY/RIP IT UP — Little Richard (Creole); GIVE A LITLE BIT — Supertramp (A & M); MOTORHEAD — Motorhead (Chiswick); A LITTLE BOOGIE WOOGIE IN THE BACK OF MY MIND — Gary Glitter (Arista).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 16, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	14	1
2	(6)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	4	2
3	(4)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	34	1
4	(2)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	7	1
5	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	29	1
6	(8)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	11	6
7	(18)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	3	7
8	(7)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	11	2
9	(11)	EXODUS	Bob Marley (Island)	5	9
10	(9)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	10	1
11	(10)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	3	10
12	(12)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	21	6
13	(5)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	32	5
14	(13)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	12	7
15	(19)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5	12
16	(—)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS	(Arcade)	1	16
17	(—)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	1	17
18	(25)	AMERICAN STARS 'N' BARS	Neil Young (Reprise)	2	18
19	(15)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A & M)	5	15
20	(16)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	27	2
21	(23)	STEVE WINWOOD	(Island)	2	21
22	(26)	TOM PETTY & HEARTBREAKERS	(Island)	5	22
23	(—)	CSN	Crosby Still & Nash (Atlantic)	1	23
24	(20)	KENNY ROGERS	(United Artists)	4	20
25	(27)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent (Epic)	3	25
26	(17)	THE ROXY, LONDON WC2	Various Artists (Harvest)	2	17
27	(24)	CHEER MAGIC	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	5	9
28	(30)	PURE MANIA	The Vibrators (Epic)	2	28
29	(22)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	10	18
30	(28)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	4	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
QUARK, STRANGENESS, CHARM — Hawkwind (Charisma); STREISAND SUPERMAN — Barbra Streisand (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 16, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
2	(2)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
3	(5)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
4	(6)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
5	(3)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
6	(8)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
7	(7)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
8	(10)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisand
9	(12)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
10	(11)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
11	(15)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
12	(14)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
13	(18)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
14	(16)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
15	(17)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
16	(13)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
17	(26)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
18	(21)	EASY	Commodores
19	(22)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
20	(4)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
21	(24)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman
22	(25)	BARRACUDA	Heart
23	(23)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)	Waylon Jennings
24	(28)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
25	(27)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson
26	(9)	THEME FROM ROCKY (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
27	(31)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
28	(19)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
29	(33)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
30	(37)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby, Stills & Nash

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 16, 1977

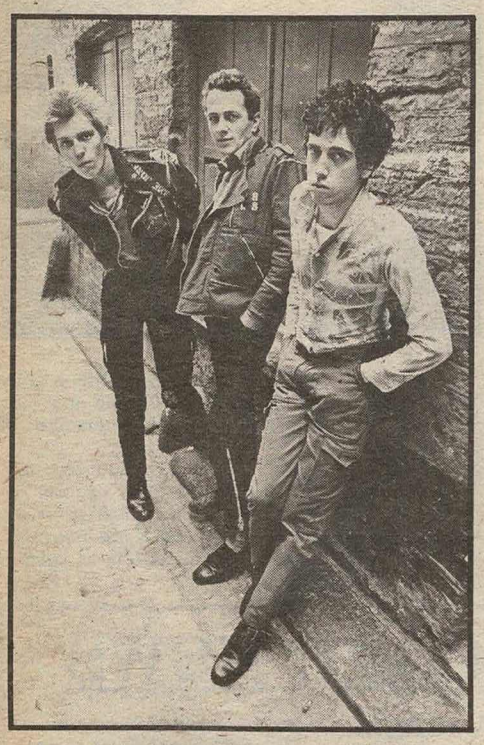
This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(3)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
3	(2)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
4	(4)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
5	(5)	COMMODORES	
6	(29)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
7	(22)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
8	(9)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
9	(18)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
10	(6)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
11	(7)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
12	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
13	(10)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	
14	(15)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
15	(17)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
16	(11)	FOREIGNER	
17	(13)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
18	(12)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
19	(23)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
20	(19)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(26)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack
22	(14)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
23	(16)	BOSTON	
24	(27)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
25	(25)	CAUGHT LIVE + FIVE	Moody Blues
26	(21)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
27	(20)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	The Isley Brothers
28	(30)	CELEBRATE ME HOME	Kenny Loggins
29	(65)	JT	James Taylor
30	(31)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk

A quiet week in terms of punk-bashing and punch-ups. But new-wave controversy and disputes continue to abound. All is revealed below.

Police ban hits Clash punkfest



THE CLASH still intend going to Birmingham Rag Market this Sunday (17), despite the cancellation of the one-day punk festival which they were to have headlined at the venue. A spokesman for the band told NME: "The Clash and possibly a few other bands will be turning up at the Rag Market at eight o'clock, and they are planning an alternative event, which could turn out to be better than the original gig."

Local magistrates last week refused to grant a music licence for the festival and, although the City Council met 24 hours later to discuss their attitude to the event, their meeting was purely academic as it had already been called off.

Promoter Dave Cork commented: "There were no main objections to the festival and, as far as I can make out, the licence was refused simply because the police didn't want the show to take place. I maintain it was a conspiracy. Anyway, I still intend to go ahead with the festival as soon as possible, and right now I'm looking for another venue in the Birmingham area."

Several hundred tickets have already been sold and, even though The Clash plan to turn up, cash refunds will be made to ticket-holders. The exact nature of the band's "alternative event" hasn't been revealed, and their spokesman would only offer the mysterious advice to "wait until Sunday to see what we're going to do."

Second Midlands event in jeopardy

ANOTHER projected Midlands punk festival is in jeopardy because of local council objections, despite the promoters' attempts to keep secret the exact location. This is the open-air event, reported by NME two weeks ago, scheduled for the Bromsgrove area of Worcestershire on two days over August Bank Holiday weekend (26 and 27).

Tickets are already on sale for the festival, which is billed as taking place at "Farmer Giles' Farm, Hell Field, near Bromsgrove". But this venue is fictitious, the promoters opting to keep the site secret until mid-August, to lessen the risk of injunctions.

However, negotiations of this kind have a habit of leaking out; last week local papers revealed that the proposed site is at Wychbold, near Droitwich — possibly at the old Wychbold Sunday market ground. And the Wychavon District Council stated last week that they will block any attempt to stage the event.

They have apparently been swayed by rumours that the Sex Pistols are among bands due to appear, although they haven't taken the trouble to discover that this isn't so. In fact, the main bands booked so far are 999, Slaughter and the Dogs, Buzzcocks, Headbanger and the Nosebleeds, Chelsea, Cortinas, The Police, The Models, Alternative TV and the Electric Chairs featuring Wayne County.

The organiser, local businessman Bob Green, says he will be adding other British and American bands to this line-up. And he remains confident that he will be able to thwart official objections to the event.

Councillor Charles Richardson said the festival must be prevented from coming to Wychbold "at all costs". He added: "Punk rock has got the very worst of reputations. The area would be devastated if 50,000 of its supporters were to arrive for the weekend."

The council is still seeking firm evidence that the event is planned for its area. But farmer Kenneth Baillie Hill, who owns the land on which the Sunday markets were held, has confirmed that he has been approached about the possibility of holding a show there — but he wouldn't say if it was THE show in question.

Heartbreakers in 'voluntary exile'

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers were flying out of Britain yesterday morning (Wednesday) and going into voluntary exile — hopefully only for a short period. As reported last week, they were being threatened with deportation because — even though their work permits are currently in order — they performed here without work permits in 1976.

By the beginning of this week, the Home Office had still given no official decision on whether to expel them, so they decided to quit Britain "to show they are willing to co-operate".

The Home Office's attitude has mellowed since their manager Leee Black Childers spent a full day discussing the situation with officials last week. Childers left the ministry with the impression that the Heartbreakers would be given at least two weeks' leeway, in order to complete their commitments and tidy up their affairs, before being asked to leave — and he was also given the understanding that the band would be allowed back into Britain fairly quickly.

The band's spokesman told NME on Tuesday: "They haven't been ordered out, but they're taking a calculated gamble. The Home Office have been reasonably helpful, and Thunders wants to show that he accepts the situation and is co-operating to the full. Under the circumstances, their manager is very hopeful that they'll be permitted to return to Britain in a few weeks' time."

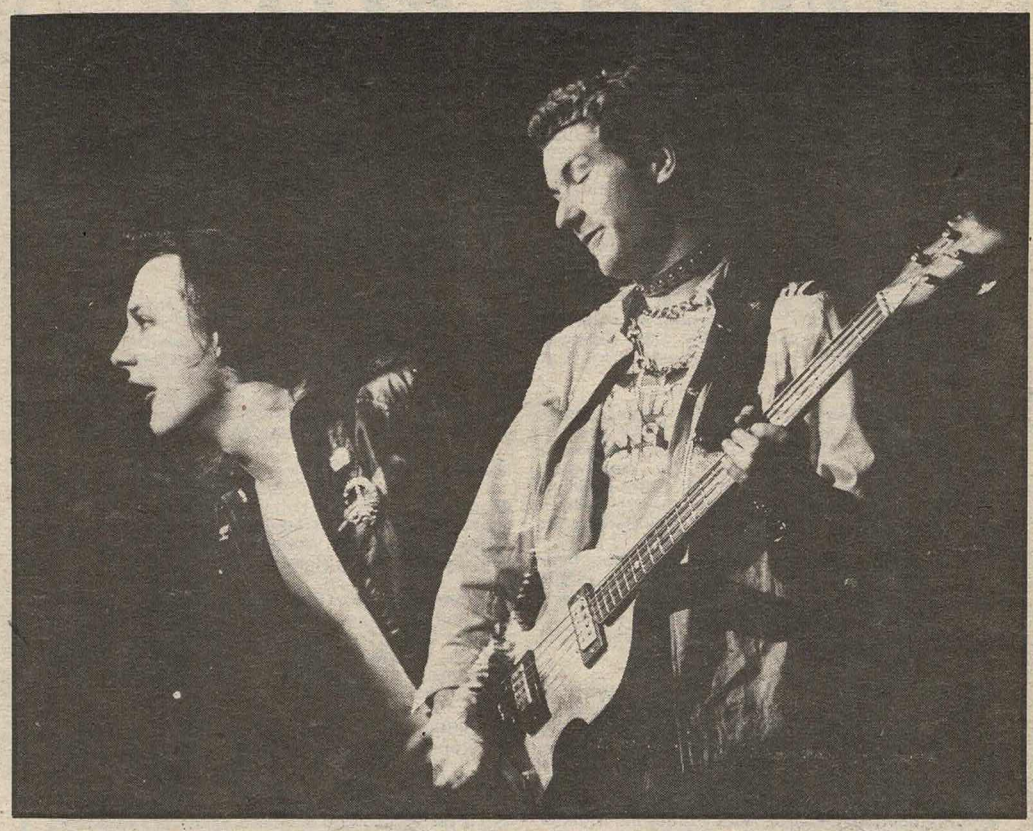
. . . and Burnel has second thoughts

THE STRANGLERS' bassist Jean Jacques Burnel, who last week received his call-up papers for service in the French army, has prudently decided not to visit his parents in France this week!

As reported, the French authorities have been trying to track him down for several years, and he would have run the risk of imprisonment had he gone to France before the matter was resolved.

Burnel has duel citizenship, and holds both British and French passports. If he can prove that he was in Britain between the age of 18-20 (which, in fact, he was) he automatically receives exemption from French national service.

The necessary proof is now being submitted to the authorities and, in the mean time, Burnel has delayed his visit to France until there is no risk of arrest.



DAMNED BLOW READING DATE

THE DAMNED have forfeited the opportunity of becoming the first new-wave band to appear at the Reading Festival. They had been booked provisionally for a spot on the Sunday bill (August 28), but their name was being withheld until after their four-night stint at London Marquee last week (July 3-6), to enable the festival organisers to assess the behaviour of the band's audiences.

In fact, The Damned played only two nights at the Marquee, when — according to a spokesman for the club— the audiences were "exemplary". But the band themselves became involved in a dispute with the Marquee management, leading to the cancellation of their projected third and fourth gigs at the venue. And since the Marquee also organises the Reading event, the band automatically missed out on the festival.

One of the causes of the dispute was the free Damned single being presented to members of the audience as they arrived.

There was also a row over The Damned putting up posters which covered the club's list of forthcoming attractions and the Marquee name sign.

After a band dropped out of their last two gigs, the Models deputised on Tuesday and Generation X on Wednesday.

Pistols' secret overseas tour

THE SEX PISTOLS have finally found themselves some live work, after a seven month absence from the stage. They have been booked for an extensive overseas tour, lasting almost four weeks — but, for policy reasons, no one is saying exactly where or when.

A spokesman for Virgin Records told NME: "If their departure date were known, they would have to run the gauntlet of airport Press and photographers. And we can do without more stories about them being sick at the check-in.

"All I'm prepared to say is that they'll be leaving very soon, and they have a full schedule for almost a month. There have been no problems in getting bookings abroad, and we hope this tour will open the door to British gigs."

The Pistols' single "Pretty Vacant" is now on sale in a picture sleeve. Anyone possessing an early pressing in a plain white sleeve may, if they wish, obtain a new sleeve from any branch of Virgin Records.

Mecca ban all punk — Rank more flexible

THE MECCA Organisation, Britain's largest ballroom chain, have slapped a comprehensive ban on all new-wave bands. A spokesman for the company told NME: "There is no way in which we would allow punk groups to play at our venues. We want to avoid pitfalls, and our attitude is that these bands are undesirable. We wouldn't even agree to them playing a private functions at any of our halls".

The Rank Organisation — who control the rival Top Rank chain — have, on the other hand, adopted a more moderate policy. They say they are not banning new-wave outright, and will take each case on its merits. Commented a spokesman: "There are obvious cases for banning, like the Sex Pistols — but with them, it's not because they're punk rockers, but simply because they're the Pistols. But with bands like The Jam, The Damned and the Stranglers, we look at each application as it comes up."

Sparrer

Got it?

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PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
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Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
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Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
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ON THE ROAD

GEORGE HATCHER BAND, who headline at **London** Sound Cicus this Sunday (17), have added several more gigs to their current tour which promotes their newly-released U-A album "Talkin' Turkey". They play **Aylesbury** Friars (July 23), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (24), **London** Marquee (25), **Retford** Porterhouse (29) and **London Kensington** Nashville (August 19). As reported, they are also set for the **Reading** Festival on August 27, and other dates are being added.

AMAZORBLADES, the rising five-piece Brighton band, have July gigs at **Harrow** Tithe Farm House (this Saturday), **London Fulham** Greyhound (18), **London Harrow Road** Windsor Castle (20 and 27), **Lancaster** No. 12 Club (21), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (22-, **Nottingham** Imperial Hotel (23), **Bolsover** Bluebell Inn (24) and **Eastbourne** Sundowners Club (29 and 30).

IGNATZ, the Scottish funk outfit from Dundee, undertake their debut **London** tour gigs at Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (July 31), Camden Brecknock (August 1), Hammersmith Swan (3), Kensington Nashville (4), Camden Dingwalls (5), Stoke Newington Pegasus (6), Basildon Double Six (7), Fulham Greyhound (8) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (9).

THE 'O' BAND — currently touring to promote their latest United Artists album "The Knife", release this weekend — have extra gigs at **Shrewsbury** Tiffany's (July 26), **Cleethorpes** Winter Gardens (August 11), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (12), **St. Albans** City Hall (13) and **Redcar** Open-air Festival (29).

JENNY DARREN, who supported AC/DC in their last British concert series, begins her own tour this week with her newly-formed four-piece backing band. She plays **Middlesbrough** Madison (currently until Saturday), **Torquay** Raleigh Club (July 20), **Helston** Culdrose Hotel (21), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (23), **Newbridge** Club and Institute (24) and **Aldershot** Roundabout (25—28). After a break to finish her second DJM album, she resumes at **Falkirk** Maniqui (August 27), **Bradford** Princeville Club (28) and **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (29).

BILLY OCEAN plays **Stoke** Bailey's (this Friday and Saturday), **Stockton** Fiesta (July 18), **Manchester** Fagin's (25 week), **Skegness** Sands Club (August 4), **Blackpool** Tiffzny's (5), **Oldham** Bailey's (6), **Leicester** Bailey's (8 week), **Great Yarmouth** Tiffany's (15)m **Farnworth** Blighty's (17—20), **Birmingham** La Dolce Vita (22 week), **Bridlington** Royal Spa (28) and **Skegness** Eastgate Leisure Centre (29).

J.A.L.N. BAND promote their new single (see 'Record News') with gigs at **Hereford** Flamingo (tomorrow, Friday), **Worthing** Carioca Club (Saturday), **Great Yarmouth** Tiffany's (July 18), **Petersfield** HMS Mercury (20), **Plymouth** HMS Drake (21), **Bristol** Turntable Club (22), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (23), **Ryde I.o.W.** Carousel Ballroom (25), **Bridgend** Recreation Centre (29) and **Manchester** Mayflower Club (30).

JOHNNY TILLOTSON flies in next month for a short tour taking in **Dublin** Chariot Inn (August 7 week), **Blackpool** North Pier (14), venues to be set in the Midlands (18—20), **Cleethorpes** Bunnies Place (23), **Weston-super-Mare** Webbington Country Club (25) and **Ayr** Darlington Hotel (27).

B.B. KING returns to Britain in October for a series of selected concert appearances, currently being lined up by Pinball Artists. Details will be announced shortly . . . and the **DRIFTERS** are due back in early autumn for yet another tour, opening at the end of September.

SMOKIE play four selected concert dates this month, to promote their newly-released single "It's Your Life". They are **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (July 21), **Newcastle** City Hall (22), **Douglas I.o.M** Palace Lido (24) and **Norwich** Theatre Royal (31). The Newcastle gig is being recorded by Metro Radio for subsequent broadcast.

Chapin and Hot Chocolate dates

BONNIE, AWB EXTRA GIGS

HARRY CHAPIN returns to London New Victoria Theatre, following the success of his concert there earlier this year, to headline a one-off concert on Saturday, September 3. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the gig is promoted by the MAM Organisation. Chapin's latest album "Dance Band On The Titanic" is released by Electra on August 5.

HOT CHOCOLATE have slotted in a one-off concert at the New Victoria, following the chart-topping success of their single "So You Win Again". It is on Thursday, August 18, and tickets are on sale now priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

BONNIE RAITT headlines a second concert at the New Victoria on Sunday, August 7, as her original gig at this venue the previous night has now sold out. Promoted by Paul Fenn of Asgard, tickets remain at £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

AVERAGE WHITE BAND, together with guest Ben E. King, have added yet another date to their brief British visit later this month. They are already

BONNIE RAITT

set for gigs at London Hammersmith Odeon (July 22) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (30), and now they have added a second night at Hammersmith on Saturday, July 23.

STANLEY CLARKE BAND, announced last week for a concert at London New Victoria on August 5, will now also play Birmingham Town Hall the previous night (4). Brand X are interrupting their current U.S. tour to appear as special guests on both gigs.

EVERYONE'S A WINNER
"THIS IS THE SORT OF THING THAT GIVES THE SEX PISTOLS A BAD NAME"
Sounds
"HYPOCRISY" New Musical Express
"BORING" Record Mirror
"I TOOK IT OFF HALFWAY THROUGH" Clash's roadie
LONDON
MCA 305
LAST THREE COPIES WILL BE SOLD IN FULL COLOUR SLEEVE

RECORD NEWS

Double-A single from Stranglers

THE STRANGLERS, currently figuring strongly in both singles and albums charts, have a new single issued by United Artists on July 22. It is a double A-side release featuring two of the band's most popular stage numbers, "Something Better Change" and "Straighten Out", and it comes in a special picture bag.

● The title track from **Linda Ronstadt's** recently reissued album "Different Drum" is released as a single by Capitol this weekend. The song is also included in the double compilation set "Linda Ronstadt — A Retrospective", which retails at £4.50.

● The solo album by **Dennis Wilson** of the Beach Boys, now officially titled "Who Made My Moonshine", is set for September 2 release on the Caribou label (distribuited in Britain by CBS).

● A new single by New York rock band **Starz,** issued by Capitol this weekend, features two tracks from their recent "Violation" album — "Sing It, Shout It" and "Subway Terror". The first 10,000 copies are available on vellow vinyl.

● New RCA albums issued tomorrow (Friday) include "Knnillussonn" by **Harry Nilsson,** "Sedaka: 50's And 60's" by **Neil Sedaka,** "Welcome To My World" by **Elvis Presley,** "Magic" by **T. Connection,** "Diamond Touch" by **George McCrae** and "This Time For Real" by **Betty Wright.**

● **Billy Connolly's** live album, recorded at his recent London Rainbow concerts, is planned for October release by Polydor. And due at about the same time is a full-length documentary film of his 1976 Irish tour, titled "Big Banana Feet".

● The **Original Tornados** are reforming to record a new album for SRT. The line-up will include Clem Cattini, Roger La Vern, George Bellamy and Heinz. The other founder member Alan Caddy is not expected to be available.

● **The Boys** have a three-track single issued by Nems on July 22, on which the main title is "The First Time". Their 14-track album "The Boys" follows on August 5.

● **City Boy's** first single for over a year is released by Vertigo on July 29. Titled "She's Got Style", it is taken from their upcoming album "Young Men Gone West", due out in September.

● After a three-month dispute during which their product was unavailable, Stiff Records have now signed a new three-year pressing and distribution deal with Island. This means their product — including the album "Damned Damned, Damned" — is now back in the shops again. First release under the new agreement is the **Elvis Costello** album "My Aim Is True", rushed out on July 22.

● Following her 35 concerts in Japan, **Suzi Quatro** has a live album of her Tokyo concerts released in September.

● **Lesley Duncan's** new single "Maybe It's Lost", recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Tom Dowd, is released by GM Records this weekend. The album from which it is taken follows shortly.

● **Rod Stewart's** album "Atlantic Crossing" and single "Sailor" are now available on Riva Records, instead of Warner Brothers. The change over was made earlier than planned, due to the recent increase in sales.

● **Eddie and the Hot Rods'** new single, for July 29 release by Island, is "Do Anything You Wanna Do".

● Magnet Records' first 12-inch single, out this weekend, is "I Got To Sing" by the **J.A.L.N. Band.** It is limited to 10,000 copies selling at 75p, and marketed in a picture bag which also contains a voucher for a J.A.L.N. Band T-shirt. The outfit are touring to promote the single (see 'On The Road').

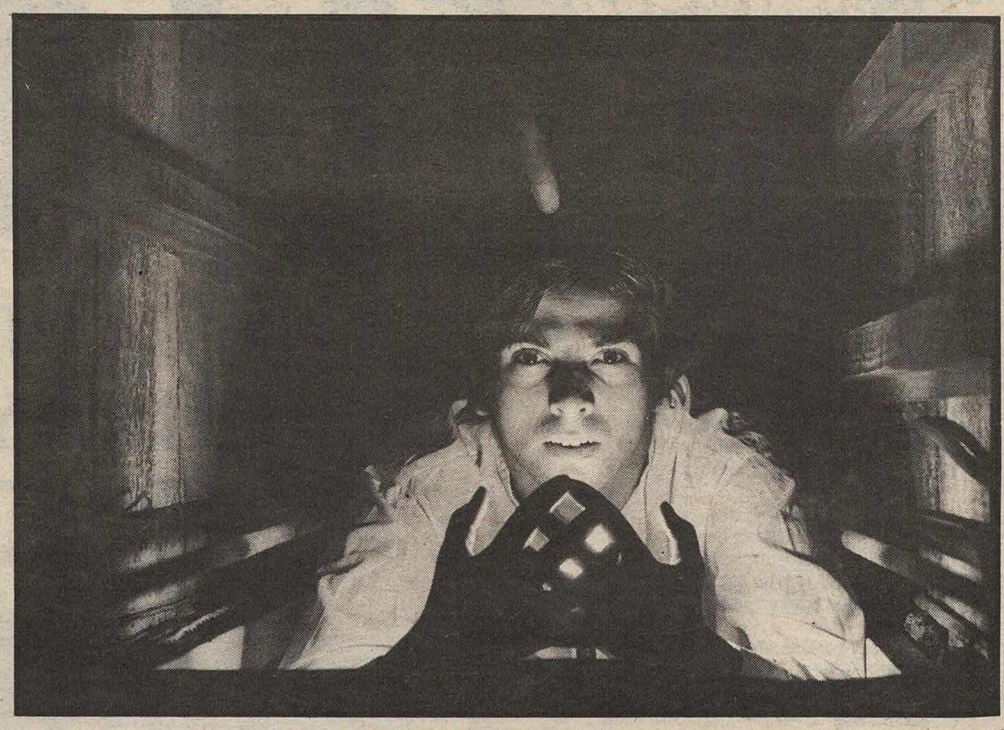
● July 29 singles release on the Contempo label include "We Can Work It Out" by **Sam & Dave** and "How Long" by **J. J. Barnes.**

● **Eno** has just finished work on a new album, for release by Island in September. And last weekend he left for Berlin to work on **David Bowie's** next elpee.

Punk package goes on road

THE NEW punk label Step Forward Records is presenting a package tour featuring two of its acts, Chelsea and the Cortinas, which opens next week and runs until Spetember. The tour kicks off with a major date in West London at the Acklam Hall on Thursday, July 21. The rest of the itinerary — starting on July 27 with a string of gigs in the West Country — is at present being finalised and will be announced next week. The package will also include two new bands as support acts.

15 CONCERTS BY GABRIEL



PETER GABRIEL spends the whole of September and October headlining a major tour of Britain and Europe, together with his own backing band. The tour was originally planned for later in the autumn, but has been brought forward due to the success of his first solo album, which has enjoyed a 14-week run in the NME Chart. Gabriel opens with a string of concerts on the Continent in early September, then plays 15 dates in this country before returning to Europe.

His itinerary comprises Newcastle City Hall (September 13 and 14), Glasgow Apollo (15), Sheffield City Hall (17), Stoke Trentham Gardens (18), Brighton Dome (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Bradford St. George's Hall (22), Liverpool Empire (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (27 and 28), Bristol Hippodrome (30 and October 1) and Southampton Gaumont (2).

No London gigs have been included in Gabriel's schedule, because he played almost a week of concerts in the capital in the early spring. A spokesman did not altogether rule out the possibility of a London date being added later, but he thought it unlikely. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Tony Smith and Hit & Run Music. A support act has still to be named.

With the exception of Stoke, tickets at all venues cost £2.80, £2.40 and £1.75. They will be available to personal callers at box-offices in about a month's time, but postal applications are being accepted immediately. Bookings should be sent, and cheques and POs made payable to the respective venues.

For the Stoke gig, all tickets cost £2.50 and they are only available from Mike Lloyd Music Shops in Stoke, to whom cheques should be made payable. In all cases please enclose s.a.e. All concerts start at 7.30 pm, except in Birmingham where there are two performances at 5 and 8 pm.

Motorhead tour with C. Bishops

MOTORHEAD, the heavy metal trio fronted by former Hawkwind stalwart Lemmy, headline a four-week tour starting at the end of this month. Count Bishops are the special guests on all dates, and a number of local bands will also be appearing at various venues. Lighting is by Liquid Len and the Lensmen. Their debut album "Motorhead" will be issued to coincide with the tour, which is billed as "Beyond The Threshold Of Pain."

Highlight of the itinerary is a London gig at the Lyceum in the Strand on August 24. Other dates are Hastings Pier Pavilion (July 29), Stafford Top Of The World (August 1), Manchester Electric Circus (5), Aylesbury Friars (6), Plymouth Woods Centre (8), Yeovil Johnson Hall (9), Torquay Town Hall (10), Penzance The Garden (11), Cardiff Top Rank (12), Wigan Casino (13), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (18), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (19), Sheffield Top Rank (21), Birmingham Locarno (22), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (25), Newcastle Mayfair (26), St. Albans City Hall (27) and Crawley Sports Centre (28).

H'Wind: 15 gigs

HAWKWIND headline a string of 15 major concerts starting in mid-September. Billed as the "Spirit Of The Age Tour", it promotes their hit Charisma album "Quark, Strangeness And Charm", from which the title track is released this week as a single. The band, who also appear at the Reading Festival on August 28, play:

Manchester Palace (September 16), Liverpool Empire (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Usher Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Sheffield City Hall (23), Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Oxford New Theatre (30), Bristol Hippodrome (October 3), Southampton Gaumont (4) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5).

Tickets go on sale at all box-offices this Saturday (16). Hammersmith prices are £3, £2.50 and £2, and at Croydon they are £2.75, £2.25 and £2. At all other venues, prices are £2.50, £2 and £1.50, with additional £1 tickets at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises in association with Neil Warnock of the Bron Agency.

ROXY REUNION FADES

Manzanera to tour, Ferry stays in L.A.

PHIL MANZANERA is at present getting a new band together, and will be going out with them on a nationwide tour in October. He has just completed work on a new solo album, for release by Island in September, and the autumn gigs are being lined up to promote it.

Meanwhile, Bryan Ferry — who has just completed a massive four-month tour of Australia, Japan and America — is now resting in Los Angeles, where he intends living for the next few months. He also plans to record in the States, using U.S. musicians.

So the chances of a Roxy Music reunion now seem remote — at any rate, for the foreseeable future. But it is understood that a Roxy compilation album is being released in autumn.

SPEDDING FORMS OWN TOUR BAND

CHRIS SPEDDING, one of the best-known and most respected session players and sidemen in the business, is forming his own band and will be going on the road in September. In the studios he has played with numerous top recording artists, from Jack Bruce to the Wombles — while on stage, he's worked with Roy Harper and Bryan Ferry, among many others. But he has never fronted a touring outfit of his own, apart from Sharks which he co-led with Andy Fraser. This latest move is prompted by the fact that he has been signed by E.G. Management, who are also setting up his tour. A new Spedding single and album will be issued by Rak in September to coincide with his gigs.

Havens staging Hendrix musical

RICHIE HAVENS, who recently played his first British dates for four years (at Earls Court with Genesis), plans to bring to London a rock musical called "Electric God", based on the life of Jimi Hendrix. Havens is producing the show in New York this autumn, with Jack Hammers playing the role of Hendrix, and — probably early next year — he intends presenting it at a West End theatre.

Havens chose Hammers for the lead because of his close links with Hendrix. They co-wrote three songs, served in the army together, they came to Europe at the same time, and Hammers replaced Hendrix in the Curtis Knight Band — and what's more, they look alike.

Weekend concerts by 10c.c.

10c.c. are playing two concerts at short notice in Manchester this weekend — at the Apollo Theatre in Ardwick on Saturday and Sunday (16 and 17). The gigs have been specially arranged for recording on the Island Mobile, with a view to a live album being issued later in the year.

Both gigs start at 8pm, and tickets are available from the box-office and local agencies all at the one price of £2. The band then take a short holiday before preparing for a tour of Australia and Japan, starting in September.

LATEST ON THE BIG SUMMER GIGS

Steve Miller due in, Dylan declines

THERE IS still no official word on three big open-air events planned for the late summer — at Longleat, Knebworth and Wrotham Park. With the Reading Festival occupying its traditional August Bank Holiday spot, it looks as though all these major events will be compressed into a four-week period from mid-August onwards.

The respective promoters have all had difficulty in booking headline acts, hence the delay in announcing bills, but the present state of play is:

LONGLEAT: This two-day event, planned for the first or second week in September, is likely to include the Steve Miller Band, Chicago and Santana in its line-up. Peter Frampton is another possibility.

KNEBWORTH: Promoter Frederick Bannister hopes to announce his bill next week. But contrary to rumours, Bob Dylan is definitely not appearing. Bannister made him a "huge offer", but has received a letter stating that Dylan has now decided against visiting Britain this summer.

WROTHAM PARK: Promoter Mel Bush's official line is that, as yet, he has neither a date nor an act for this event. But Led Zeppelin remain favourites.

● Barclay James Harvest have been added as special guests to the Beach Boys' concert at Manchester Belle Vue on July 24. They take the place of Gallagher & Lyle, who are appearing in the other Beach Boys' gigs, but are not doing Manchester because of their booking in the nearby July Wakes Festival this weekend. Manchester-based band Sad Cafe complete the Beach Boys bill at Cardiff Castle (23) and Manchester.

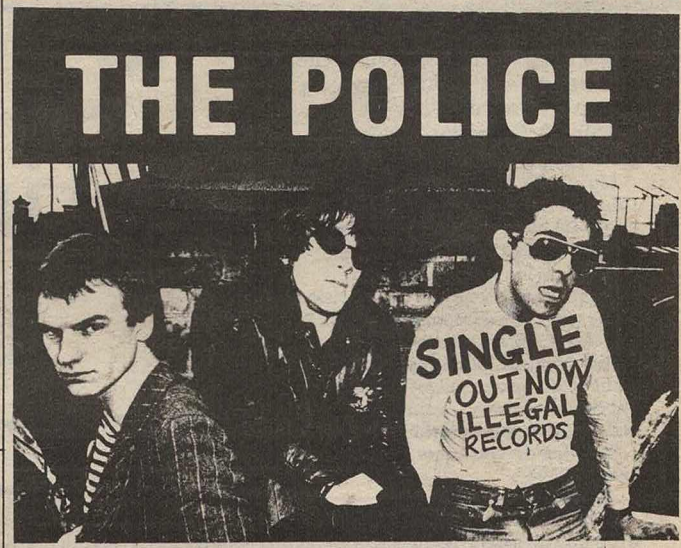
Harley's future

STEVE HARLEY this week officially confirmed that he has disbanded Cockney Rebel, following NME's exclusive revelation last week.

He said that he has been happy with the standard of musicianship within the band, but felt that he had now reached the end of an era. He will continue to record, using session men and guest musicians, and will also work on other projects including films and writing a book.

CHERRY IN RCA DEAL

CHERRY VANILLA has signed a long-term deal with the RCA label and, far from being deported from Britain (as suggested elsewhere), she is being lined up for a lengthy series of gigs here. Cherry returns tomorrow (Friday) from America, where she has been negotiating a networked TV series, and goes straight into the studios to record a single titled "The Punk" and an album, "Bad Girl".



STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BONNIE RAITT
NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD, S.W.1
SATURDAY 6th AUGUST at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE STANLEY CLARKE BAND
WITH GUESTS
BRAND X
NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD, S.W.1
FRIDAY 5th AUG at - 8.00
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

THRILLS

ALREADY ON BROADWAY, ALREADY A HIT!

Thrills BEATLES story No. 912: more vultures gather to peck up on the action . . .

"WHEN can I go?" I whined, fidgeting on the slippery Speakeasy seat like it was a weevil nest.

"In a minute," hissed Chalkie Davis between fiddling with his flash and tinkering with his Zoom lens.

I slumped back in my seat and gazed around with a bad grace. Monday morning at the Speakeasy to watch auditions for the emigree Broadway musical "Beatlemania" didn't exactly have me frothing at the mouth from excitement.

I mean, screw The Beatles. I was eleven years old when they quit. I don't give a damn if they're dead in a ditch beside the M.1, having been strangled with their own stockings during a lovers' tiff. All I really want to do this morning is go out shopping for a trilby.

Instead I talk to Kenny, the fast-talking, sharp-shooting New York hustler with a forehead growing higher by the minute who's running the auditions. He tries to convince me he isn't a wide-boy.

"It's already on Broadway, already a hit. It's put on by the guy who handles Aerosmith."

You don't say!

"It' got no plot, it ain't a probe into their private lives like 'John, Paul, Stan and Roger'. It ain't just another rip off, it's a sixties chronicle, a study in nostalgia. Kennedy, Wallace, Vietnam."

How fascinating.

"Yeah, we advertised in *Village Voice* for the Broadway show, got snowed under. We found this amazing fat little Jewish kid who's the image of Paul McCartney. Girls are freaking out over him. He must have looked in the mirror every day of his life and wondered 'My God, why do I look like this?'"

I know the feeling well, dear. Do you expect to find any clones in this here town?

"Oh we're not mad for lookalikes — you can do a lot with make-up. We want boys who *sound* like The Beatles."

Oh, great. I visualised battling hordes dressed in Cardin suits and fringes, yelling "Fab gear!" in Scouse accents and attempting to jab each other to death with their pointy-toed shoes. Oh, this is really going to be fun!

My suspicions are confirmed when an amiable Dillon The Rabbit lookalike ambles by. He sings "Do You Want To Know A Secret?" and "Boys" in the manner of a rather bold bunny.

"Already on Broadway, already a hit, no, ya don't haveta be Equity," Kenny assures him, leaping behind the drumkit and yelling at a kid at the keyboards "Ya know 'Please Please Me'?"

"Uh, no."

"Ya know, 'With A Little Help From My Friends'?"

"Uh, no."

They lurch into "Let It Be", and I wait for three minutes for the kid to sing before comprehending that he's just a potential musician. A Beatles pianoalike? I soon gets mildly mad, making listening to numerous versions of "Let It Be" (ah, if only they would!) banged out mercilessly on drums and keyboards, and I feel like a bullfight patron who's been done out of gore. A vampire who'd ascended on an anaemic.

Soon the singers start coming, however. A lumberjack type screams and howls very realistically on "I Saw Her Standing There", an angelic dapper blonde trills "Yesterday" in a nerve-racking tremor "I'm not half the man I used to be!" I know just how you feel, son.

A fat kit struts his stuff. They can do a lot with make-up? They'll need to put an iron waspie on this honey!

Another says "Nah, I dunno that one..I dunno any Beatles stuff at all, really."

"Already on Broadway, already a hit," Kenny reassures himself. "We musta advertised the wrong way."

Well, he did use Capital Radio.

A boy in a tie sits at the keyboard and sings "For No One" like he's attending his mother's funeral. Then "Yesterday", as though his father has just joined her. For a show called "Beatles R.I.P." he'd be peachy keen.

A Liverpuddlian called up and tried to sell himself to Kenny "I look like Kojak and I do a dance routine."

"It's supply and demand. We're giving the public what they want."

And what they deserve, God help them.

■ JULIE BURCHILL

Some Beatle "lookalikes" from the Speakeasy audition. (Pics & design: CHALKIE DA VIES)

"Our government is acting independently of the people."

Actress JULIE CHRISTIE joins the Windscale Campaign . . .

"I SIGNED MY NAME to some of these pamphlets and they rang me up afterwards. They're absolutely desperate for some public support." — Julie Christie.

Up at Windscale in the County of Cumbria a group of overworked and under-financed people are fighting to prevent Britain's next major step forward on her march towards a nuclear-based economy. The decision of the current Commission of Inquiry into the proposed enlargement of British Nuclear Fuel's reprocessing plant could just be one of the most important domestic events since the end of the Second World War.

So, what do you know about it? Not much, I'll bet.

And do you care?

Julie Christie cares. She's helped write and distribute leaflets and given rare interviews in an effort to tell you about it. She thinks it important and she hopes you read this not because it's about Julie Christie film star, but because she sees this piece as part of an educational process on the issues involved at the Windscale Inquiry:

"Everybody's got to do the research themselves and make up their own minds. It has almost to be a moral decision in the end, doesn't it? I think a lot of people if they bothered to do the work would be frightened enough to want to stop it at all costs.

"What I'm interested in is awakening consciousness and knowledge about this issue. The little bit that's being printed is unreadable, it's boring. I think what is needed is a special government project to educate people about this issue which is, in fact, their future . . .

"In the Inquiry only one side is being funded with our money, with our taxes, and that's the government side. If the government doesn't fund both sides with our money then it's acting independently of the people. It's essential that somehow they should realise their responsibility to us all and fund both sides.

"There are people on the non-government side who are *mortgaging their houses* to pay for adequate representation of their views. It's ridiculous that private individuals should be responsible for a fair representation of something that is going to influence us all forever."

FACT ONE

Nuclear reactors produce large quantities of highly toxic radioactive wastes which would have to be transported across country to be reprocessed at Windscale. For instance:

Strontium 90 — a deadly bone-seeking radio isotope which may cause leukaemia and bone tumours.

Iodine 131 — accumulating in the thyroid gland, it can lead to stunted physical and mental development.

Caesium 137 and Carbon 14 — can cause genetic mutations.

Plutonium 239 — known to be fatal in minute doses.

Once produced, some of these materials will remain dangerously active for tens of thousands of years.

"If you think that just a tiny speck of plutonium in your lungs can wipe you out, and that we're choosing to build our economy on masses of this absolutely deadly material which you can't get rid of for 25,000 years . . . Do we want to build all our futures on such material? It can't be safe because of human fallibility."

FACT TWO

A safe, permanent method of storing radioactive waste has yet to be found — though promised as imminent by scientists since the nuclear programme began. Meanwhile, accidents, leaks and unexplained losses of nuclear material occur with disturbing regularity in Britain and the U.S.

"I can see it in terms of future generations. You can't condemn your children and your children's children to live with and keep watch on these monsters that they can't get rid of. They'd be living under a totalitarian regime always under the threat of nuclear violence and blackmail."

FACT THREE

Security surrounding all nuclear installations is already extraordinary. All employees are "positively vetted" on a five-yearly basis on their political, social and moral background and — uniquely amongst "private" police forces in Britain — the Atomic Energy Authority Special Constabulary are empowered to *carry arms* at all times, to engage in "hot pursuit" of all thieves and attempted thieves, and to arrest on suspicion.

"So much has been obscured. Even the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution says things like: 'We think it remarkable that none of the official documents we have seen during our study convey any unease. Nowhere is there any suggestion of apprehension about the possible long term dangers to the fabric and freedom of our society.'

"What is being kept from us?"

FACT FOUR

A study from the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory in California, one of the main nuclear weapons research centres in the U.S., indicates the simplicity with which reactor grade plutonium can be manufactured into a nuclear bomb.

Terrorists and hoaxers please note: 280lbs of weapons grade Uranium 235 has gone missing from Babcock and Wilcox's plant at Apollo, Pennsylvania. It takes just 14lbs of Uranium 235 to make a highly destructive and very messy atomic bomb.

In all U.S. government and private concerns have "lost" upwards of 30,000lbs of plutonium and uranium since the start of its nuclear programme. Figures for Britain are not available.

"If planning permission is granted for the reprocessing plant it will be completed in 1987 and will be in service until 1997. Mr Glidewell, Q.C. for Cumbria County Council therefore put it to Mr Allday, managing director of British Nuclear Fuels, that 'With the backlog of oxide and ordinary uranium fuel to be reprocessed plus stuff from the Advanced Gas Cooled Reactors due on power in the next two years and plus the Japanese imports, if that contract goes through, won't there be more than the maximum amount that a plant can handle during its ten years of life?'

"And Allday was forced to concede that yes, in fact they would require another plant to handle that excess and so on. So, obviously, the plan is for lots of nuclear reprocessing plants which will become even more necessary if and when we embark on the fast breeder programme.

"We do let so many things go and happen because of this accepted belief that the government knows best, and this is proved constantly wrong.

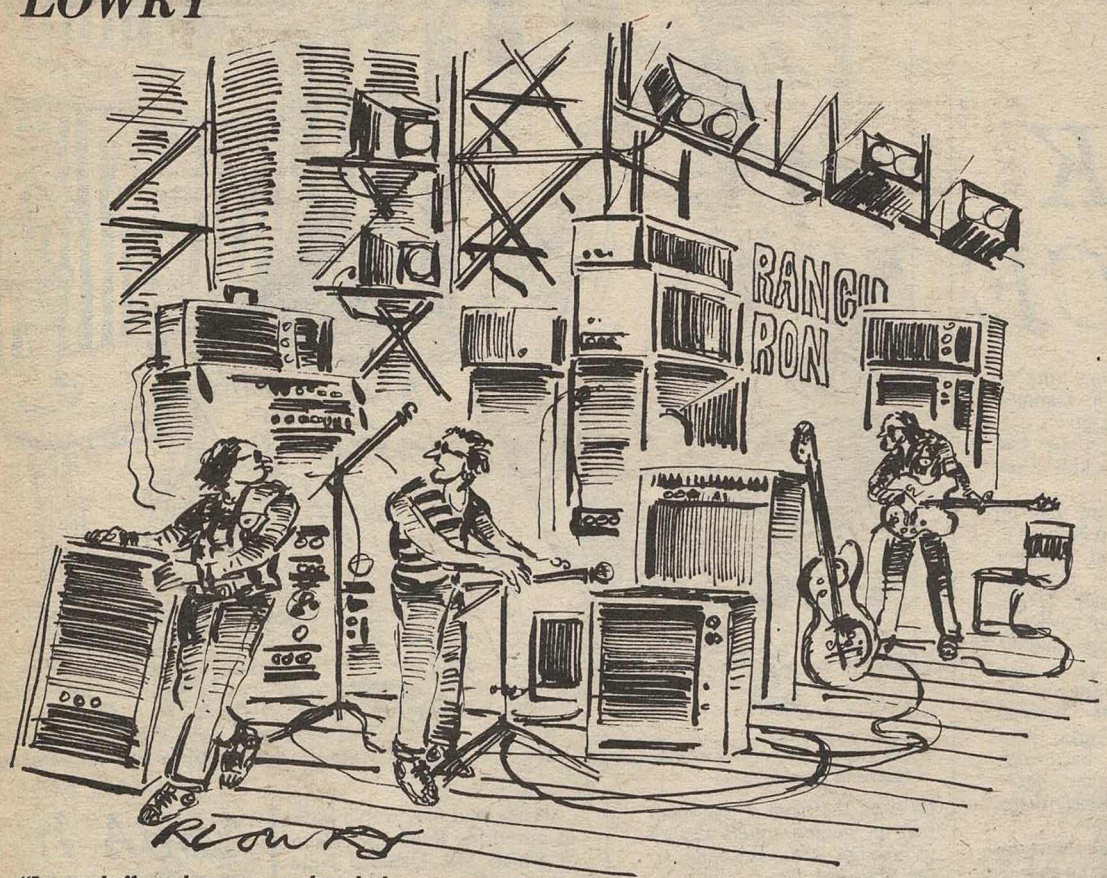
"We're deprived of information and therefore deprived of the opportunity to think for ourselves and work things out for ourselves . . . and in this case there is a determination to keep THESE facts from the people.

"I believe in what Ralph Nader says, that 'the decision on atomic power should be made by an enlightened citizenry. Just as war is too important to be left to the generals, so atomic power is too important to leave to the so-called experts.'"

If you wish to be part of the "enlightened citizenry" then write to **People for a Non-Nuclear World, 81 Onslow Square, London SW7.**

□ BILL MACCORMICK

LOWRY



"I started off as a hanger-on and worked my way up to being a servile toady."

PISTOLS SACKED IN BRIGHTON CLAIM

AS SEX PISTOLS vinyl is available at long last for mass public consumption and being blasted from literally thousands of neophytes' stereos everday, Virgin Records reap the financial reward of faith in the Pistols while (or so you'd imagine) EMI and A&M sullenly look on. But when A&M chief Derek Green spoke out last week in the trade magazine *Music Week* for the first time since the split in March, he insisted that he had no regrets.

"The Sex Pistols were the quickest success I ever had," he said, a somewhat bizarre comment when you consider that A&M terminated the contract with a £75,000 handshake only seven days after the signing and with 25,000 A&M labelled copies of "God Save The Queen" backed with "No Feelings" sitting in a warehouse waiting to be burned.

Derek Green insists that the reason the band left A&M was merely because he changed his mind.

"It was as simple as that, and it was nothing to do with pressure from any other quarter," he said. "I just didn't want to be involved in what they were involved in outside their music."

Rumour has it, in fact, that Capitol Radio head Aidan Day stated (after the Speakeasy incident between the BBC's Bob Harris and his friends and some friends of the Pistols), that he would blacklist *all* A&M artists if the band remained with the label.

Not surprisingly, this rumour is denied by both the label and the radio station. However, other artists on the label certainly made no secret of the fact that they disliked being with the same organisation as The Sex Pistols.

Derek Green maintains the band left because of his own personal viewpoint towards The Sex Pistols.

"I went to Brighton the day before I terminated the contract and I thought about it, and I decided that I didn't want to work with them," he commented.

"It would not have made me happy, and I suppose I have got to that stage of life where I am able to make the sort of move that is not really business-like. The industry has a right, in a sense, to know how all this came about."

He makes it clear that after telling Jerry Moss (the 'M' of A&M) in the strongest terms possible that the Pistols were very good business he then made a sudden *volte-face* and made it clear to him that he did not want to continue working with them. Moss in effect had to choose whether he wanted to retain the services of the Pistols or Green.

Green says that he's had enough of rock star lunacy. Strangely, all the cases he cites as examples are stars of the '60s rock establishment whom the New Wave hold in contempt.

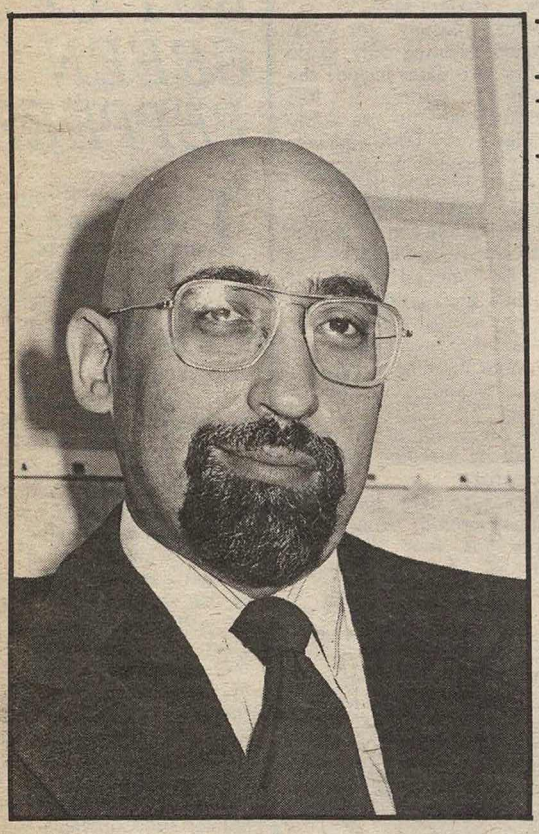
"I've been through a lot of mad scenes," Green said. "I've witnessed a few with Joe Cocker, thrown buns at waitresses, flown across the Atlantic with George Harrison and dropped dry ice into swimming pools with Harry Nilsson. That's not how I want to earn my living."

Green insists that he does not begrudge the Pistols their success with Virgin, while having no regrets that they are not making their mark as an A&M band. He took an A&M label copy of "God Save The Queen" (already worth about £50) from his desk drawer and said, "We got this far. It was just so exciting. I would have been very sad if they had not come through for Virgin. I liked them as individuals."

The Pistols themselves still seem to be genuinly in the dark about the termination of their contract.

The moral of this story is for true happiness, find yourself a Virgin.

□TONY PARSONS



PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE EARS?

"It's like taking drugs," claims sound-environmentalist IRV TEIBEL.

DOWN IN FLORIDA all that smog on the coast highway renders opening the windows of your condominium kinda unpalatable. Americans being nothing but adaptable, however, the bummer of not being able to hear the ocean is soon solved.

Why, they just flip a copy of Irv Teibel's "Psychologically Ultimate Seashore" on the old turn-table and listen to the sounds of the waves come splashing out of the speakers.

Hey, just come over here for a moment and take a read of what Irv scribbled down as some of the liner notes on that album, the first record put out by Syntonic Research Inc — or, as Lemon Chewie munching Irv prefers to know it, his "psychoacoustic record company".

"In listening to tests conducted prior to the release of "Environments One" (the album in question), it was found that this sort of sound has a direct effect on the imagination and subconscious of the listener, no matter what his age or occupation. If used while reading, comprehension and reading speed improve noticeably. If used at mealtime, appetites improve. Insomniacs fall asleep without the aid of drugs. Hypertension vanishes . . . ."

Hmmm . . . Pick up thy waterbed and walk, huh?

Hey, hang on a jigg, I'm feeling kind of uptight. I'll just go and stick "Gentle Rain In A Pine Forest" (which Irv recorded when he went out to record the sunrise one morning and got stuck in a downpour) on the old deck.

Phew, that's better.

Now, where were we?

SO ONE DAY in 1969 Irv Teibel was away from his native New York out in California engaged in some filming.

"I was very nervous," the 38-year-old Teibel explains, "And I had trouble listening to music for any length of time. I was working on a lot of electronic music. What I found with electronic music is that most of it is depressing. It may cool you down or excite you, but basically it doesn't make you feel good.

"What happened when I started to make these tapes of the ocean was that I started to feel good. It was like taking drugs."

Although what ended up on disc as "Environments Number One" wasn't exactly the splashing of waves.

"Despite recording up and down the Eastern seaboard and even recording in England I couldn't find that particular sound that I had in my head. I ended up synthesizing it on a computer that's used for voice print identification. I turned the programme backwards so that I could modify the sounds. The programme is based on a recording I've done but it has been totally synthesized by computer.

"The more I explored the feeling of it the more I found that what it is is that there are things that make you make you associate other things with whatever sounds you hear. You think of experiences you've had when you actually heard the real sounds. And that became very important. You can't do that with music. You can with natural sound.

"I developed a whole philosophy based on this, but basically it just made me feel good. And I thought I'm not unique. Other people will feel the same way. I never thought it would catch on as fast as it did."

Some twelve months after "The Psychologically Ultimate Seashore" made it onto record as the first release of Irv's Enviroments label, Atlantic Records boss Ahmet Ertegun was out on the Coast. In almost every record store he visited he learnt that The Sound Of The Ocean was the surprise smash of the time. Teibel soon found himself signing a distribution deal with Atlantic, put out the albums for the first four years of this decade before Irv took on the distribution.

In addition to the two already mentioned records the five other Syntonic releases include "Dusk At New Hope" (with its flip side "Dawn At New Hope"), a record to assist meditation and a record of a heartbeat that was originally intended for meditative purposes but which now carries a sticker testimonial from *Playboy* magazine testifying to its worth as, as Irv Teibel puts it, "a good screwing record".

THAT Ahmet Ertegun should first come across the albums in California is hardly surprising. They would appear to fit right in with the ultimate technological frontier's obsession with the soul and with the guru-of-the-month club. Indeed, seventy per cent of the label's sales are made in the Golden State.

Mind you, Irv's had some help out there. Why, a couple of years back all the DJs on one of the San Francisco radio stations came out on strike. The station didn't want to lose its licence by going off the air, so the management made up a tape loop of the ocean record.

After it'd been played for three weeks twenty-four hours a day they were picking up more listeners than when they played nothing but jazz. Eat your heart out, Brian Case.

Whatever these records are, though, the one thing that Irv Teibel does not like their being classified as is electronic music. Indeed, Irv is not too happy with the whole electronic music game.

"Electronic music," he says, lighting up a cigarette (cigarettes *and* lemon chewies! And he claims these records are good for your head!!!), "is basically an ego trip.

"I spent some time with Stockhausen. I was pretty highly skilled with electronic music including computer synthesis. Very elaborate. Except that you couldn't hear what you were doing. You had to write a programme on a punch tape and then feed it into the computer and, to your surprise, sounds came out of the speakers.

"And that was a helluva way to do anything that has any sensual connotation.

"These sounds are very like found sounds. In a way it's very similar to photography versus art. With art you start with a blank canvas and by the strength of your own ego you'll put on the canvas a product of whatever you imagine. But a photographer goes out and captures things because he's moved by them. And my training has been in photography — I've a degree in photographic technology.

"Basically this is photography for the ears."

Aren't these Americans and their fancy phrases cute? Watch out, though, when Irv starts telling you that Bob Dylan claims they're his favourite listening material. Those of you who recall the notorious *TV Guide* interview the Zim gave last year, in which he made this rash claim, will remember that a pinch of garlic salt could well have been added to some of the protest singer's answers.

The question is, though, what do you *do* with these records? Do you light up a spliff, bung "Dawn At New Hope" on the stereo, and just *get into it?*

"Our intention," says Irv, "was to make a sound that could be ignored. But basically what happens is that the first couple of times you sit down and listen to these records you acclimate" — *ooooo,* you and your fancy words — "to them. They're very hard to memorise because they're some of the longest playing records ever made. Some of them run at 42 minutes a side.

"If they're too short you memorise them and begin to anticipate the sound."

HOWEVER, all this buying of experiences does sound very American in its spirit, Irv.

"Well," he rubs his polished plate, "I was slightly conscious of that at the beginning. I was criticized for that. People would send me letters criticizing themselves for having the need to buy one of these records."

Self-flagellation by the sound system, huh?

"Basically, though, you can intellectualise about it and criticize it. But once you've experienced it it goes beyond that. It's virtually looking at the phonograph record as something other than music. In other words using the phonograph itself as a device.

"So we've tried out a concept of preserving a moment in time. We recorded a Be-In in Central Park using Quadrophonic Recording Techniques in order to just preserve that moment in time for another moment in time."

Irv Teibel is in the midst of setting up a distribution deal for the UK with Island Records. Will they scarf up Syntonic Sounds in Skegness? Will they lap them up in Leamington Spa? Will the skateboard catch on in Blighty?

I handed Irv Eno's phone number and wandered on out into the orange haze of the evening.

□ **CHRIS SALEWICZ**

DAMNED DEPLORE PINK FLUORESCENCE

THE DAMNED had planned to climax their recent tour with four nights at the Marquee from Sunday, July 3rd to Wednesday, July 6th, the final date marking the first anniversary of the band's live debut supporting the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club.

However, only the first two nights were played, the Tuesday and Wednesday dates being cancelled due to much friction between the Marquee administration and the Damned camp. (see News story page 3).

Thrills asked Jake Riviera, the band's manager, what had gone wrong.

"I'm extremely pissed off," he said. "The Marquee tried to dissuade us right from the start from doing four nights because they didn't think that we'd be able to pull the people. This is despite the fact that we sold out all the advance tickets!"

He also said that the band disliked seeing cheap souvenirs like pink fluorescent Damned badges for sale at 40p each inside the Marquee.

"We *give* the kids that kind of stuff".

The Damned had also intended to give away 5,000 copies of a collector's item single of "Sick Of Being Sick" and "Stretcher Case Baby" to everyone who came to gigs.

However Riviera said that due to the Marquee administration being anxious to clear the venue at closing time on the first night as The Damned singles were being given out, the next night the singles had to be given to the kids when they came in.

"That meant they had to pogo while trying to hold on to their single. And another hassle we had was that the large Damned posters at the back of the stage were obscuring the Marquee logo and the management told us to take them down, even though both Ultravox and the Kursaal Flyers have done gigs there with their own backdrops obscuring the Marquee sign."

Why did they object to the sign being covered?

"Because they said that they wanted the name of the club in all the photographs that were taken of the band. I told them that the photographers wanted to take pictures of the band, no the Marquee sign."

How did they react to this?

"They said they would blow us out of the Reading festival, at which The Damned were planning to be the surprise guests," Riviera said.

Other reasons for The Damned deciding only to do the first two dates include the Marquee's protest at the band's decision to use Andy Dunkley as the DJ for the gigs — the Marquee management wanted Jerry Floyd as DJ.

"Also Dave Vanian's arm was causing him a great deal of pain where he had been beaten up. The Damned believe in 'the-show-must-go-on' and all that, but we just got *too* many hassles from a venue that we had never played before and at one time wouldn't even give us any gigs."

The other side of the story was put by Marquee director Jack Barrie.

"To say we didn't think The Damned could draw the crowds for four nights is *poppycock*," he said.

"Originally they wanted to do an entire week at the Marquee and, as the club manager Uli Prutz books artists eight to then weeks in advance, we had to do a lot of re-arranging so we could accommodate them."

What about the allegations that you threatened The Damned that they would not play the Reading festival if they continued to complain about various aspects of their dealings with the Marquee management?

"Balderdash!" Barrie exclaimed. "The Damned were being *considered* by me, as the person who books the artists for the Reading festival. Who knows? Perhaps they still *will* play the festival. But I don't think so."

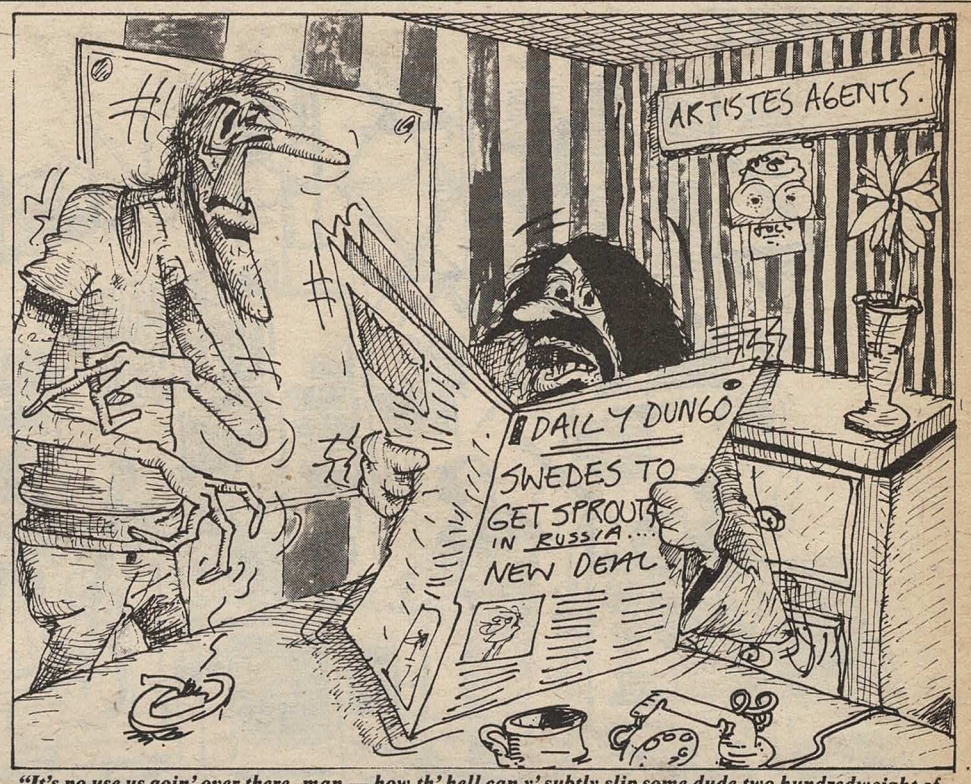
Any comment on The Damned not being allowed to cover the Marquee logo while Jake Riviera says you allowed Ultravox and the Kursaal Flyers to get away with it?

"Don't forget that we don't *ask* bands to play the Marquee, they ask *us*. They should be proud to play the Marquee! The Kursaal Flyers were allowed to cover the Marquee sign because they were making a film which is different circumstances from a normal gig, and Ultravox *did not* cover the sign.

"Look, we agreed to let The Damned play the Marquee because of the GLC's attitude to allowing certain bands play major halls. I'm sure The Damned think we're old hat! I suppose Jake Riviera said there had been discrepencies at the door?" No, he didn't mention anything of the sort.

"Well, ah, all I can say is that the only people who suffer in the end are the fans and I'm sure that the two bands who replaced The Damned on the two nights that were cancelled, The Models and Generation X, won a lot of new fans at the expense of The Damned."

□ TONY PARSONS



"It's no use us goin' over there, man — how th' hell can y' subtly slip some dude two hundredweight of spuds in payola".

Illustration: BENYON

ABBA Inc. BUY UP GREEN PEPPERS

IN A move virtually unprecedented in the music business Abba have signed a deal with various Eastern European countries whereby they will exchange records for oil and vegetables.

The deal was set up by Stig Andersson, the group's manager in conjunction with Anders Walls, a director of Beijerinvest, a large Swedish-based multi-national conglomerate, and is estimated to be worth £7 million a year.

The reason behind the deal is that the amount of money allowed out of Eastern European countries is strictly limited. Abba and their manager obviously believed they could sell many more millions of records if they could only overcome this trade restriction problem. So they set up a trading company, Sannes and Co, which will sell Abba records for local currency — worthless in the West — and then use the money to buy Polish vegetables, Rumanian oil and Czech peppers.

This latest deal just confirms the notion that Abba are a corporation masquerading as a pop group.

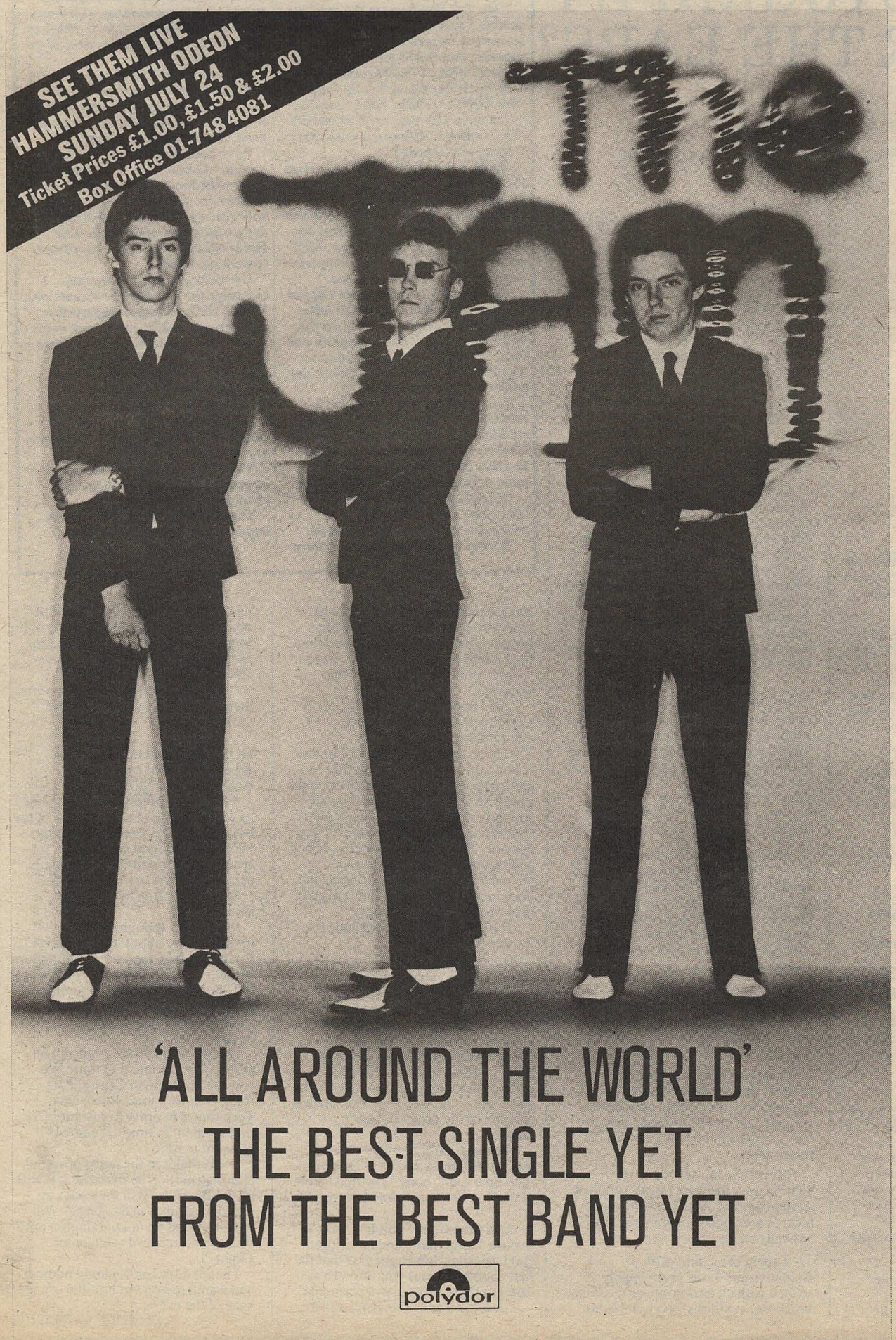
Right from the very beginning their activities have been totally self-controlled through a network of five companies jointly owned by the band and Andersson. From the moment ideas are converted on to tape right through to the final pressing stage and beyond, the Abba empire holds the reins.

In addition to this Abba have developed a new way of handling their record deals. Instead of doing blanket deals for the whole world, they deal territory by territory — they're on CBS in England, Atlantic in America, RCA in Australia and so on.

Contracts for some part of the world are always coming up for renegotiation, allowing Abba to constantly jack up their rates as their worldwide success increases.

Despite the fact that they have to pay 85% personal income tax in Sweden, the band intend to stay put. Most of the vast sums of money they earn are immediately invested in the country. They own one of the biggest art galleries in Sweden, their own fim theatre, their own studio and film production unit and large quantities of real estate including a hotel and restaurant business.

□ DICK TRACY



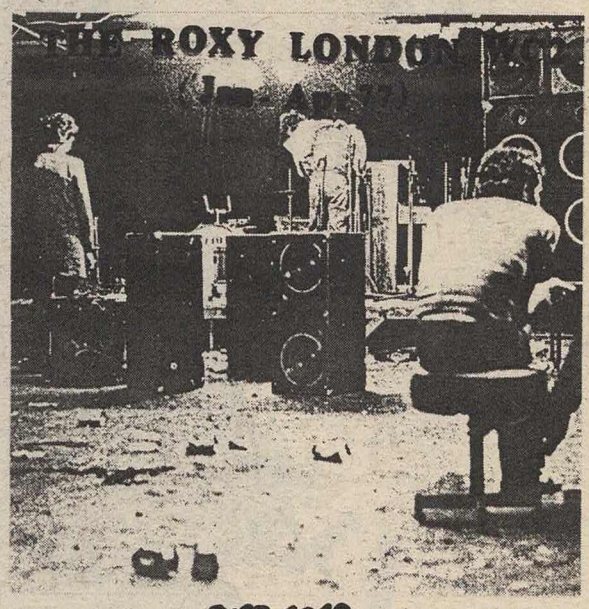
THE ROXY LONDON WC2
(Jan - Apr 77)

LIVE ALBUM

No. 17 album chart.

Slaughter & The Dogs
The Unwanted
Wire
The Adverts
Johnny Moped
Eater
X-Ray Spex
Buzzcocks

Between January and April this year, the Roxy Club devoted itself entirely to new wave music. There was nowhere else for the groups to play. This is the album of the club.



SHSP 4069
available on cassette

HARVEST

DAMNED CLEVER, THESE JAPANESE

AT THE tail-end of the '60s selected London record shops began importing progressive American rock albums into this country. Many observers imagined this would prove a short-lived novelty. It was argued that, aside from hardcore fanatics and those purely interested in oneupmanship, few would be prepared to pay over the odds for an album that might be made available locally within weeks.

But today imports are an integral part of any good record stores turnover.

It's now five years since Louis Raynor opened Flyover Records, just a hop, skip and jump from the Hammersmith Odeon, during which time he has built up a reputation for operating one of London's finest independent retailers.

Always one to anticipate market trends, Flyover was one of the first all-purpose stores to import a large selection of African funk, Jamaican pre-releases, 12-inch disco singles, salsa, funk and other specialist music tastes.

Though it can cost as much as £1.40 to air-freight one single album, Raynor recently expanded his service by importing vast quantities of Japanese releases which retail at around £5.50 for a Beatles or Roxy Music single album, £12.98 for a 'Live In Japan' double album by Weather Report, Miles Davis and Herbie Hancock, or as much as £17.30 for a deluxe Dylan triple album compilation, complete with lyrics and historic photographs.

Yet despite the price, these albums are moving out of his store as fast as he can unpack and rack them. He anticipates that demand will soon exceed supply.

But why all the fuss?

Well, Japanese technical ingenuity being what it is, the Nipponese record industry has refined methods of mastering and pressing to such a degree of excellence that the Japanese now offer higher technical standards than anyone else — not surprisingly, since this has always applied to their hi-fi equipment.

Played on quality hi-fi systems, it becomes evident that Japanese records are free from the lack of dynamic range and restricted frequency response that blemishes locally manufactured products. Surface noise is non-existent.

It doesn't stop there. This matchless precision is carefully protected by lavishly designed heavy-duty shrink-wrapped sleeves, many accompanied by posters, lyric sheets, illustrated booklets and stickers.

Raynor states that, contrary to expectations, the price of these albums hasn't proved prohibitive.

"Since I began stocking Japanese imports," he says, "they've sold much faster than I originally anticipated, and I can foresee a vast market potential amongst those people who demand listening perfection and fans who wish to build up a complete collection by specific artists."

As he flicks through the large-format 24-page booklet that comes with an Elvis hits compilation, he continues: "I've discovered that those customers who own sophisticated sound systems are becoming frustrated by the way in which the standard of both British and American pressings has deteriorated. You can't ignore the fact that the records don't match the standard of their equipment.

"Re-cycled vinyl and the introduction of Dynaflex hasn't helped. If anything it has worsened the situation."

Japanese imports are not restricted to readily available albums, special 'Greatest Hits' compilations or re-issues of out-of-print classics. Many recordings are generally unavailable here — the reason being that artists visiting Japan have been so impressed by the technical facilities that recording 'live' albums has become an inevitable adjunct to a Japanese concert tour.

Amongst those who've taken advantage of pressing such albums exclusively for domestic consumption have been Jeff Beck, Santana, Chicago, The Carpenters, Miles Davis, Weather Report, Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Sonny Rollins and Jack De Johnette.

BUT IS all this just a passing phase? Raynor obviously doesn't think so, and returns to the difference in quality as the major reason.

"Not only do the Japanese appear to use a much better grade of vinyl but in many instances the records are cut direct from the master tapes. This is especially true of many jazz re-issues, and it also applies to the Elvis catalogue.

"And the packaging is superb. People are still prepared to pay for this kind of deluxe quality and will continue to do so until such time as British pressings and packaging improves."

According to Raynor, some of his customers are even beginning to take an interest in some Japanese artists, such as The Far East Family Band on the East Wind label.

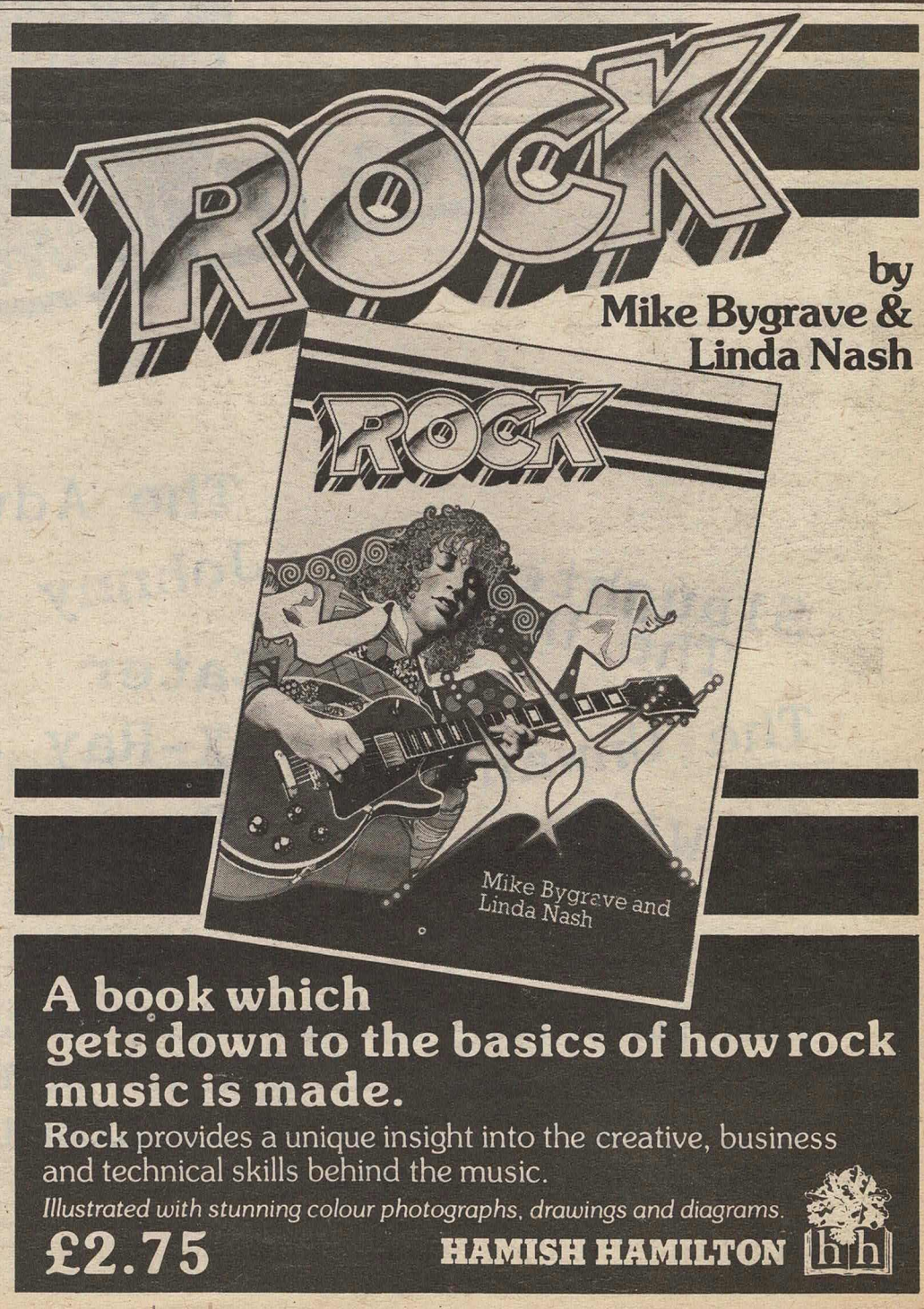
The Family Band are a bunch of Japanese musicians who exist in a similar orbit to Tangerine Dream and Pink Floyd. Two of their albums, "Nipponjin" and "Care Down To Earth", have generated an avid, albeit small following.

□ ROY CARR

MADE-IN-JAPAN LP CHART

1 WEATHER REPORT .....Live In Tokyo. 2-LPs (£12.98)
2 MILES DAVIS ..... Pangaea/Live In Japan '75. 2-LPs (£12.98)
3 HERBIE HANCOCK .....Flood/Live In Japan. 2-LPs (£12.98)
4 ROXY MUSIC..... Country Life. £5.50)
5 FAR EAST FAMILY BAND..... Nipponjin. (£7.40)
6 REGGIE LUCAS.....Survival Themes. (£7.05)
7 THE BEATLES .....A Hard Day's Night. (£5.50)
8 CHICAGO.....Live In Japan. 2-LPs (£12.50)
9 ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
Live At Mandell Hall. 2-LPs (£12.50)
10 ELVIS PRESLEY .....Gold 30(Vol. I. 2-LPs (£11.75)

● Flyover Records, 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith Broadway, London W.6. Phone: 01-748 1595.



THE BOYS, wearing vomit-proof leggings

SPEW WAVE THREATENS PINSTRIPES

IN A pub under the shadow of our very own futuristic slum, The Boys sit at a table in the corner and scrape together enough coinage to get a round in. Meanwhile, the lunch-hour patrons react with mandatory disdain, because their powers of perception have flashed the message that these geezers are, well DIFFERENT. What a bleedin' liberty.

"Ere, Mrs Scumbag, it's some of them punk-rockers what we read about in the *Daily Meathead*."

The New Wavers have a much greater tolerance for the contempt of the man in the street these days.

They've got more urgent things on their minds: For example, the experience of their vocalist and bass player Kid Reed, who was standing at a bus stop when 30 Teds saw him and bottled his head wide open because he was DIFFERENT.

After you've waited a few National Health hours to have your skull serviced in a casualty ward, a moron with a pin-stripe mentality just can't hurt you . . .

"You can stop your cheap comments," Rotten howls with devastating venom. *"Coz we know what we feeeeeeeel!"*

Yeah, this ain't karma, this is war. But unlike the majority of New Wave troops, The Boys have managed to keep a wry smile on their parched lips in the face of The Troubles. The classic piss-take of the English Redneck's fury on witnessing The Filth That Is Punk is summed up for posterity in The Boys' three-chord wasteland of "Sick On You". And, underneath the sneer, they mean it, maaan.

"I sick to death of everything you do/And if I'm gonna puke/You bet your life I'll puke on you/I'm gonna be/Gonna be sick on you/Sick on YEW!"

Unfortunately, the band's decision to perform the ballad with Marianne Faithful at their Marquee gig had the effect of making the song's subject matter too close for comfort. I said in my superbly written review that the set was weakened by the flirtation with the VIP Rock Biz syndrome, and if not cleaned up right now could only land our finest plectrums in the middle of the Nigel Dempster column. Only difference between the new hierarchy and the one it detested and destroyed being the length of the barnet.

The Boys spin their pint out and argue their position as musicians who should be free to play with — no, I'll say that again — who should be able to perform with anyone they want.

"You gotta realise that it's down to the music with us," reasons Matt Dangerfield on guitar. "Also she (Miss Faithfull) has very nice tits."

The enormous progress the band have made in the six months from the early days of the Roxy to that recent night at the Marquee is most obvious in their songwriting. The only early song that cut through on the Anarchy Tour was the shaven-headed staccato lust of the great "Kiss Like A Nun".

"We wanna enjoy ourselves on stage, and want the kids who come along to do the same," Kid Reed maintains, while insisting that his combo ain't gonna toe a party line to retain utmost credibility.

"There's a common enemy that we can face together while still coming from different musical directions," he says; and I think of how The Boys manage to retain a sense of humour whilst possessing the ability to write a song about urban police tactics like "Cop Cars".

There's a constant respect for melodic strength in all The Boys' work, and it acts as a strong foundation for the mandatory New Wave fret-slashing they also go in for. Guitarists Dangerfield and John Plain mesh well together while Kid Reed has overcome the problem of keeping a band's rhythm section tight when the bass man is out front and grabbing the limelight. Only Phil Lynott carries it off better than Reed, and he's got the advantage of ten years more experience in the wunnerful world of show-biz.

The fifth member of the band is Norwegian keyboards player Casino Steel, who doesn't make his presence felt anywhere near as much as the Gothic hallucinogenic lines of Dave Greenfield in The Stranglers. His role is to flesh out and embellish what is essentially very much a guitar band, in the same way that Johnny Thunders used a sax player with The Heartbreakers one Sunday night during the halcyon days of the Roxy.

The very best expression of their music is during the vicious relevance of Kid Reed's "Whatcha Gonna Do?"

The nearest thing that I can compare it to is the fire and skill of Paul Weller's best songs for The Jam, although in comparison to that particular combo it's obvious The Boys still have much work ahead of them before they reach their full potential.

I suggest to the band that "Whatcha Gonna Do?" or "Cop Cars" seem so immensely superior to their more mundane numbers that their future will depend largely on whether they always have to lower their standards with (ho-hum) Fab Four ditties like "I Call Your Name" or the contrived punkdom of "I Don't Care".

"Well, we're getting a lot of time to work on our songwriting right now," Kid Reed says laconically. "Coz we ain't getting hardly any gigs. Fucking bureaucrats getting away with censoring the freedom of musicians they don't like the look of . . . trouble is it's becoming a way of life . . ."

Yeah, same with the cops. Everyone knows what's happening to kids looking like part of the New Wave when they get roped in by The Old Bill.

"The song "Cop Cars" was written about one night when I was walking home from the pub," Casino recalls. "Saw the way I looked and — WHAAAAAAM! Kicked me straight in the balls."

Did he give a reason?

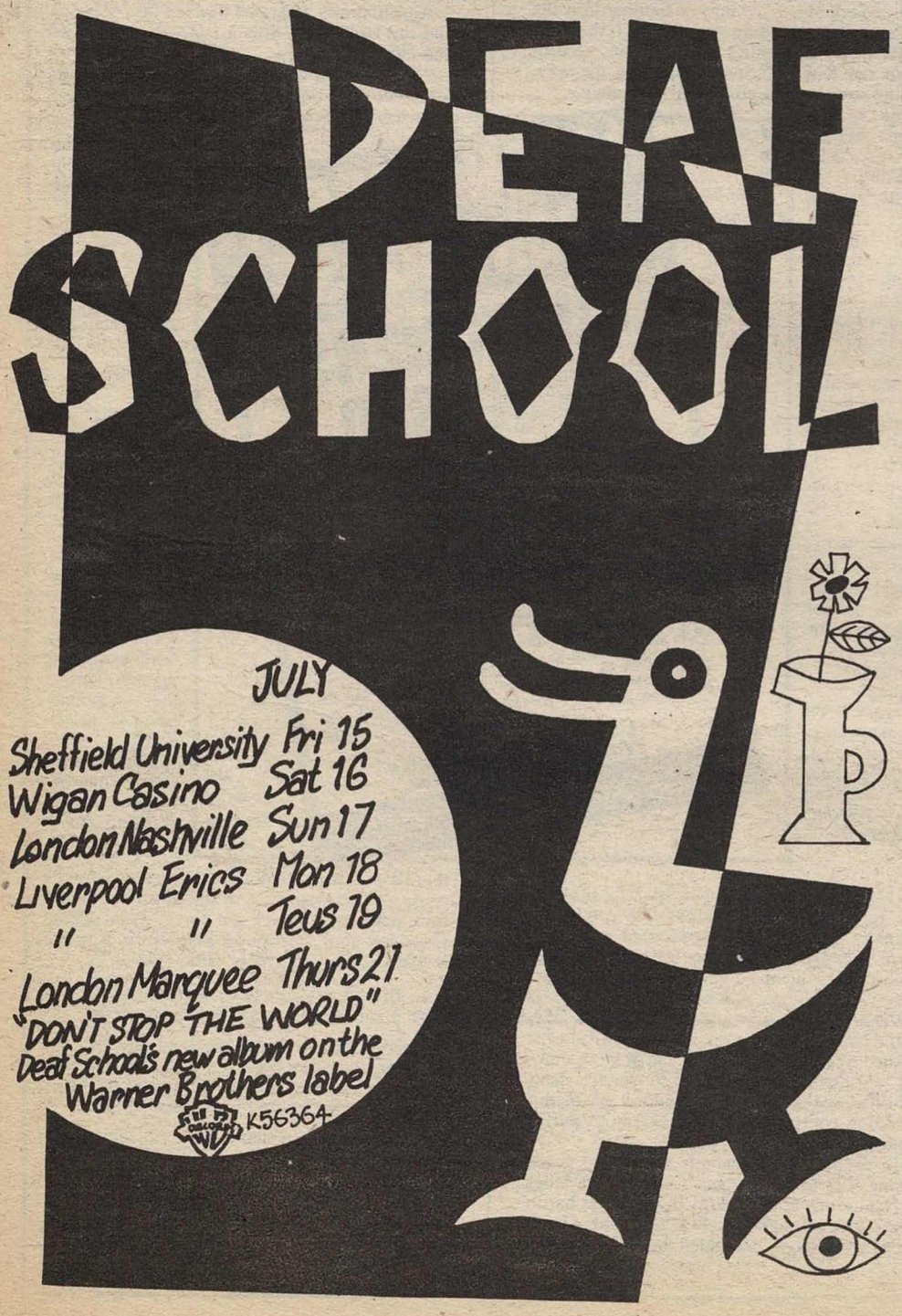
"Oh, sure."

What was it?

"He said, I can't stand your kind'."

Oh.

□ TONY PARSONS



Kiss secrets revealed — it's all done by strings . . . *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

PINOCCHIO REVERSED

From human beings to cardboard cut-outs. Kiss defy orthopaedic surgery . . .

MARVEL COMICS have two new magazines on the stocks, ready for a summer launch.

One features Godzilla. The other features Kiss. The obvious temptation is to glean some kind of socio/cosmic significance out of this coupling.

On one hand, you have the familiar fire-breathing dinosaur, thawed from the polar ice. Over the years, Godzilla has mutated from the terror of Tokyo into a strange Freudian trash symbol of the heroic nobility that Nip manhood has been forced to suppress in the white heat of a techno-economic society. Instead of menacing the Land of the Rising Sun, he now defends it against horrors like the Smog Beast and the Pollution Monster.

On the other hand, you have Kiss: a rock and roll band in bad Noh theatre make-up, apparently programmed to enact the Disney nightmares of middle America. It's their proud boast that not a guitar will be seen in the entire comic. The four members of the band, the so-called Star, Mouse, Spaceman and Monster, in their full colour pulp incarnation, will appear as fully blown super-heroes.

This great step sideways for rock and roll is probably the furthest any band has gone in commercial absurdity.

It's a move that was never matched by The Monkees in their prime; not even The Archies managed to combine strip-cartoon fantasy with sell-out concerts in baseball stadia.

Kiss have always worked outside the normal framework of rock and roll. Not for them the mundane life of bands like the Rolling Stones. They've never done anything so pedestrian as to get up onstage, play good music and send the audience home satisfied.

Their stock-in-trade has always been a kind of basic, pre-packaged fantasy.

The fantasy that Kiss push out at their fans has never been of a high intellectual order. It's never transcended the level of Batman (another reason why they should have wound up in a comic book).

They have, however, grabbed the imagination (if you can call it that) of America's teenage lumpen to such an extent that hundreds of thousands of them are now shambling into the future as fully paid-up members of the Kiss Army, freely expressing their fantasies according to the Kiss doctrine, and, along the way, making somebody a great deal of money.

One of the brains behind the Kiss 'Theatre of disaster' and the ensuing fiscal bonanza is a person called Bill Aucoin.

Aucoin is the president of Aucoin Management. His major clients are Kiss.

Displayed in the conference room of his Madison Avenue office suite are four puppet figures of his golden boys. It seems somehow significant, although everyone in the organisation assures you that the band are anything but Aucoin's puppets.

BILL AUCOIN ran into Kiss in early 1974. He was running an independent TV production company that put out a syndicated rock show called *Flipside*. Kiss were a struggling rock combo, very involved in heavy metal, heavy make-up and heavy theatrics.

When promoters wouldn't book them, they rented halls in order to put on their own shows.

Aucoin spotted the band at one of these shows and told them that he wanted to manage them. His offer was unique. If he couldn't get them a recording contract in two weeks, both parties could go their separate ways.

He did this with a couple of days to spare, signing Kiss to Neil Bogart's Casablanca label.

Despite this initial energy burst, it was hardly a case of over-night success. Kiss and Aucoin made three albums, struggled through a series of tours, often financed on the brink of collapse by Aucoin's American Express card.

They were dumped on by every rock critic who could spell 'moronic' or 'cretinous', and wound up several hundred thousand dollars in debt.

Then, just like the plot of a comic book, the dawn came right after this darkest hour.

Their live album "Kiss Alive" went gold, then platinum, then double platinum.

The two subsequent albums, "Destroyer" and "Rock And Roll Over", followed it into the million units plus bracket.

This deluge of bucks paved the way for the fire-eating, the elaborate touring stage with a ruined castle for blood-spitting bass player Gene Simmons, huge demon cat statues and levitating drums.

It also started them on the road to two other current projects in addition to the comic book: a full length concert movie and a feature action adventure film.

It was also the start of serious dementia among American youth, according to some critics — who noted that the Kiss single "Beth" tied with "Disco Duck" as People's Choice Best Record of the Year.

This pinnacle of success hasn't been achieved without a good deal of sweat and tears (as well as the aforementioned blood).

For many months after the band started their relationship with Aucoin, Kiss were kept strictly under wraps. forbidden to communicate in any way with the media.

Even today, the image-making process dictates that photographers must sign clearances which specify that they will on no account take pictures of the band without their make-up.

A few trouble makers have suggested the Kiss phenomenon may not be exactly healthy.

Aucoin seems a little sensitive about this kind of criticism.

"It's escapism. The kids who come and watch Kiss are working out their fantasies. That's what the band is saying to them. Be what you what to be, just like we're doing."

Surely the majority of them just end up like Kiss?

"If that's what they want to be, it's their choice."

Aucoin draws a parallel beween his operation and the Hollywood dream factories of the '30s and '40s.

"They were places where things got done, whatever their thoughts."

You get a feeling around the Aucoin offices that the strongest maxim is Give The People What They Want, even if it happens to be death, doom, spiders, and mayhem.

The Hollywood parallel makes me think about the case of Bela Lugosi, Hollywood's original Dracula.

He gave the public so much of what it wanted, particularly jugular treats, that he wound up a hopeless junkie who couldn't separate himself from the night-crawling role.

In the USA, there's absolutely no doubt that Kiss have totally subjugated a huge slice of the down-end of the rock market. It's even got to the point where Gene Simmons's girlfriend, Star Stowe, featured in the February *Playboy* centre spread.

In Britain, it's not so certain. Sure they may have a sort of following, but it's limited.

There's another tour planned for the late summer, but the odds indicate that the new wave has pushed heavy metal and make-up solidly into the limbo of last year's thing.

The chances are that Kiss won't repeat their US blitzkrieg.

Then again, if Ted Nugent can do it . . .

□ MICK FARREN

● *Sent in by Anne-Marie Farmer of Southend*

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● *From the Southend Evening Echo*

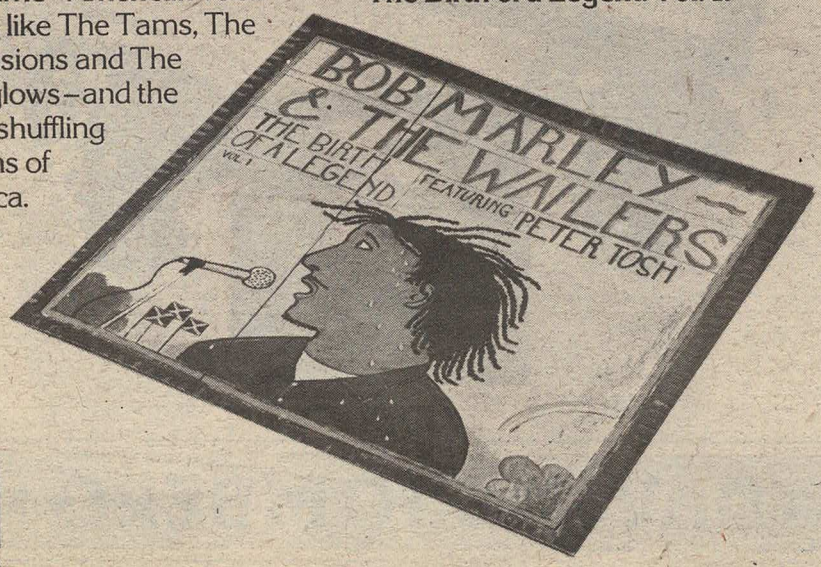
The Birth Of A Legend

In 1964 Bob Marley, Peter Tosh, Bunny Livingstone, Junior Braithwaite and Beverley Kelso entered Clement Dodd's famed Studio One in Kingston, Jamaica and recorded the first of a series of songs which were to make The Wailers' name. Although no-one knew it at the time, it was indeed the birth of a legend.

This is not reggae, but a fascinating fusion of the music influencing Marley, Tosh and Co. at the time – American vocal groups like The Tams, The Impressions and The Moonglows – and the subtle shuffling rhythms of Jamaica.

Included in this set of ten early classics is "Simmer Down", The Wailers' first international hit. Like the others, it is uncompromisingly raw. As uncompromising and raw as the streets of their native Trenchtown. The songs are full of the energy and optimism of young men with nothing to lose and everything to gain. Listen to them and judge for yourself.

The original recordings of Bob Marley and the Wailers . . . The Birth of a Legend Vol. 1.



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by

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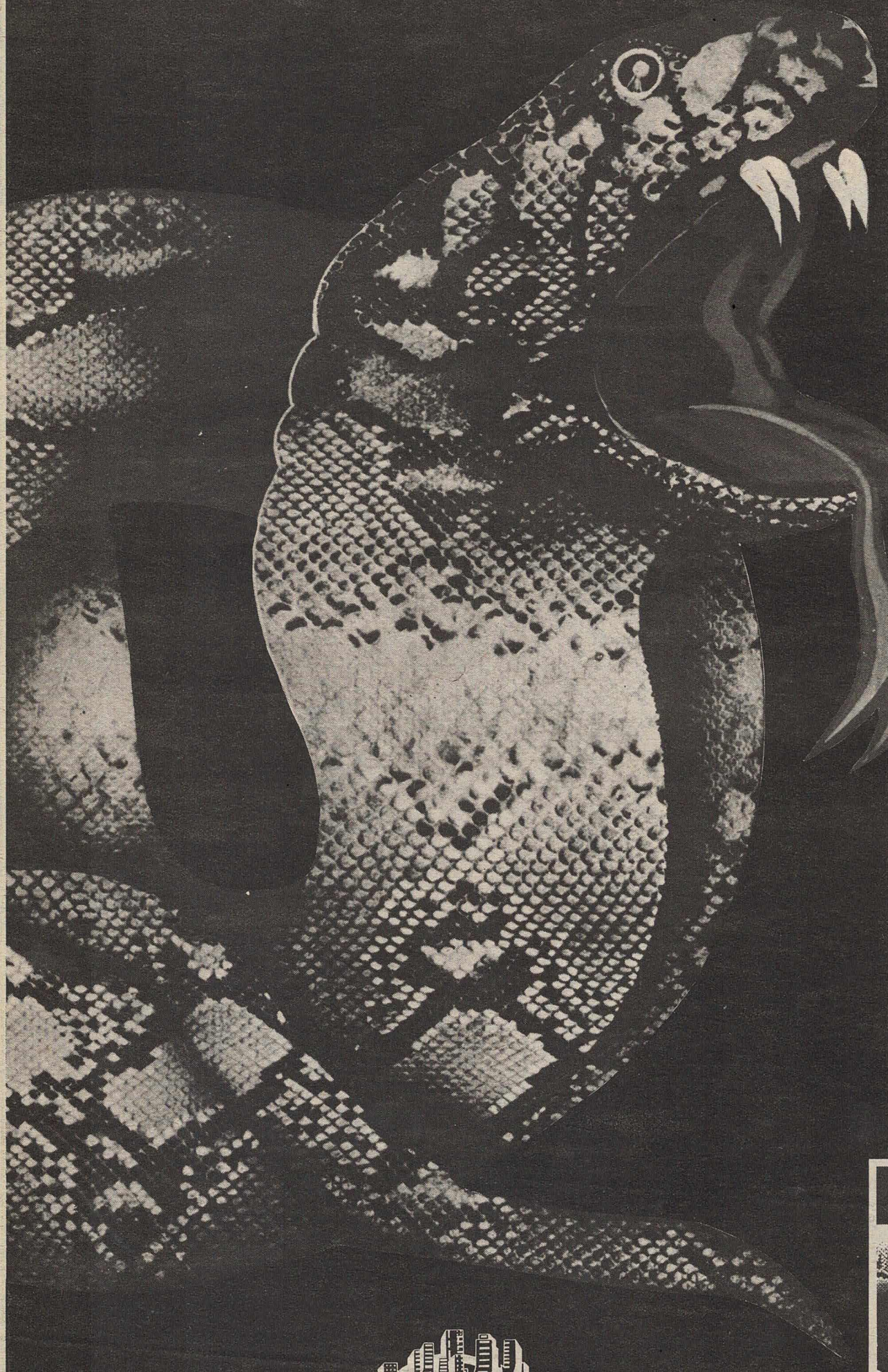
Crawler



Back 'n Bitin'

Since the tragic death of Paul Kossoff in 1976, Crawler have dropped the 'Back Street' from their name, taken on former If and Maggie Bell Band lead guitarist Geoff Whitehorn, spent their time writing and rehearsing a stack of great new songs and recorded this tremendous album. Now they're all set to bust a few balls and bend a few brains!
The rest is as was: Terry Wilson-Slesser still sounds like the best rock singer Britain's come up with in years. John "Rabbit" Bundrick is still proving there isn't a keyboard he can't play like a dream. And Terry Wilson and Tony Braunagel are still one of the tightest bass and drum teams since Al Jackson and Duck Dunn.
All that and more – nine original songs full of fire and excitement, subtlety and surprise.
Crawler are back. And Bitin'

on tour

14th Aberdeen, Music Hall
15th Edinburgh, Usher Hall
16th Newcastle, City Hall
18th Swansea, Brangwyn Hall
19th Wolverhampton, Civic Hall
20th Hanley, Victoria Hall
21st Leicester, De Montfort Hall
22nd Birmingham, Town Hall
23rd London, Rainbow

HEAT ON THE STREETS

Produced by Allan Callan and Crawler

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Advance warning of new meisterworks department:

STONES: Got Duff Chord Changes If You Want

THE ROLLING STONES — even Bill and Charlie — have all been in New York this past month making the selections for their new album — a live double.

Recordings of concerts from the 1975 U.S. tour, the May concerts at Earls Court last year and the Paris ones of June 1976 were all carefully considered. The selections were chosen by evaluating the sound quality of the recording, then — assuming that was okay and there were no dropouts or any other technical problems — the tempo, the feel of the performance, and the vocal were all considered. A new vocal track or "corrections" to the existing one can always be overdubbed if everything else is really worth using.

Among other considerations to be made were whether or not the guitars were in tune — much of the time they were not — and whether the song was played correctly with no duff chord changes or mixed-up endings.

Eventually they reduced their selection to a double album lasting about 75-80 minutes and about a month ago it looked like this:

The album opens with a hot version of "Honky Tonk Woman" which was rated as great tempo, great sound and great feel. It was recorded at the second Paris show, June 5, last year.

This leads to "If You Can't Rock Me/Get Off Of My Cloud" taken from the fifth Earls Court show last May.

This same concert gave the take of "Hand Of Fate" that follows, which was chosen for its great feeling even though there is a wrong chord change in it.

"Hey Negrita" comes next, taken from the fourth Paris show of June 7, being the funkiest version they could find. The sound quality was unusually good, too.

Jagger reveals not a word.
Pic: NEAL PRESTON

"Ain't Too Proud To Beg" also comes from the Paris concerts, this time from the second show, June 5th. The take was chosen for its great bass drum sound and good ending. The vocals opened up out of tune but were 'fixed'.

From the same show comes "Fool To Cry", a laid back, sensitive version which they originally didn't think quite made it but later decided was the best recording they had.

The energy level builds again with "Hot Stuff", from the third Paris show, June 6th, a very fast, tight, cooking version. It has a good guitar solo and holds the tempo in a monkey grip.

"It's followed by "Starfucker", taken from the third show in Paris, June 6th. They were originally going to use the tape recorded at the Cow Palace in San Francisco — second show — where everyone got in some good licks and Keith's solo went off into areas he doesn't normally explore.

"You Gotta Move" is again from Paris, second show, June 5th.

"You Can't Always Get What You Want" is from the fourth Paris show, June 7th.

"Happy" is from the second Paris show, June 5th. This was chosen because it had a great bass line and a nice drum sound. The slide work at the end is really good and, though it's a fast version, it keeps it going throughout and is always right on top of the beat.

"Tumbling Dice" is from Paris. This time the fourth show, June 7th.

The last four tracks were originally to be from the third Paris show but they finally decided that the Earls Court takes were better, so, recorded in order without breaks, the album ends with "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll" — a good recording and mix except for a drums drop-out and with the guitars in tune! — leading to "Brown Sugar": a fast version with the rhythm section really cooking and a nice guitar sound. Chosen for its funkiness.

"Jumping Jack Flash" follows in a flawless rendition, leading to "Street Fighting Man" which has a fine introduction and a beautifully frantic finish. There were no mistakes on it except on the last chorus and these were corrected in the studio.

If they still had room, they were considering including "Fingerprint File", recorded in Cleveland June 14th, 1975, but it doesn't seem too likely that it will be inserted.

There is no guarantee that this will be the final selection. In fact, since that 'final mock-up' was made, people have mentioned a really hot recording of "Little Red Rooster" which can hopefully be squeezed in.

Release (on Atlantic in the U.K.) is supposed to be imminent and the Stones New York office have been making inquiries about the availability of several large auditoriums for late July; it's possible a surprise concert will be used to launch the album.

□ MILES

Canadian national Pat Travers offers local hospitality to alien songsmith, Phil Lynott.
Pic: BRUCE COLE

LIZZY: Order The Rolls Now

(This one'll run and run)

THIN LIZZY have every reason to be pleased with their recent activities. Their new album, provisionally entitled "Bad Reputations", recorded in Canada and premiered last week in Toronto, is the most polished and compelling of their albums thus far.

For the former quality the band unanimously acknowledge the contribution of producer Tony Visconti, who was invited to tape the boys after Phil Lynott read an interview in a magazine where he'd opined that the band deserved more credit for their albums, as opposed to their hit singles.

"They've done tracks that many people wouldn't expect a top ten band to come out with," confirms Mr Visconti, his neatly-pressed white trousers and Gucci slip-ons fractionally out of place amongst the flowery shirts and stack-heeled boots of the boys in the band. "I was a bit astonished when Phil rang up out of the blue and asked me to go to Toronto immediately. All I had to listen to were a few rough demos of the songs on a cassette one evening, then the next day we were in the studio.

"We couldn't make our minds up who to get as a producer," explains Phil, "I'd thought about doing it myself, but you can't really stand back and judge it when you're playing, singing *and* producing. Anyway, Tony's worked out really well, the sound's a lot, er, cleaner than before."

Cleaner?

"There's a temptation to put more on record than you can comfortably do onstage. We don't need to do too much of that 'cause we've got two lead guitarists, but even so you can lose a vocal track or a guitar lick in the background if you're trying to create a full sound. On this album you can hear everything really clearly, all the instrumental tracks and the vocals too."

It's true; the lead guitar work comes over as being more structured and sympathetic to the songs than on previous albums, and when the duelling fretboards of Messrs Robertson and Goreham get into gear there's really nothing to touch them.

However most of the lead licks on "Bad Reputations" are the sole responsibility of Scott Gorham as Brian Robertson didn't fly out to augment the group until almost four weeks of tape was in the can.

He had been in London working on a solo project with Jimmy Bain, but is now back with Lizzy, at least for the duration of their forthcoming world tour. Although he handles "full" lead on a couple of tracks, most of the Roto-sound antics are credited to the "token American" in the band, as Scott keeps referring to himself.

However one of the most spectacular solos on the album comes from Brian Robertson on a song called "That Woman's Gonna Break Your Heart", in which he carries off some virtuoso playing the like of which this writer has not heard since Skunk Baxter dumped on the rest of the world's axemen in Steely Dan's "My Old School".

Other highspots of the album are as follows:

"Bad Reputations" is a rousing, ain't - it - great - to - be - bad anthem that rattles along at a helluva pace.

"Southbound" is somewhat in the mould of "Fools Gold" the slow-paced western fable that rounded off side one of 'Johnny The Fox".

"Opium Trail" includes the lyrics "The wizard wanders through a world he made from dreams" just so's you know Phil isn't writing about poppies, and like "Reputations" the song bounds along with considerable force.

"Soldier of Fortune" which kicks off what will probably be side one of the album is a hymn to the mercenary, "But not just the guy who goes out and kills for money," explains Lynott, "it's about people who aren't afraid to go and get what they want, no matter what the risk." It's an attractive setpiece with a slow, crashing middle section and some choice lead guitar work from the dynamic duo.

"Dancin' In The Moonlight", like "Southbound", "Bad Reputations" and "Killer Without A Cause" (which immediately follows it) is a potential hit single. Featuring some great sax playing courtesy of Supertramp (who were in Toronto for a concert) the mood is not unlike premium quality Van Morrison.

"Killer Without a Cause" is a sequel to "Solider of Fortune", natch and it's got some neat, almost suspended guitar riffs chunga-chungging away in the background and a chorus with a distinctly Spanish flavour to it.

"Dear Lord" is not what you expected — Mary Hopkin on a Thin Lizzy disc. But Mrs Visconti flew in to keep hubby company and multi-tracked a shimmering, mesmerising intro and crescendo finish to a medium paced plea to the almighty that includes the ultimate religious own-up *"I believed your story, now believe in mine"* and another dynamite twin-lead break.

All the songs are consistently stronger than those on any other Lizzy album and, as joint manager Chris O'Donnell joked in a thick Yorkshire accent when he flew in the next day and heard the tapes for the first time, "Eey-up lads, order the Rolls, this 'un'll ship plastic".

But before the band have time to bask in the success that the new album will almost certainly bring them, there's the little matter of a world tour to contend with.

In August they traipse the continent with dates in Germany, Scandinavia and possibly France and Holland before headlining the Reading Festival. Then they trip across to the States for some 40 gigs before returning to Blighty for a full UK tour in the autumn.

"We're also planning on a few dates in Ireland before we do Reading," enthuses Lynott. "It's good to get back there every six months or so, just to check out what's happening, and we're doing some dates there because we ain't forgotten where we originally made it."

□ BEE BUMBLE

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*

I'VE SEEN TH' LIGHT GROOVER! I'VE SAID NO TO YES AN' RILLY TURNED ONTO PUNKORAMA.....
SIGH....
SERIOUSLY I RILLY DIG WHATS COME OUT OF BOREDOM.....
WHATS COME OUT OF BOREDOM
ENERGY
HMM! ENERGY! THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED...SIGH.....
WELL GET BORED.
I AM DOIN'.. I'M LISTENIN' T'YOU AN' Y'RE TH' 25th DUDE I'VE MET T'DAY WHOSE SEEN TH'LIGHT!
25!!! SIGH, HOW BORIN'
RIGHT! RILLY BORIN'...
BUT D'Y'FEEL ANY ENERGY?
NO.....
ME NEITHER...
PERHAPS ENERGY RILLY COMES FROM WANTIN' T'MAKE MUCHO BREAD AN' BECOME FAMOUS ETC.
SIGH.. THATS NOT WHAT I'VE READ!
SOMEONE ONCE SAID Y'SHOULDN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHIN' Y'READ
IN WHICH CASE YOR SPEECH BUBBLES WOULD BE REDUNDANT.

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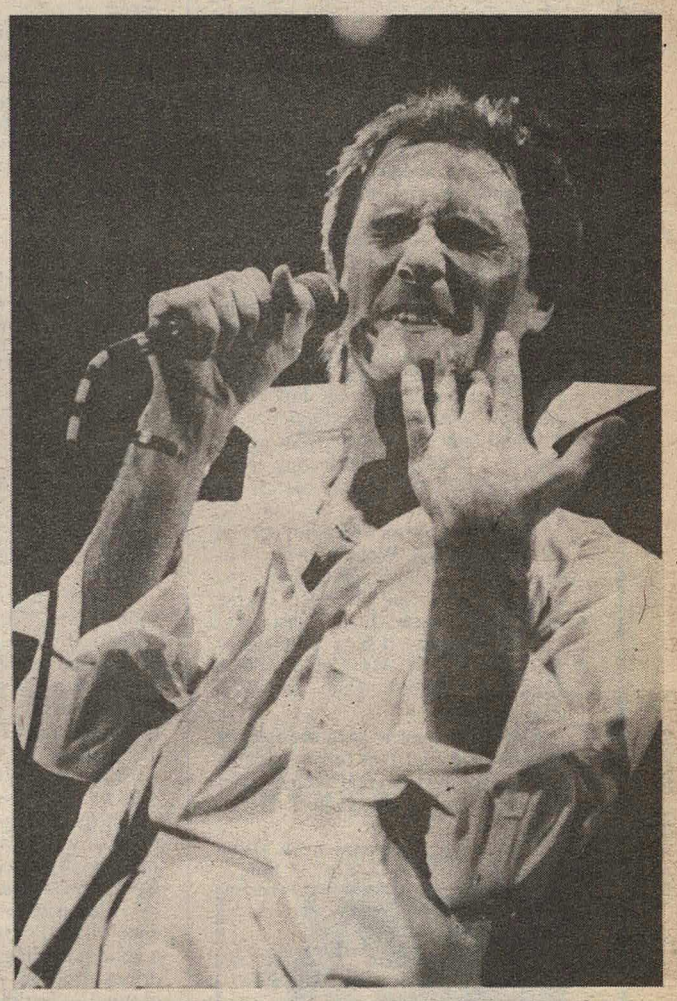

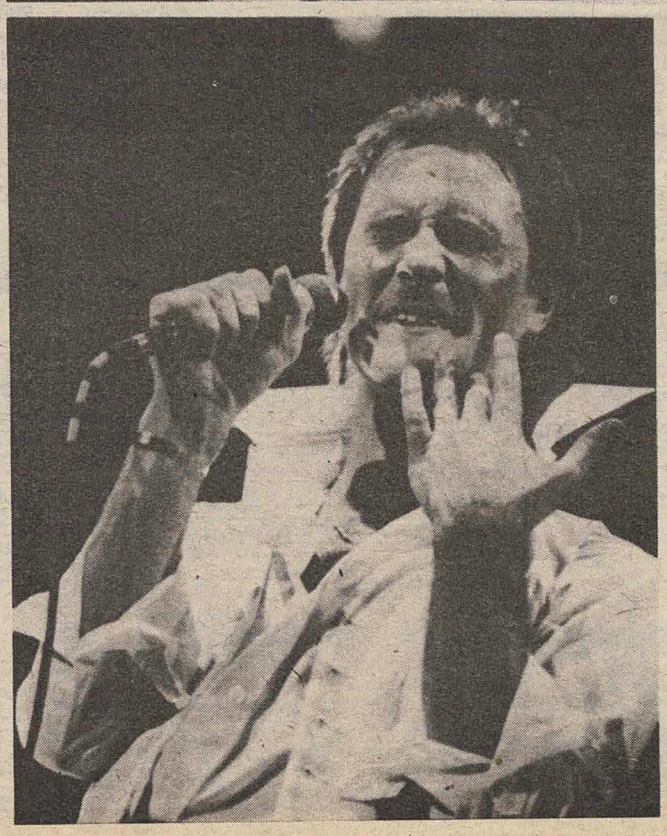

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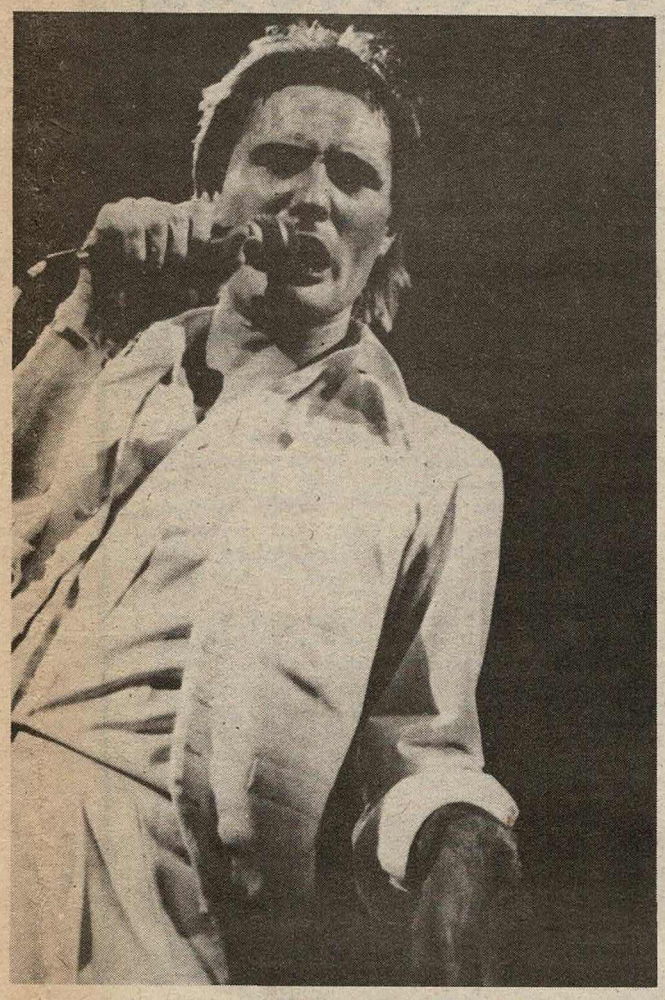

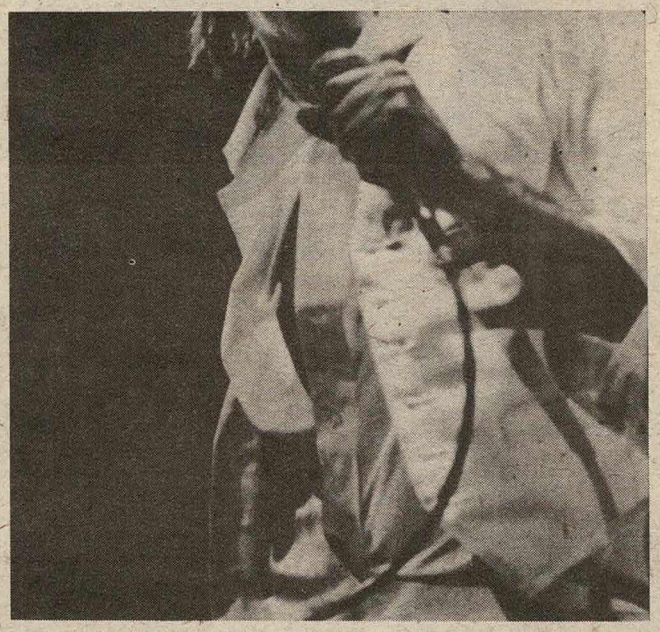

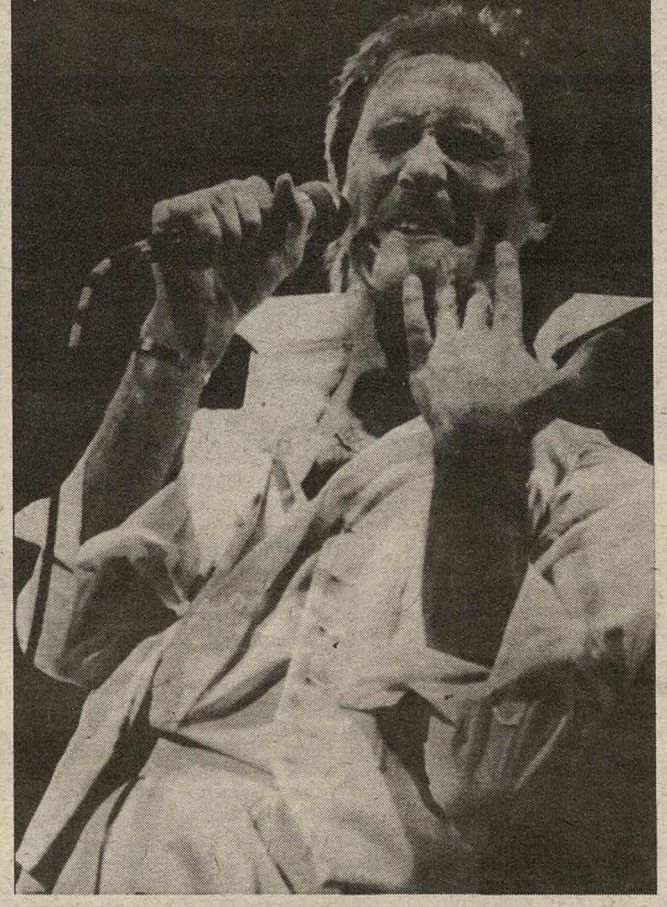

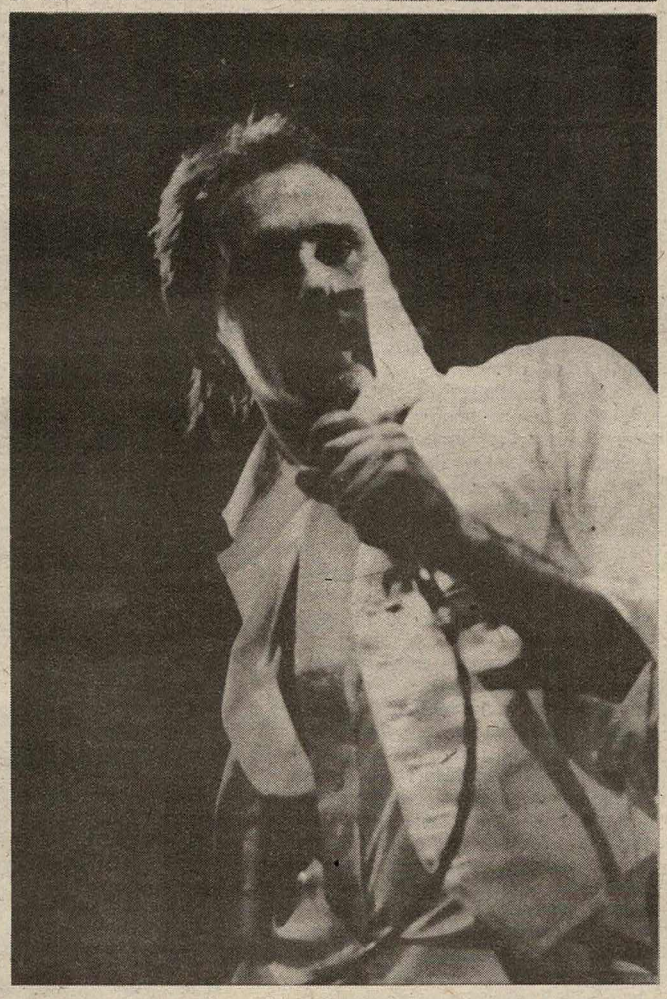

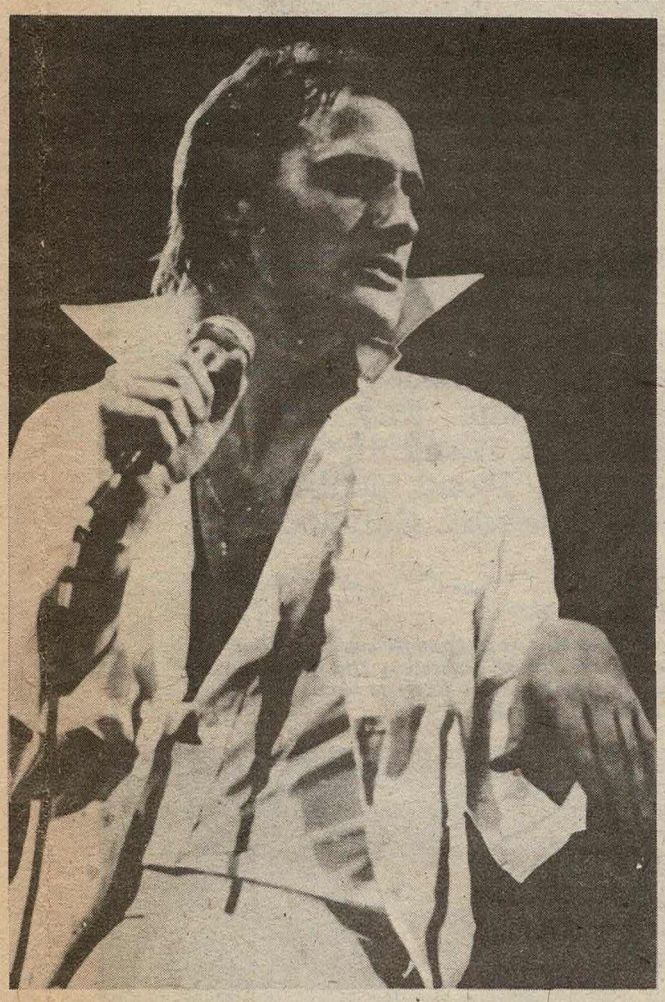

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Mad, Mad Moonlight
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Sweet Dreams
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Psychomodo
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(Love) Compared With You
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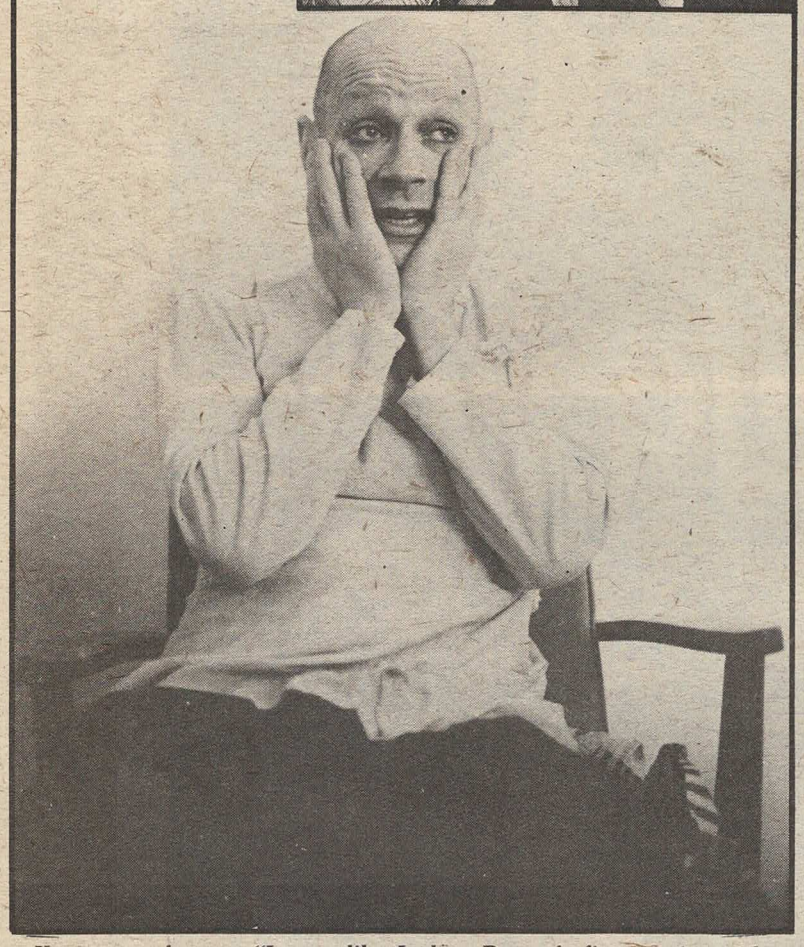

Kemp remembers — "It was like Isadora Duncan's first meeting with Godzilla." Pic: PENNIE SMITH; inset: MICK ROCK

So I said to Bowie, we must marry. We must have a *child*...

LINDSAY KEMP explains his failure to father a prawn cocktail . . .

DAVID BOWIE introduced Lindsay Kemp to rock circles when they both presented a rock-mime collaboration around Ziggy Stardust at the Rainbow. It was arguably the best rock theatre anyone's come up with.

Since then the adventures of Lindsay Kemp have included triumphant runs of *Flowers*, the Jean Genet-based ode to the squalid, in London, on Broadway and in Australia — where, astonishingly, even the "male male beer throwers" showered him with accolades. He's been on the receiving end of extravagant praises from people as diverse as Sir John Gielgud, Sir Alec Guiness, Rudolf Nureyev, John Cage and Mick Jagger, who sent him 500 lilies.

So who is this guy, that all these swains commend him? Pennie Smith and I picked our way through dark, feather- and confetti-strewn passages of the Broadway Theatre, Maida Vale, where the Lindsay Kemp Company have been performing *Clowns* and *Salome*, to perch with Kemp in a tiny chaotic dressing room shared with a flighty, loudly cooing dove.

I told him frankly I know nothing about "The Dance" and I'm the kind of person who falls asleep in the ballet. He instantly cried "Oh *I* do, I'm the same sort of person! That's why I'm doing a ballet for Rambert, because I want to stop people from falling asleep in the theatre. It's very boring."

Kemp has been described as a genius, a decadent and a total outrage, but nobody has ever called him boring. With *Salome*, for example, in which he himself portrays the archetypal lust-filled 14-year-old — female that is — he achieves a presentation that is both dazzling and disturbing, a beguiling experience of erotic spectacle. Of all the people who've attempted to mix dance and mime with elements of theatre, art and contemporary music, Kemp is by far the most successful — full of imaginative ideas, and adept, daring, enchanting and intensely precise in executing them.

One senses he can be very difficult and demanding, but with us he was a bundle of real charm, sending me into fits with constant asides such as "Australia? We went for six weeks and stayed 14 months. I *had* to come *back* — my cats were *ravenous*."

"I THINK my efforts work, and, I must say, better than most people's, because I'm obsessed by *all* the elements in art. I never decided I was going to be a dancer, an actor, a painter; I was all of those. Like, all children paint rather well. Picasso said we were all born geniuses. It's just that our parents or our neighbours or school-teachers destroy all that. The Great Repression.

It's that repression I've always been fighting. I refused to give up the genius I was born with, that all children are born with. The more they said I must give up that kind of nonsense the more I kept on painting and the more I danced.

"And so now, when it comes to doing a production, I can feel everything inside. I can see the colours, costumes and lighting and hear the music. So I do it all myself."

Much of his work juxtaposes the beautiful with the repulsive, and he believes in forcing an audience into reacting — with amusement or with shock: "It's the artists who should ask the questions."

Kemp imagines all artists as members of one family, and he has drawn from the works of those in whom he sees something of himself — Jean Cocteau, Genet, Picasso, Lorca. Various theatrical forms have also had their influence, from the circus to the Japanese Noh and Kabuki traditions. He flipped when he saw Kabuki actors assume women's characters and he recognised himself in their work too.

"I'm not a female impersonator; I'm not a Danny La Rue. What I do on the stage is to release a certain aspect of my personality through a kind of moving meditation."

I wondered aloud if he was down on women, since the sight of all the males grappling with each other in *Salome* was, let's face it, discomboberating. Laughing, he insisted he gladly would have let a woman play Salome if he could have found a woman as talented as himself who would have done it for nothing.

Once he'd cast himself, however, he couldn't have women alongside. "I couldn't have played a 14-year-old virgin female very convincingly with the real thing on stage. It would be like seeing a rhinestone next to diamonds. But I love working with women."

OF DAVID Bowie, he thinks the world. "I include David on my list with Picasso, Cocteau and the circus. When I heard his voice I had to find him because I knew we shared a common joy. There are two versions of this story. He seems to think he met me first and came to see me after one of my performances and said 'I see so much of myself there'. I said 'We have to be together, we have to make love, we have to have a child between us'. It was like Isadora Duncan when she first saw Nijinsky.

"It wasn't just because I wanted to screw him although I must say that *was* at the *back* of my mind, because to me it's all the same thing. Sex is always there in everything.

"So we started to collaborate and he worked with the company, and when he started to get on he invited me to the Rainbow to do that wonderful thing, which I adored. I got a great buzz just hearing him sing, being with him, watching him."

Kemp is into rock but is as critical of its presentation as he is of the ballet and theatre. "I find most rock concerts have too much music and too many flickering lights, just as I find the ballet boring because there are too many steps, and plays are excruciatingly boring because they have too many words. So I mix everything together."

Pennie asks Lindsay what he thinks of Jagger. "I'm mad about Mick Jagger. That's what I want my dancers to be like. Of course, they're not that talented, but if I can just persuade them to release what he releases, to abandon themselves, to be themselves on stage. I find that much more attractive than anyone pretending to be somebody else.

"What I adore about Jagger is that he releases his personal madness. Fabulous. For his own pleasure and that of others. It's Mick Jagger's excitement and sex and *danger* that I'm trying to bring to the theatre. He's a fabulous symbol of everything that I want the ballet to be like."

Would he like to work again with someone in rock? "Oh yes, madly! I wish I was asked! I adore rock, but I can't afford to hire a rock band to work with me here because they'd have to be as good as I am. At *least* as good as I am!"

□ ANGIE ERRIGO

PUNK FAN A KILLER

Punk rock fan killed schoolboy with lorry chain because he did not get out of the way on a footpath. Stephen Handoll, 17, of East India Dock Road, Millwall, struck down Abraham Selvadorai, 14, of Woking.

● *From the Evening News, July 8 1977.*

The next day, Handoll was sentenced to 15 years for murder. None of the other press reports mentioned any "punk" connection. Did it really exist? And if it did, wasn't the defendant just as likely to have been a Tony Blackburn listener? Or a Ford Cortina driver?

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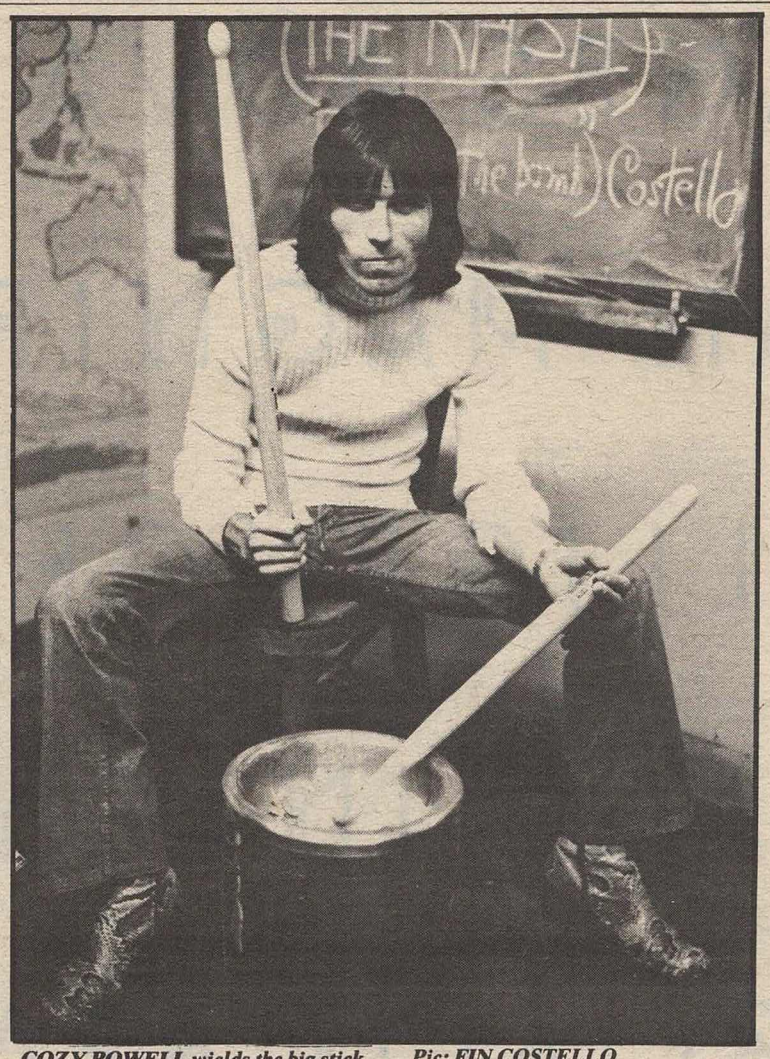


COZY POWELL wields the big stick. Pic: FIN COSTELLO

I HOPE what I've said hasn't put you off," says Cozy Powell, at the end of an interview. "But if it has, that's TOUGH SHIT. On the way out, DON'T KICK MY CAR."

Cozy, who's the drummer with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, says arrogant, aggressive things in a pleasant tone of voice. Which is very confusing and is probably meant to be.

"How's the tape?" he asks of the interviewer's cassette player. "SMAAASH," he says, pretending to bring his fist down on it.

It's no great joke really, but Cozy laughs. Not nastily, though. The guy can't decide whether he wants to be butch or charming.

Blackmore's lot have the reputation of being a bunch of heavies. Without giving us a practical demonstration, Cozy, is it just a pose?

"With Ritchie," he says, "If anyone messes around with his stage act, or his press coverage, it's A RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW. Ronnie (Dio, the singer) will just jump into the audience and SORT PEOPLE OUT, if they're giving him trouble. I'm not so aggressive on stage. IT'S WHEN I WALK OFF . . .

"On our last flight from Australia to Japan, there were THREE punch-ups. TEETH flying about. People getting off the plane with BROKEN HANDS. After two or three months on the road, someone says the wrong thing — and WHAAAM. It's dead serious at the time. Later, it's a bit embarrassing.

"I'm not trying to say: 'We're all hard men, look at us'. It's not a case of that. It's just the way we are. When you play heavy metal, you've got to be like that, if it's gonna be convincing. Like, I can't see us playing 'Hotel California', or The Eagles doing 'Stargazer'. I mean we'd go "HOTEL CALIFORNIA" — WHAAAM — RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW. Know what I mean?"

Mr Powell has emerged briefly from tax exile to persuade the world of the merits of Rainbow's new product — a live double album, recorded in Europe and Japan. Diplomacy is not his forte, though.

"I don't like the LP very much," he says quaintly preferring to call it an "LP" rather than an album. "It's not the best I could have played. They caught some of the nights I didn't like. I'm not exactly knocked out by it."

But you were overruled?

"No, I wasn't overruled. It was just a case of having to get the album out. There were a lot of gigs where I personally played better."

Why didn't you play so good on the nights they taped?

"Because I'm a STUPID BASTARD, I suppose, I dunno. It was the end of the tour by which time I was getting more and more knackered as the nights went on and it showed up in the playing."

More and more knackered? This seems a damaging admission by someone so proud of his machismo. The problem is, how to discuss the question politely.

Do you see yourself as being like a professional footballer? After a lot of years in the business, you've acquired a lot of experience and skill, but it's time to move on?

"Well, there will come a point when I knock it on the head. I figure I've got four or five years left. I've had enough of it already."

In what way?

"Well, the business end of it. I love playing music, but the business end screws it up all the time. The press slagging people off. Ritchie's had some very nasty things said about him. There's back-biting all the way along the line."

But what about the *business* side of the business? There were no problems with that now, were there?

"Well, there might be. You don't have to let on about everything, do you? I just get sick and tired of all the politics. I've had some daft deals over the last five years. If Rainbow ceased to exist, I don't think I'd have the enthusiasm to start again. The business has soured me a bit."

Rainbow are in something of an odd position. Two of the musicians on the new album, Jimmy Bain (bass) and Tony Carey (keyboards), have left the band.

"Jimmy and Ritchie weren't getting on musically. Tony was re-hired and left again. I don't want to say what happened as it would involve a few law suits."

What's it like to work for a man who's always changing his musicians?

"Ritchie? I don't work *for* him, I work *with* him. The day I work for him, I'll leave."

You're equal partners, then?

"We weren't when we started. We are now. I worked for Jeff Beck for two years, and got nowhere. I'm not going through that again. Ritchie and Ronnie are both nice, professional people. They're both good to work for."

But didn't you just say you worked *with* them? Oh, never mind.

"I'd just like to say that the thing I like about the live LP, for Ritchie's sake, is that it's the best guitar playing he's ever done onstage. Deep Purple fans may disagree, but it blows both 'Made In Japan' and 'Made In Europe' into the weeds. For people who like guitarists, this is a winner. Really.

"I just don't know if it's right to put out a live album so early in a band's career. There's a lot going against it."

The way Cozy tells it, Rainbow decided on a live set because of the way the stage act went down on their last world tour. This year, they'll be playing just a few gigs in America, then in September there'll be a more extensive tour of Britain than last year.

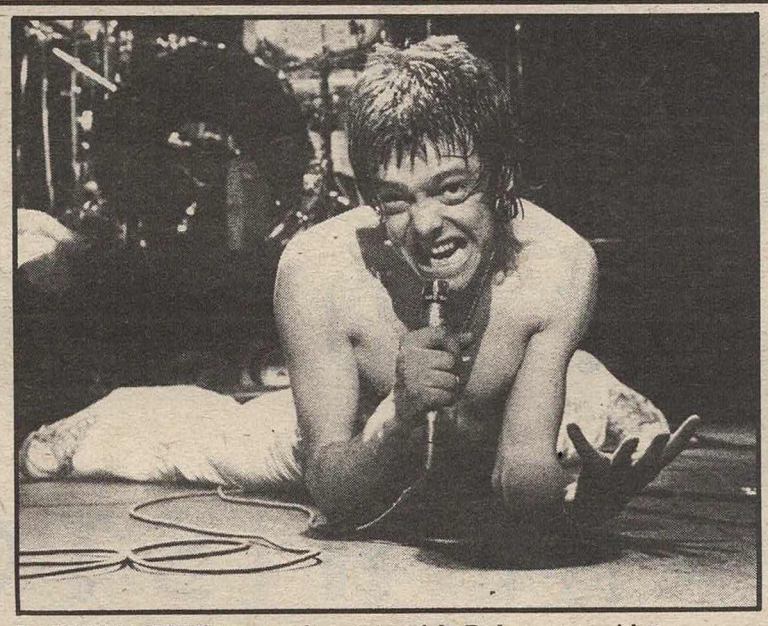
"I'm hoping we'll play everywhere but London. I hate London audiences. They've seen everything. You play really well, and NOTHING. Then RUBBISH like Aerosmith or Ted Nugent come along, and go down really well. WHAT'S THAT ABOUT, THEN?"

Before they get back gigging, there's the little matter of finding new musicians. Mark Clarke, veteran guitar temp (shorthand and typing optional), has taken over on bass. But, alas, no keyboard player, yet.

Maybe keyboard players don't like punch-ups? Damages their hands, and that.

"Well, it would be no good getting some laid-back guy. We'd be LAID OUT at the first rehearsal. I'd hate anyone to come and work for Rainbow if they didn't know what they were in for. It would be KAMIKAZE, really, wouldn't it?"

□ BOB EDMANDS



BARRY MASTERS expresses his opinion of the Rods current position.

HOT RODS GO THROUGH A COOL TIME

YEAH, whatever happened to Eddie and The Hot Rods? After a lengthy period as Island Records' bright young things, el Rods seem to have taken something of a dive of late.

Reports reached *Thrills* some weeks back that all was not well between The Artists and The Man. Talk of verbal fisticuffs and worse when the Sarfend sprogs stuck their noses into Island's plush West London mansion offices, tales of in-fighting and back-biting, a boticeable drop in sales, a sudden tendency by the press almost to talk of the band as has-beens.

You may have noticed how the rock and roll machine likes to nurture its youth but the business has a nasty habit of turning carnivore. Rumours build, distort and become fact or hard opinion. The Hot Rods, without blowing out of their own accord, had taken a commercial tumble of late. Sales dropped and the new wave caught them up.

The punk elite don't reckon Ed Hollis's boys are part of their scene. Like everything else going down right now that doesn't obviously fit the disenchanted brigade, the Rods were considered not cool. Long Hair? Top 20 singles? *Top Of The Pops?*

Aware that they needed to capitalise on the early publicity, Douglas, Gray, Higgs, Masters and Nicol decided it was time for a showdown. *Thrills* spoke to ex-Kursaal Flyer Graeme Douglas, who was both conciliatory and objective.

"The fight is over, but it's been a mutual trial. We were fed-up 'cos I Might Be Lying wasn't promoted well . . . . then the EP wasn't cut properly and the sleeves weren't ready. In our opinion Island weren't pulling their weight."

All together a bad time, with ill-feelings at Hammersmith, which Douglas ascribes drily to: "Too many people sitting around their canteen and playing pool. They haven't been dynamic enough."

Island conceded the charge in part by their promise of maximum coverage for the Rods' next vinyl attempt (none can say the band have broken their promise to put out material fast and furious), a Douglas/Hollis number, "Do Anything You Wanna Do". For honour to be done on both sides Douglas reckons Island will have to match the Rods' commitment.

"Last year we got a good push but sales have levelled out. New wave bands have caught us up with really good sales — there's a different climate now for the singles market. You've got The Stranglers who are more polished, and established bands get knocked off. We need to make some changes. The music is going to be more adventurous now, more commercial and better produced."

Douglas is particularly concerned. Although he's the newest Rod he experienced similar disappointments with the Kursaals last Christmas at a period when he thinks they'd reach atrophy.

"It was regimented pop, every breath was being choreographed. I saw them at the Marquee and they were bland, then there was some mud-slinging in Southend . . . y'know this guy could be dangerous. Leaving was the best move I've made, though. The future here is as long as we last."

Douglas is excited at working full time with another guitarist and compares the potential for a good combination to that of Mick Taylor and Keith Richards. Dave (Higgs) has taught me about rhythm, fast changes where mine were sloppy. Then Steve and Paul are tighter, more disciplined."

The outcome of this hoped-for renaissance will be seen when their next album is released in early October. More immediately, they are involved with the "Oil City" album, due in August. This was originally the brain-wave of ex-Kursaals manager Paul Conroy. Bands featured include the Rods, Feelgoods, Lew Lewis Band, Gypsy Rock Squad and Savage.

The Kursaals are conspicuous by their absence — though originally Conroy had intended that they participate. The departure of Conroy came as a surprise to those who knew the Flyers' set-up but for some time they've failed to move out of being considered "just a good band" and wanted what Conroy calls "stronger management . . . John Reid or something."

Though the parting was amicable (Conroy went to see them at Dingwalls last week) Douglas will see parallels with the Rods' current position. "The Kursaals got unfashionable — their credible market went overnight. We either had to do commercial singles or come to terms with New Wave. We needed more studio experience. The band were never good enough to preserve live performances. There was nothing that grabbed yer balls, enjoyable but superficial. I'm more careful now."

The difference in approach between bands who stay there and bands who don't was brought home to Douglas when the Rods played with The Ramones recently.

"American new wave is generally more proficient. The Ramones astound me. They have more depth and commitment. They practise in the dressing room. I mean I couldn't distinguish many of their songs but they're serious about it and I admire that."

And English new wave?

"Too much dross. The politics is fun. It was religion of some sort ten years ago, now it's radical drugs, radical politics again. The two are so tied up in rock 'n' roll you can't separate them. I'm suspicious about some of them though. They are conscious of being in the forefront and they want to stay there. It's an accident that someone like Joe Strummer is there in the first place. What matters is what they do on stage and on record. That's what the Rods are sticking to, as well."

□ MAX BELL

THE WHO BUY UP OLD LOTS

ON MONDAY The Who began rehearsals for their next album at Shepperton film studios knowing that the studios are now their own.

For their money — £350,000 — The Who have got the old manor house, the core of the site, and two acres of property. And they are planning extensive renovations costing several hundred thousand pounds.

Like numerous other rock acts including Rod Stewart, Paul McCartney and Uriah Heep, The Who have used Shepperton for some time.

The studios are ideal for a rock band to rehearse its entire stage show, including lights and other special effects. To date The Who have spent £1 million developing laser and video equipment there, something they will now be able to do on a greater scale, exploring new sound and visual techniques.

And The Who intend to hire the studios to other artists wanting to make use of the facilities.

Permission for the purchase has to be granted by the National Film Finance Corporation, who have the power to veto such deals, although it's highly unlikely they'll prevent The Who going ahead with their buy.

The Who already have interests in Ramport Enterprises who not only own a studio at Shepherd's Bush but also possess a trucking company and a lighting hire firm.

□ STEVE CLARKE

...AGES ADVANCED...

...MAN MAGNIFICENT...

...INTELLIGENCE IDOLISED...

...IMAGE INTENSIFIED...

...ROBOT REALITY...

...MAN MEANINGLESS...

...MAN MASSACRE...

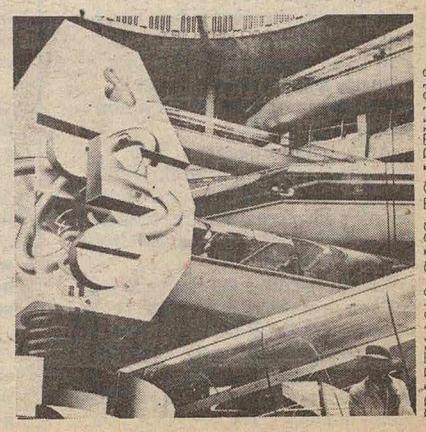
...ROBOT RULE...

...HUMANS ARE HISTORY...

.....'I ROBOT'

The extra-sensory album by Alan Parsons

Alan Parsons, master producer and engineer of, amongst others, the Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side Of The Moon' expands his solo career still further with his latest album **'I Robot'**, an intriguing concept that seeks to explore musically the divisive relationship between man and machine, the result being a stunning tour de force that will leave the listener in no doubt as to the talents of this exceptionally gifted artist.



SPARTY 1012. CASS. TC ARTY 1012.

ARISTA – Where Talent's At

SINGLES

Get offa this picture, Graham. . .

The Rumour has it without Parker

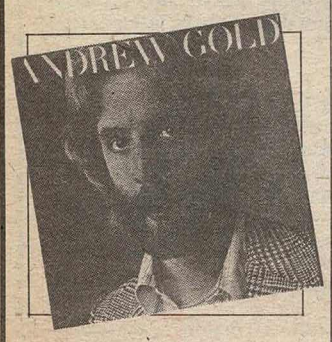
REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY STEVE CLARKE

SINGLES OF THE WEEK (All four of 'em)
THE RUMOUR: Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me (Vertigo). If this is typical, The Rumour with or without Graham Parker make great records. In fact their performance on this tender and very soulful Duke Ellington blues ballad, not to mention Robert Lange's production, has a certain edge not always evident on Parker's own records.

I mean, hark at the sheer clarity of sound and feel the love and care administered to what is the best piece of R&B I've heard in a long time. When you consider that Dave Edmunds is making great contemporary rock 'n' roll records and The Rumour are producing stuff like this the state of rock music in Britain today is indeed healthy.

JACKSON BROWNE: The Pretender (Asylum). Title track of JB's last album, and even in this edited form it's still a masterpiece. Browne's performance is immaculate, with rock-critic-turned-producer Jon Landeau maximising his technically not great vocal capabilities on what is one of Browne's most disciplined songs. Here he sings of the disillusioned romantic trying to Make Some Sense Of It All by leading 'a normal existance', a stance which gives him the opportunity to come up with some of his most telling lyrics as he so accurately and perhaps cynically throws in a few observations on the aspirations of the late 20th Century Affluent Western Man. Next time you happen to pick up *The Daily Mail* thing of this.

MICHAEL NESMITH: Navajo Trail (Island). Another goodie from the former Monkee-turned-heavy-cosmic thinker . . . although on this ethereal little ditty Nesmith doesn't let it show — keeping the lyrics, not surprisingly about the Navajo Trail, very much down to earth. As with its precursor "Rio" the mood is on the relaxed side and if comparisons are to be drawn the overall effect is very much Beach Boys "Holland" era. In fact "Navajo Trail" is the best Beach Boys track I've heard since then.



ANDREW GOLD: Go Back Home Again (Asylum). Well, whoever's doing the choosing up at WEA is doing it right. Like Gold's previous record (his first hit in Britain, if not the world) this is a cut from his erratic second album, "What's Wrong With This Picture?" While it doesn't have the constructural flair of "Lonely Boy" it once again shows that Gold, like his stable-mate Linda Rondstadt (Gold contributes heavily to her work both onstage and in the studio), is making some of the best pop-rock around; slick, tuneful and wonderfully buoyant. Great guitar solo too, the kind of stuff Clapton was knocking out seven years ago.

CARLY SIMON: Nobody Does It Better (Elektra). After all that drooling, time for the dross — and they don't come much stiffer than this. Actually, I'm disappointed. I know it's not hip to dig Carly Simon these days — she's rich and good looking and her old man ain't exactly on the scuffle — but for my money "You're So Vain" is one of the greats of all time and I'm a sucker for the earthy potency of her voice. It's all gone to waste here, though, as Ms Simon performs on what is in my opinion a lousy song (incidentally, it's the theme from the new James Bond movie/gadgeterama *The Spy Who Loved Me*). Richard Perry uses all his old devices, which sound too cliched by half.

Still, compared to **Barbara Streisand's** monumental turkey **"My Heart Belongs To Me"** (she'd be in trouble if it didn't), an excruciatingly tortured ballad, "Nobody Does It Better" is an all right record. Staying with the fillies (and have we got some girls for you this week) . . .

YVONNE ELLIMAN: I Can't Get You Outa My Mind (RSO). By some quirk of fate RSO are notching up a fair bit of success for la belle Elliman (no relation to the famous rub, beloved of athletes and such-like) and with typical record company finesse this hyper-syrupy ballad has been designed for more of the same. And it'll probably succeed, for a time, anyway. Finally, for all you crumpet cravers . . .

PAGE THREE: Hold On To Love (Warners); BLONDE ON BLONDE: Subway (Chrysalis). Well it had to happen, national heroines like the Page Three girls getting to make their own records, or rather putting their voices (tee-hee) to somebody else's. For, like the vast majority of disco cuts, the brains behind these pieces of vinyl are not the artistes' but the producer's. But who needs brains when you look like that, huh? Anyway, methinks the Blonde On Blonde (not to be confused with an album by seminal beat poet Bob Dylan, although it would be difficult) platter has the edge, registering as it does a slightly lower reading on the drossometer. Besides the two girls who make up Blonde On Blonde are pictured on the sleeve wearing something resembling dog collars around their adorable necks and we all know how chic that kind of thing is. Still it's a treat to see the Page Three girls' thighs. But what I want to know is how much Rupert Murdoch is getting out of the deal? And howcum this kind of thing crept onto the once-integrity-laden Chrysalis label? Still, they have or are about to sign up Generation X.

If girls singing disco is your thing you can't beat **Silver Convention** who this week have released more of the same (though not as good as "Get Up And Boogie" or come to that "Fly Robin Fly", both vital pieces of contemporary culture) with **"(There's) Always Another Girl".** Perfect Teutonic precision and as compassionate as Atilla The Hun.

BAY CITY ROLLERS: You Made Me Believe In Magic (Arista). Now that J. Rotten is the media's favourite whipping boy and the nation's number one teen idol, I suppose the BCR's are catching a bit of a cold. Here they do their utmost to maintain full commercial potential with this flimsy piece of disco dross, smoother than a Harry Fenton dummy and with the hook repeated so many times that even the most booze-damaged brain could not fail to remember it after several hearings.

ALICE COOPER: You And Me (Warners). Strewth, to think this is the man who used to mutilate babies onstage. And here he is eulogising sweet domestic monogamy. Actually, the best thing about "You And Me" (as a song it just doesn't cut it) is Bob Ezrin's production. Here, as always, he creates a veritable well of sound. In fact if it weren't for the strings you'd swear the backing track was stolen from Peter Gabriel's excellent solo album.

LITTLE BOB STORY: All Or Nothing (Mercury). The Europunks revibe an old Small Faces song and come up trumps. Certainly, this version of the classic Marriott-Lane song doesn't have the savvy of the original, but it's a bloody good rock 'n' roll record, Bob and his cohorts going for a straight ahead Stones-type boogie arrangement, with guitarist laying down great Keefchords.

ISLEY BROTHERS: Voyage To Atlantis (Epic). When the Isley Bros start calling their songs things like this — a title worthy of some third rate techno rock band — something must be sorely amiss. And listening to the record only confirms my suspicions. Despite the excellence of Ernie Isley's guitar work (his first note is a deadringer for Dave Gilmour's cosmic angst, but we'll forgive him that) there's no escaping the fact that the Isleys are now too damn stylised for their own good. I mean, what's wrong with singing about girls, anyway?

A COUPLE OF EPs

KENNY RODGERS AND THE FIRST EDITION: Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town / Something's Burning / Girl Get A Hold Of Yourself / Momma's Waiting (Reprise). Released to scoop up the success vibe currently surrounding Kenny Rodgers after his recent "Lucille" hit, the EP is more than justified by the inclusion of the truly great "Ruby Don't Take Your Love To Town", a chart smash for Rodgers eight years ago. If you've never heard it, make sure you do since the song is a moving piece of social commentary, telling as it does the heartbreaking tale of a Vietnam casualty no longer capable of making love dying a slow death while his woman goes off for a good time.

ROD STEWART: Mandolin Wind / Girl From The North Country / Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller (Mercury). Oh yeah, him again. You should all be familiar with these three classic Stewart cuts — one recorded while he was still making it ("Girl From The North Country"), another from the album which Made Him Big ("Mandolin Wind" — pity he doesn't seem to write songs like that anymore), and a song recorded after he became a star ("Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller"). Great stuff.

10 CC: People In Love (Mercury). All form and no content, not to mention the song's lack of wit. I'll take Graham Gouldman's "For Your Love" any day.

COCK SPARROW: Runnin' Riot (Decca). Not slow on the uptake . . . Decca finally have a punk, sorry, skinhead band. Not suprisingly they play faster than you'll ever get to talk — like a souped up Black Sabbath — but are given a bit of class by the repeated appearance of a guitar phrase not totally dissimilar to the kind of thing Phil Manzanera would come up with. The lyrics are very fashionable too.

JIMMY WEBB: Where The Universes Are (Atlantic). Lovely record, this, from the appallingly ignored writer of such masterpieces of pop-rock as "MacArthur Park" and "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress". This track from Webb's first album in over three years, "El Mirage", transcends mere MOR and sentimentality despite a string-laden arrangement since its melody is so beautifully resolved and the lyric so obviously real.

INTEGRITY CORNER

THE DESPERATE BICYCLES: The Medium Was Tedium / Don't Back The Front (Refill). Presumably inspired to make a record by the punk dictum which states than anyone can play, The Desperate Bicycles went ahead and did it. The result is not a little weird. John Peel plays it all the time. And if you ask me, when anyone so obviously has their credentials in all the right places as these boys do you can't possibly knock it. Well, not at least until they sign with a major record label.

Meet the Page 23 girls . . .

(GROAN)

JAZZ

by BRIAN CASE

HEMPHILL: "not black and white formals, maybe beige and lime, you know." (Pic: KARL BILLERTS)

TWO FALLING-DOWN DRUNKS compete for the remaining inch of tiger sweat in the bottle. One of them has pissed his pants, the other has broken his glasses: red corner, blue corner.

They tear at each other's buttons, stumblebum each other against the iron railings, the bottle lying on the sidewalk. Some cavalry.

Sunday afternoon, 90 degrees, Land Of Opportunity, Bowery and Bond Street, New York City.

I cross East 2nd and enter the Tin Palace, one untypical Bowery Bar: Saxophonist Julius Hemphill is giving a one-man recital, an audiodrama entitled "Roi Boye and the Gotham Minstrels".

He stands on a platform at one end of the bar surrounded by saxophones, flutes and a large tape recorder. He's wearing a white trilby, shades, a circus ringmaster's clawhammer suit in silver with big black buttons and wide black lapels, formal but no shirt.

His biting alto sound squalls out over the pre-recorded line from the tape recorder, and from where I'm sitting, the low-slung lampshades appear to be frisbeeing out of the bell of his horn like a perspective of flying saucers.

The tape changes to bright birdsong and flutes, a silvery slipping stream for a drowsy afternoon, and Julius switches to flute then soprano. His music is entrancing, present tugging against past, lines threading in the warp and woof of silver lame.

"42nd Street and Times Square! Watch the folding door!" he shouts, and hitches the alto to the sling. Two 45-minute sets pass like a dream.

JULIUS HEMPHILL was born in Fort Worth, Texas, studied with Bobby Bradford's team-mate, John Carter, gigged around with the likes of Ike Turner and fetched up in St Louis in 1968 in time to join the Black Artists Group, along with Charles Bobo Shaw, Oliver Lake and Joseph Bowie. These days, he's based in New York, and — with Lake — is the most talented of the post-Braxton altomen.

So, here's Julius taking off that amazing circus outfit, folding it carefully over a hanger, and metamorphosing back into a pretty intellectual and thoroughly exhausted unsnappy dresser in jeans and sweat shirt. Big glass of orange juice — orange, Julius? — to restore the moisture.

He would like to do an interview, considerate, courteous, though the effort of re-routing his responses is clearly costing a lot, and his eyes hover enviously upon his small son, stretched out on a shelf after distributing handbills to the assembled.

Does he know where the cues are coming in on the tape, or does he enjoy random stimuli like Steve Lacy hitting off off-station radio programmes?

"No, it isn't a question of being surprised. I get the feel of it, you know. You're dealing a lot with time in music, lapse of time, and so one gets the sense of it.

"I don't know to the second like how long the silences are or any given section is, but I know about when it's time for me to come in. If I want, I can begin to anticipate in my playing the entrance of the tape, and I can make it obvious or create another kind of tension by making a false building.

"For example, I can develop a line that seems to develop anew just prior to the entrance of the tape so that it suddenly breaks off or is absorbed. You might say the listener is confronted with a precipice.

"It's interesting."

He's been interested in mixed-media events for years, staging performances in this genre like "The Orientation of Sweet Willie Rollbar", "Kawaida" and "Obituary: Cosmos for 3 Parts", as well as recording "Poem For Blind Lemon" which is a duo for alto and the poet J Curtis Lyle.

"Theatre?" says Julius in a slow drawl not unlike the famous Fonda voice. "It's been a part of the bulk of the music tradition that's known as 'jazz' here, though it's been called different things like 'showmanship', 'personality' or whatever. Big bands would dress in formals, maybe not black and white formals, maybe beige and lime, you know.

"I don't know exactly when that began to be phased out — probably with the rise of the so-called Modern Era, Be-Bop and stuff."

AS WITH Braxton, some of his dialectical riders and reservations are awkward to catch on the hoof.

"I can't say that anyone was never entirely focussed on the music — it would be self-defeating to say that — and inaccurate in another sense — but different kinds of attitudes seem to have contributed to the lack of theatre aspect. It could have something to do with economics, because while the Be-Bop Era was musically rich, I wouldn't think there was a large audience."

I was beginning to cast envious eyes at the shelf too.

"Back to my own endeavours," says Julius. "What I am concerned with is utilising the music in a more determined theatrical sense. I want to incorporate it more proportionately in a dramatic context, but the only problem is that it's difficult to wear all these hats — and I seem to have not too many other people who're interested to work with."

Why did he shout subway instructions on the tape?

"Well, I'm concerned with the specificity of music, and music is non-specific in comparison to language. If I want to tell you something, I have to use lnaguage. You can't SAY anything with music. I can't give you directions with it. It's powerful but non-specific."

Like Shepp's raging tenor and Ayler's raging tenor preaching diametrically opposed messages, revolution and transcendentalism, yet both sounding in the same emotional bracket, I muse. Outside this little brick anteroom with the potted plants, a junkie blinks alternate eyes in the Bowery sunlight, a drunk slides down a wall.

"I find it inconceivable to transmit my messages through the ambiguous context of music," says Julius. "There are examples where music has been used as language — one convenient reference to this whole idea is the talking drums of some African societies. It works because both the people who are receiving the message and the people who are sending it out both know the language. It's totally specific.

"All African music is specific. Writers and researchers on Africa imply an elasticity in regard to an oral tradition, that it isn't as specific as a literary one, but that is totally off the mark. Africans do not elaborate and add and subtract from their recounting of information, be it moral in nature, or whatever.

"It was very strict, not frivolous, and it had a highly specific function. A person had to practise his work for many years before he was allowed to deviate in any way from this aesthetic or code or formula.

"So these people who talk about improvising on the talking drums don't really have an inkling of what they're speaking about — they somehow make it sound either democratic or anarchic."

HE SHAKES his head, stares off into space to muster a synopsis.

"It's like that in all societies — nobody survives on a slipshod basis. The historian who recounts the history of the clan apparently has a photographic memory, for that individual's whole function is to be a reservoir, carry the history in his brain, and in turn train someone else to do that."

How much of you feels African, or dedicated to recreating the African tradition in your music?

"Well, part of me responds to elements in this society that were certainly African in origin — for example, the extended family relationship. But I'm not trying to embrace that. I don't have to. It is who I am, you know.

"I'm also part of this society, so I don't take up African-ness as a cause. What I'm taking up — if indeed I take up any cause — is the cause of self.

"Music is consistently very important to me, but I look on it as a tool. While one is influenced by African music — and it is difficult for me to pinpoint the fruit of that influence — it doesn't mean one is going to produce African music. I don't think it's possible to refine the music of the pygmies, because if it's anything other than what it is, then it's something else. It's not THAT music.

"I have these remnants of Africa in my psyche, head, body, whatever — I have some fragments of Europe in there too."

The first lick I ever heard of Julius Hemphill's music was a track called 'Dogon A.D.'

The impact was overwhelming, alto alternately hurtling and pleading over a funky 11-time, shared between Phillip Wilson's drums and Abdul Wadud's cello. The inspiration came from an article on the Dogon of Mali, an African tribe with a vast cultural heritage, who had decided to adapt some of their sacred dance rituals to take advantage of the tourist trade.

The same session also produced 'The Hard Blues' — now on the album 'Coon Bid'ness' — which must be as stompingly secure in the blues idiom as anything done by the rural Mississippians.

"I kinda function on inspiration," says Julius, "and I don't get that much inspiration out of music. I get it from musicians, and from geometry. People. I like to build things. I get inspiration from hardware stores — so many nice things that you never could use, but you'd like to have just to pile them up."

THROUGHOUT the conversation, he strives for essences, encapsulations, but a chickweed of um's and rejected words and jettisoned over-simplifications sprout up over the granite. He's tired and some of my questions are coming from left field.

Nevertheless, here comes the definition:

"It seems to me that there are two considerations involved in what I'm doing with music. First, I try to familiarise myself with the physical properties of playing the saxophone. Next, to acquaint myself with the aural palette, what it is capable of producing, what are the limitations and parameters?

"So for me, it's a question of not being hampered by the physical demands of the instrument so that I can select what seems appropriate from the palette. Then I can rely on my imagination to manifest whatever music I'm coming up with.

"That's what everybody does, it seems to me."

Me too, Julius, though most of 'em not as convincingly as you.

Selected discography: Julius Hemphill/"Poem For Blind Lemon" (Mbari); Julius Hemphill/"Dogon A.D." (Arista Freedom); Julius Hemphill/"Coon Bid'ness" (Arista Freedom); Lester Bowie/"Fast Last" (Muse); Anthony Braxton/"New York/Fall 1974" (Arista Freedom); The New York Loft Jazz Sessions/"Wildflowers, Vol. 4" Douglas).

I heard it through the hardware store

In a silver circus ringmaster's suit, altoman JULIUS HEMPHILL taps the palette At The Tin Palace, Bowery and East 2nd . . .

STRAWBS

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"I like TOP OF THE POPS."

The everything's-coming-up-roses-for-Frankie Miller headline.

The BOB WOFFINDEN-retells-that-same-old-stardust-story blurb.

ONLY SOMEONE as talented as Frankie Miller could have afforded to be so profligate with his gifts. He's a survivor, sure, but it's been a close thing. He's managed to blow most of the opportunities that have come his way. Trains, buses, tides in the affairs of men — he's missed them all.

Not that he's unduly worried; Rod Stewart didn't make it in a fortnight, either.

He does not seem to recognise that he's been his own worst enemy. The problem was that he's enjoyed such consistently good press, and such unstinting record company support; he must have figured it was utterly superfluous for him to make some small contribution of his own to his career.

A great singer, without doubt — everyone says so; but when, until last year, had the public had an opportunity to hear him sing? He's an inspired songwriter too, but four albums in six years hardly seems a ball-breaking quota.

Miller wasn't lazy, just untogether, unguided, and very easily tempted. *When I think of all the good times that's been wasted having good times . . .*

In fact, there's a song of his own, "Drunken Nights In The City", from "The Rock" album, which he says is the most truthful one he's written. It has a sobering ending; the narrator is refused spiritual comfort by the church, as the preacher says, "You've been on the streets far too long . . ." There were times when Miller must have been very low.

Now he seems undeniably a reformed character — abstemious and industrious. "We've worked like fuck in the past year, man", he says, as though he can hardly believe it himself. He's still sweating it out, on an arduous U.S. tour.

At least people can now appreciate that he is an extraordinary singer, with a cracked voice that testifies to the years of bacchanalian excess and always seems on the verge of total break-down — which helps to perpetrate the useful illusion that every performance Miller is giving is his last. In a performance of real heart, his train-boiler hat seems the only artificial element.

Now that his career has finally received its necessary injection of direction and momentum, his gig at the Bottom Line, probably the most prestigious club venue in New York, on Sunday June 19th could well prove crucial.

Miller and his band, Full House, played with a superb sense of occasion; towards the end of the set, the audience (a full house, natch) were beginning to exchange discreet smiles as they realised that maybe, just maybe, they had been in at the start of something special.

The contingent of Chrysalis representatives looked radiant. Their boy done good.

The band is virtually the same as it was for the recent British tour — Ray Minhinnet (guitar), Chrissie Stewart (bass) and Graham Deakin (drums), all of whom earn their bed and board.

The new recruit is in fact the only seasoned performer of them all, Chris Copping (keyboards), who recently left Procol Harum (a line-up change which means that Procol, now down to half a group, are currently undergoing a "period of reassessment"). He'd had little time to rehearse with the others prior to the U.S. tour — the Bottom Line gig was only their second together.

FROM THE BEGINNING, the band hit a perfect groove that they never lost.

The set opened with Miller's own "The Devil Gun". He has a facility for writing songs that seem to have been flooding your sub-conscious for centuries, and this is one of them; wonderfully direct, it is the ideal opening number.

Also featured early were "Brickyard Blues" (one of the songs that Allen Toussaint gave to Miller) and Bob Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry", which is a song that could survive any amount of ill-treatment. However, it is lovingly handled by Frankie, even when taken at three times its original pace.

The set was thus straightaway infused with a positive dynamic. Miller was able to introduce more of his own material to a responsive and increasingly enthusiastic audience.

"This Love Of Mine" is a ballad, one of several Miller songs that is reminiscent of Otis Redding; it appears on "Full House", but was actually written in 1971 with Robin Trower when the two of them were preparing material for a stillborn unit, Jude.

Two of the songs in Miller's set, "The Rock" and "Let The Candlelight Shine" have a relaxed, yet driving, rhythm that brings to mind some of Creedence Clearwater's most compelling compositions, "Lodi" for example.

Otherwise, the set features both of U.K. hit singles, "A Fool In Love" and "Be Good To Yourself", a tortured version of John Lennon's "Jealous Guy" and two storming rockers, "Down The Honkytonk" and "Hard On The Levee", the latter of which brings the set to a hurricane climax.

The band re-appeared to do a fiery version of Buddy Holly's "Rave On" A disappointing choice, I thought at first — most bands dig out a Holly or Chuck Berry number for an encore. But the urgent treatment accorded the song, added to the momentum and good feeling the band had by then generated meant that by the end no-one had any reservations at all about the band.

OR SO I thought.

It subsequently transpired that the one person at the club not to have been knocked sideways was the *New York Times'* critic, John Rockwell (who has been described by Linda Ronstadt as the most fair critic in the U.S. and whose wholly favourable review of *The Illustrated NME Encyclopaedia Of Rock* had led me to believe that here indeed was a man of genuine discernment).

His review of the gig, however, proved churlish.

He conceded that Miller was "another of those tough, gritty yet controlled baritones that Britain seems to produce in such profusion", but also declared that "Miller does not really transcend his inspirations, offer much variety from song to song or infuse the (R&B) idiom with the personal passion it depends on."

How can anyone accuse a Scot of lacking passion?

Rockwell even used faint praise to damn the headline act, Booker T. & The M.G.s, whose return to active service (it was only their second gig of the '70s) had been distinguished by an

instrumental precision that had been fully expected, and a warmth and purposefulness that had not.

So you probably don't need guidance on this particular point, but in case you do, let me tell you — never trust a rock critic.

By the end of the evening Miller and Booker T. & The M.G.s were becoming a mutual admiration society. Steve Cropper asked Frankie if it would be all right if he came along to jam with the band, and if there was any chance of them doing some material together.

"He said would it be all right," spluttered Frankie. "I mean, the guy's a gentleman." He was also quoted as saying of the M.G.s — "They really went out and kicked ass the second set. Well, they needed to."

The billing was particularly appropriate. While Booker T. told me that the reason the band had never worked with a vocalist for the last decade was they they'd never found anyone quite like Otis, it remains true that Miller is the only white singer to have been consistently compared with Redding. (And indeed, he was also the first white singer whom Allen Toussaint deigned to produce.)

Even when I asked Frankie about the pacing of his show (since all the songs were taken faster than they had been on record), he replied that the style of his set had been consciously based on the Stax tours of the mid-'60s — which obviously featured Booker T. & The M.G.s.

"Didya ever listen to people like Wilson Pickett and Otis live? 'Cos they just go dah-dah-dah-day." (Miller taps out a fast beat.) "Now if people know the number you're doing, they get a buzz; but if they hear it done like . . ." (He taps it out again.) "That's an extra buzz. And I picked this up from listening to those records, and I've found from the reaction I've got that it's still true."

It would be exceptionally fine billing therefore if a promoter were to consider these two acts for a European tour together.

EVEN THOUGH Miller has already recorded two albums in the U.S., this current one (an arduous one, often with two shows a night) is his first there, and follows a year of equally hard work in Britain.

Previously he had acquired a not altogether undeserved reputation as one of rock's more mercurial and less teetotal talents. While his recorded works have been substantial, it always seemed a possibility that his career would be one of under-achievement. Miller's self-destructive tendencies seemed well-advanced, and there was no particular reason to believe that he could pull himself into shape.

However, as Tony Parsons reported in *NME* in April, he's now virtually given up booze.

"I've cut out all the shit because I've had to. I'm even stoppin' smokin' an' things — unless I meet the fuckin' Average White Band.

"I went on straight tonight, you know, and that's great, because you know exactly what's happening.

"I've not touched liquor since the Scotland-England game, and then I was *forced* to."

Before or after the game, Frankie?

"Before, y'kiddin'? There were 40 of my friends came down from the pub I drink in in Bridgeton, in Glasgow. They're the real people."

One of the reasons for Miller's newly-discovered self-control is that, as an intelligent guy, he realised what was necessary. The second is that for the past year he's had a new manager, Procol Harum's lyricist, Keith Reid.

Reid, with his shuffling gait and slightly hunched shoulders, is reminiscent of several things, among which Mole in "Wind In The Willows" comes first to mind. A manager of a rock band is just about the last thing; he's always the first of the entourage to bed, and phones his wife every night during a U.S. tour. But there is no doubt that his influence has been a salutary one.

Reid had become acquainted with Miller, who had once or twice been on the same bill as Procol, through the Chrysalis connection. He says he was so much in awe of Miller's talent, and so solicitous of his welfare, that he found himself continually offering advice, and even lying awake of nights mentally moulding Miller's *modus operandi*.

In Spring last year he finally decided that while it was easy to offer advice, it was difficult to take the responsibility of that advice; so he decided it was time he had the courage of his convictions.

"Frankie's career was in terrible shape, because it had had no direction and continuity to it. He's an artist, and he needs someone to sort things out for him. He's got this great talent which everyone is aware of — so to spend a period of time when you know you're very good, but you're not getting anywhere is very demoralising.

"He is a person who really needs a manager; not having one probably messed him up."

Miller himself found this arrangement equally felicitous.

"I've always liked Procol. I used t' be in a band in Scotland called The Stoics, and we used t'play 'A Salty Dog', the album, all the time. I've always liked Keith's words.

"When I came back from America at the end of '75, I was looking for a manager, so when Keith came along that was great — because he's an honest person."

Reid's first steps were logical ones.

"I got a band together for him and I got him out on the road. The guy had never performed — he'd just made records sporadically, done a couple of dates and that was it. He was such a great performer, people had to see him."

THE RESULT was a year of hard graft for Miller, the first he'd experienced for some time.

"Keith's a bit of a slave-driver. We've been doin' some fuckin' tourin' in Britain and Europe. We've not had chance for a holiday — I'm not complainin', it's been great."

As far as Reid is concerned, this has already reaped dividends.

"Frankie Miller today is a million times more successful than he was a year ago. He's just had a hit record in Britain, he can work as much as he likes, he commands a good price, and the Harvey Goldsmiths of this world want to book him.

"He's not a big smash but then, unless you're incredibly lucky like Boston or Foreigner, these things don't happen overnight. The important thing is that Frankie now has a career."

Miller himself is nothing if not grateful for this upturn in his fortunes.

"I don't think you can sit back and say, 'Oh yeah, everyone loves me, all the critics love me', and Joe Bloggs in the street doesnae even know you. It's gotta be down t'work, man — it paid off fer us, man. Even gettin to Number 27 and gettin' on *Top Of The Pops*, that's great. I love *Top Of The Pops*."

Really?

"Yeah, when I'm on it."

WITH THE BAND in high spirits after the success of the Bottom Line gig (let's forget that Rockwell chap, right?), we left behind the heavy humidity and stinking streets of New York for the cooler, calmer, but hardly less polluted atmosphere of Philadelphia.

Chrysalis' hard-working East Coast press officer, Linda Steiner, the company's promotions manager, Joshua Logan, and myself went by train as there wasn't room for us in the band's limos.

The band themselves would all have preferred to make the journey by rail, but in fact the train, in perfect imitation of British Rail, broke down ten minutes out of New York, while we were still underground, and there we stayed for 40 minutes in non-air-conditioned total darkness until we were hauled back to New York.

The Philadelphia gig was at the Bijou Cafe, a venue of which the local cab drivers remain ignorant until you give the word a hard "J" and pronounce in "bee-joo" or, possibly, "bye-joo".

There are three rock venues in Philadelphia — the Spectrum, which accomodates 18,000 and is where The Beatles will play should they ever embark on a comeback tour; the prestigious Tower theatre, which holds about 3,500, and the Bijou, which seems to accommodate about 160, including the band.

All three venues are under the control of the same promoter; not surprisingly he is currently under federal indictment for breach of monopoly regulations.

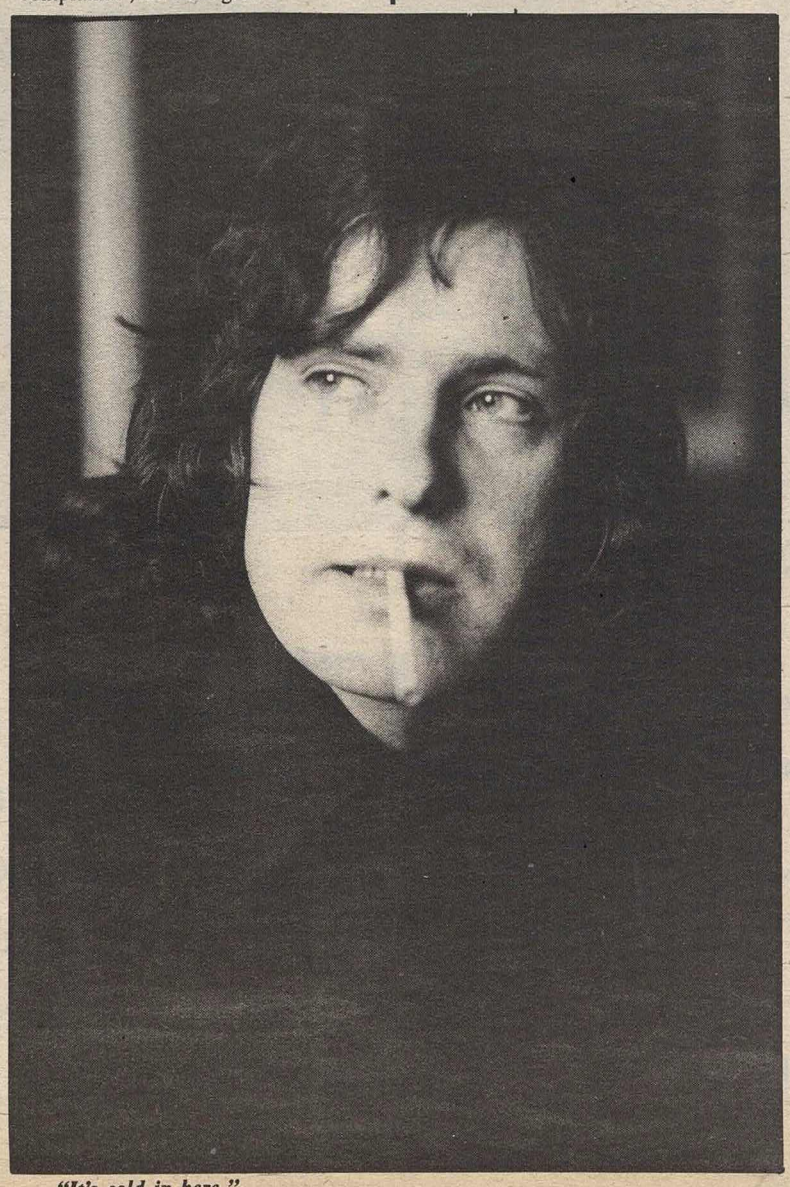
Though it's obviously possible to stratify rock acts according to which of the three venues they play, it should not be supposed that the Bijou is host solely to the Newport Countys of the rock league. It is small enough not to bely its description as a cafe, and even has trestle tables with blue-and-white checked tablecloths.

It is built on two floors, with the upper one constructed as a three-sided balcony overlooking the stage which runs along one side of the ground floor — I've seen bigger stages in church halls. There's no need for despair, however; Keith Reid dispenses good humour as freely as Americans dispense ice-cubes. Everyone is duly informed that Bob Marley & The Wailers played this same venue only a few months back.

In fact, the list of acts recently booked at the club includes many other star names, including Ry Cooder, and soul acts such as Deniece Williams and Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes. How some of these contrived to fit themselves on stage without ditching half the band is not immediately clear. I'm simply told that they managed it.

There were two shows on the Monday evening, each of which were attended by a handful of hardy souls. This was not entirely surprising since the gig clashed with ELP at the Spectrum; nevertheless, those present responded warmly to Miller's performance, which inevitably lacked the exuberance of the previous evening, but which was nevertheless solidly impressive.

"It's cold in here," Miller commented at one point, only to draw the immediate response "No — you make it hot, Frankie."



"It's cold in here."

CHRYSALIS HAD arranged a press party for the following evening, when there was no local competition. Those present seemed quite knowledgeable about Miller's work, most of them seeming to prefer the "Full House" and "Once In A Blue Moon" albums.

Joshua Logan had been absent all day, doing the behind-the-scenes work that necessarily accompanies any foreign tour. "I've been out all day, man, with radio people, arguing, fighting — anything to get my records off."

The few who had been present for the gigs on the previous night had evidently, as Miller instructed them, gone forth and multiplied, and by the time the band appeared the venue was actually crowded. Once again they were a roaring success, and afterwards everyone seemed to infiltrate backstage.

While the newest teen star of American movies, Carrie Fisher (she's the daughter of Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, and the leading lady in *Star Wars)* paid her respects to Frankie, Graham Deakin tried unavailingly to persuade the band to go into immediate rehearsal to tidy up the ragged ends of some numbers, while Chris Copping explained to a local disc-jockey how Kevin Beattie had started his garden bonfire with petrol and Ipswich had lost the championship.

Stewart and Minhinnet, meanwhile, surveyed the throng with coolly professional eyes. Doesn't the fact that the band are sharing rooms create any, er, social problems? I asked Keith Reid.

"I've wondered that myself," he replied, "But they seem to manage all right."

THE NEXT MORNING I spoke at length to Reid in the hotel's coffee-shop, where they have the distinction of serving genuinely inedible three-egg omelettes.

After assuring me that, despite the recent departures of Mick Grabham and Copping, Procol Harum was still in existence ("As long as I'm alive it must be"), he spoke of the difficulties of managing someone like Miller, who has already been "discovered" on several occasions.

"My attitude was to forget about the past completely. It's a difficult situation to be known and yet not known, but it's a two-edged thing. There's a lot of good-will towards Frankie, but it is true that people expect a lot from him — as if he were already a great success."

There's also the teasing difficulty of Miller's voice — just how long can he keep it like that?

"That too is an inherited problem," admitted Reid. "He spent so many years not working, and then suddenly had to start working very hard. Last year we had to cancel a lot of dates while he went into hospital to have a throat operation, because he had lost his voice.

"I mean, sure, I worry that it'll happen again, but there's no way out. But at least the more he works, the more strength he'll get in his voice."

Mention of Frankie's vocal chords recalls Rockwell's theme of those "tough gritty yet controlled baritones" that emanate from Britain — foremost among these being, we agree, Joe Cocker, Paul Rodgers and Rod Stewart. Reid has no doubt, however, about their relative abilities.

"Obviously I like them all, but Frankie has it all naturally, he doesn't try for an effect. That's what I like about him.

"Those three have all made great records, but as singers I don't think any of them can touch Frankie. And I know for example that Rod Stewart thinks he's an incredible singer."

"Full House", released earlier this year, was the first of Miller's four albums to be made under Reid's supervision. The latter felt that it obviously needed to showcase Miller's various talents.

"He's a great singer — and he's also a songwriter; he takes the songwriting side very seriously."

Miller takes great personal satisfaction, for example, from the fact that "A Fool In Love" has so far attracted four cover versions, including one by Melissa Manchester.

Everyone concerned was pleased with the finished album (and correspondingly disappointed with the sales thus far), and Miller considers that producer Chris Thomas has got the best sound on his vocals so far.

It was Reid who suggested the inclusion of "Love Letters", previously a hit song for both Ketty Lester and Elvis Presley. Gary Brooker came up with a fresh arrangement and, after much deliberation, it has been chosen as the next U.K. single, to be released at the end of the month. Only ultra-moronic programming by the nation's radio stations will prevent it being Top 5 by the beginning of September.

If the best laid plans work out, this should provide a healthy background for an autumn tour of the U.K., which might well include a Rainbow date. (Miller is also playing the Reading Festival.)

HIS PROGRESS so far has delighted him.

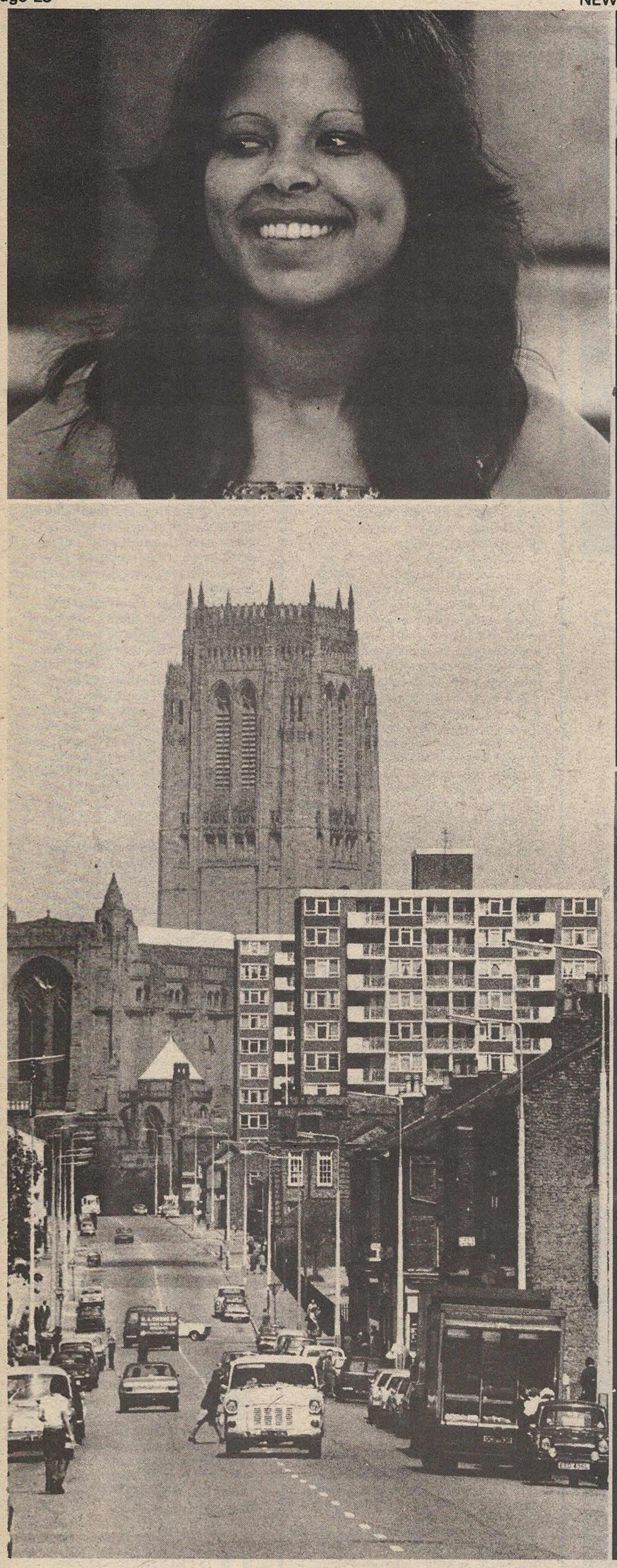
"I love people comin' up and sayin' they love 'Be Good To Yourself' — because I know that it's different, and it's in a class where people can say it's a bit o' music — it's not fuckin' manufactured. And when people are buyin' it, man, it gives me a great fuckin' kick — I don't mean financially — just fer people to buy it; that makes me happy."

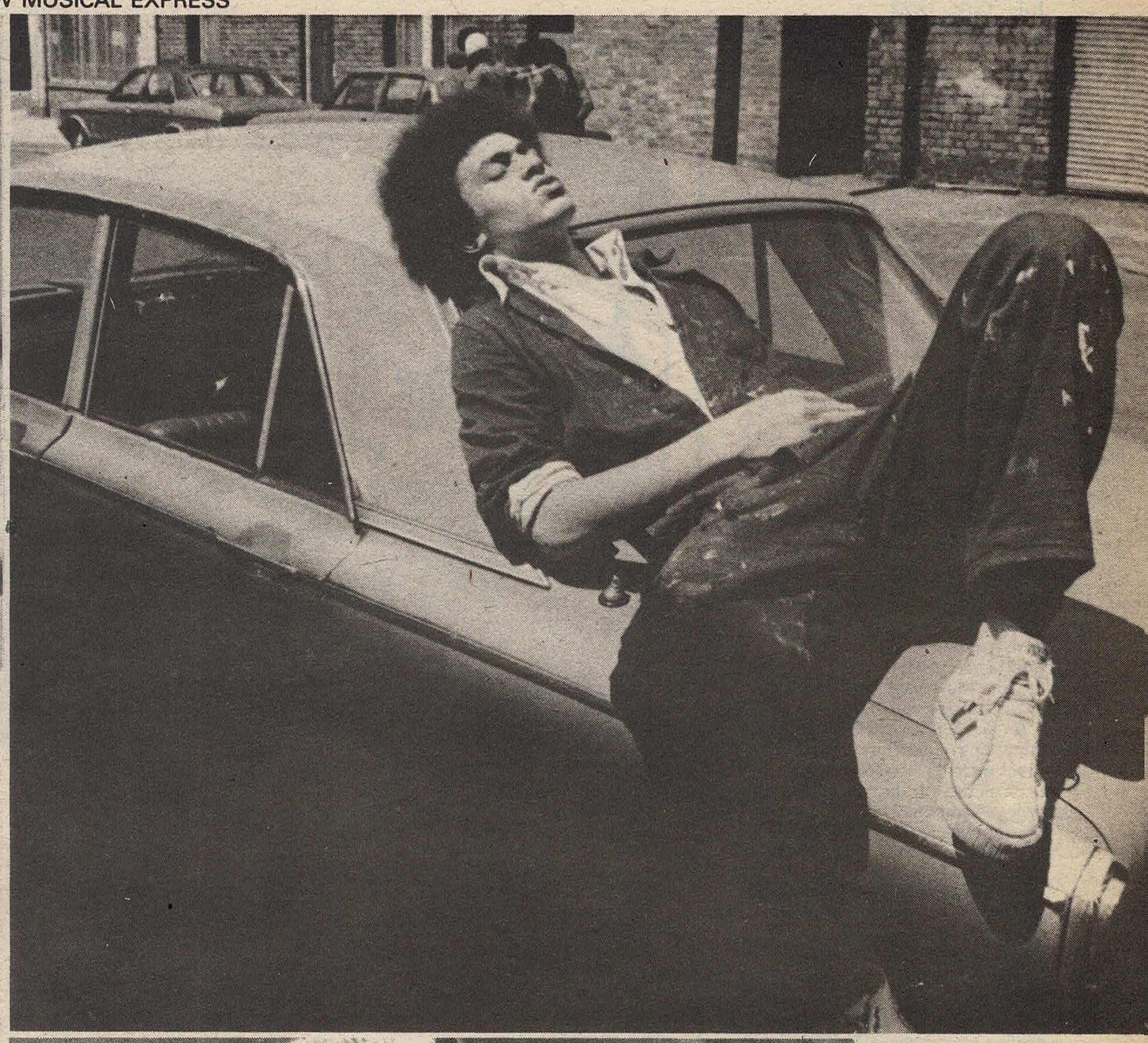
I suggest to Miller that the only limit to his success will be the limit of his ambition, and he says he has plenty of that.

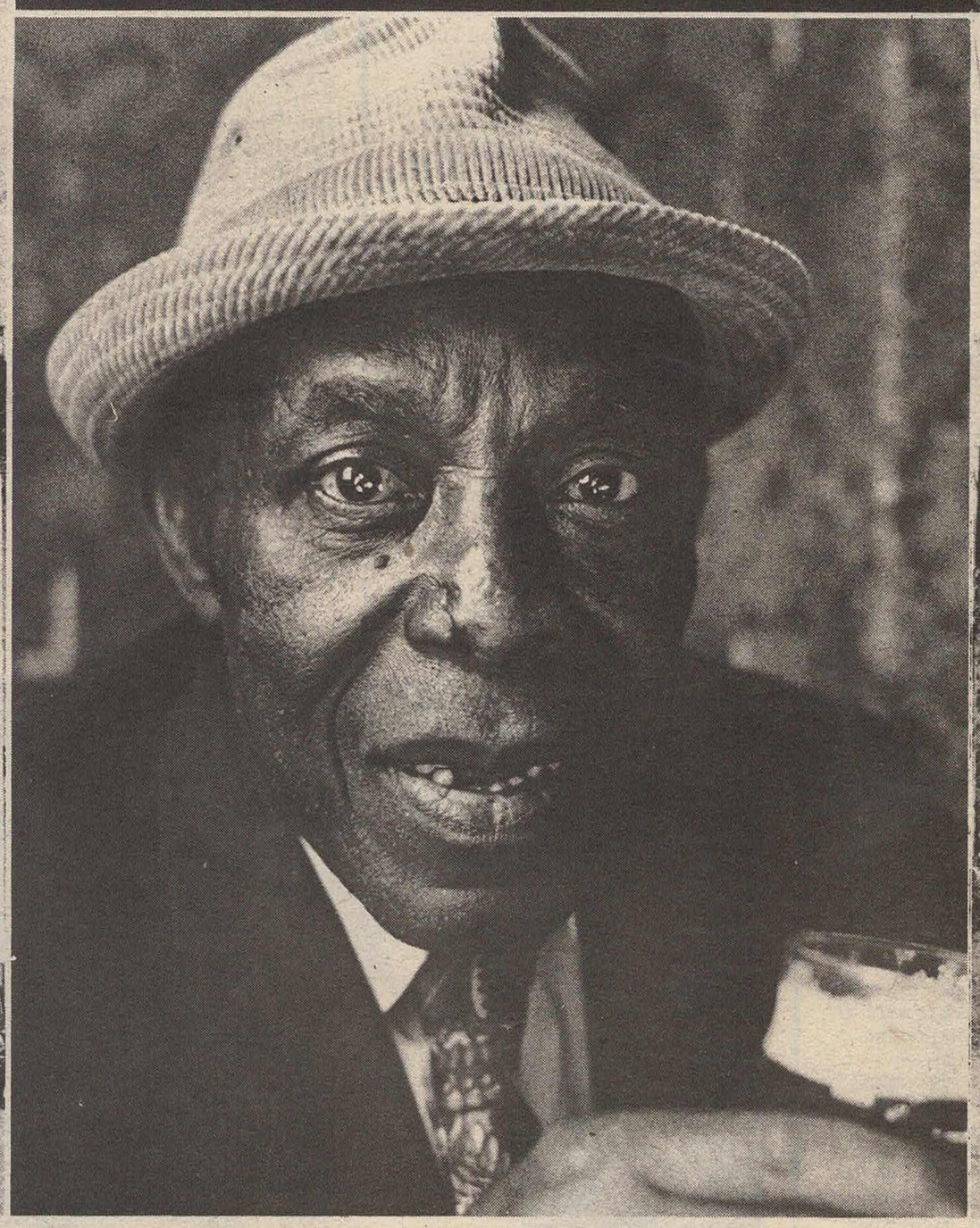
The last Frank Miller known to history was the one arriving at twelve o'clock (High Noon, in fact) to cash in Gary Cooper's chips. *"The noonday train will bring Frank Miller . . ."*

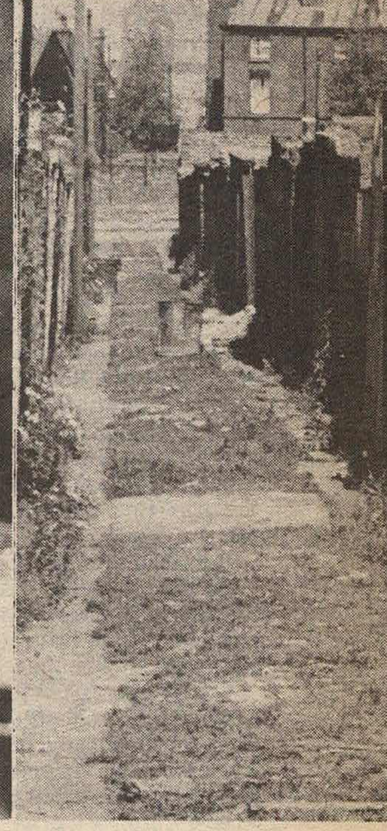
His arrival had been anticipated for what seemed an eternity, and he arrived on time. The parallels end there though. The *High Noon* Miller was gunned down in no time.

Having worked so hard of late, Frankie will stick around to enjoy the high life.









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DASHIELL HAMMETT was the man who invented the private eye in detective fiction. Raymond Chandler built on what Hammett had created and as a result overshadowed him. Now, for the first time in many years, virtually all Hammett's work is available in paperback, a good time to get to know this amazing writer.

Hammett created the so-called "hard-boiled" detective novel. Until he came along the genre was cute, tricksy and obsessed with complicated locked room murders.

Hammett, to paraphrase Chandler, took murder out of the sitting room and dumped it in the alley where people committed it for real reasons. In the process he created a new, stripped-down style of writing, punctured with sharp humour which still has not been bettered.

Hammett was for many years a real-life investigator for Pinkertons and this experience lends his books a tough authenticity. His first published work appeared in 1927 in the pulp mag *Black Mask*, later home of Raymond Chandler and Erle Stanley Gardner, pumping into the magazine short stories and large chunks of fiction which he later revised for his novels.

The two books of short stories — *The Continental Op* and *The Big Knock-Over* are mainly from this period. Both feature a tough, virtually invisible investigator who worked for the Continental Detective Agency, and the stories are, almost without exception, mini-masterpieces.

Check out particularly *Fly Paper* in *The Big Knock-Over*, the key to the new style Hammett was creating. This book also includes a long intro by Lillian Hellman, the lady who lived with him for many years, which gives a good insight into this remarkably honest man.

In just two years Hammett completed four books which were to change the rules. *Red Harvest*, set deep in the smoky town of Personville (pronounce poisonville) where the cops don't wear ties and criminal syndicates are fighting for control, appeared in 1929 closely followed by *The Dain Curse* an exotic tale of strange scientists, multiple murders and a girl who believes herself infected by her family's evil destiny. These came out of early *Black Mask* fiction and again feature the Op.

In 1930 Hammett then unveiled a new detective character, the inimitable Sam Spade who in *The Maltese Falcon*, tries to deal with the tangled and confused case of ever-shifting allegiances between a group of people struggling to lay their hands on a golden bird. A huge success, Hammett resisted the temptation to simply cash in on his fame, and immediately wrote *The Glass Key* which explored his pet theory that organised crime had taken over everyday life and no-one noticed. (This was his favourite book and is now widely regarded as his best.)

His last book came four years later and featured another new detective — Nick Charles — who, along with his wife Nora, solved crime with style and passion.

No-one has matched these books since and everyone writing detective fiction owes a considerable debt to him.

Dick Tracy

THE ROLLING STONE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ROCK & ROLL
Edited by Jim Miller (Random House £4.95)

SOMEDAY ONE of our more enterprising Sunday papers will devote a shock-horror-mercy-dash-probe *expose* piece to the mounting, looming threat to our nation's coffee tables: the scourge of the massive ultra-heavy-duty-ultimo-serioso rock book.

This one makes the others look like mere teenage trash.

Listen to what it says on the back: "A critical history, bringing together the work of the finest rock writers in the country; a pictorial record, combining scores of long-lost photos from the Fifties with the best work of contemporary photographers; a reference book, offering superbly detailed discographies on every important performer to have emerged in rock and roll, soul music and rhythm and blues over the last twenty years. This is a book of visual elegance and critical intelligence; a combination that in this field has rarely been attempted and will not soon, if ever, be surpassed."

Whew! What do you call that: chopped liver?

This is *heavy*, Jack; the stuff of which doctoral theses are made. Dig the cast of characters: Robert Palmer, Barrett Hansen, Peter Guralnick, Langdon Winner, Robert Christgau, Kit Rachlis, Jonathan Cott, John Morthland, Greg Shaw, Joe McEwen, Ken Emerson, Ed Ward, Nik Cohn, Greil Marcus, Lester Bangs, Jon Landau, Paul Nelson, Bud Scoppa, Russell Gursten, Charles Perry, Ellen Willis, Dave Marsh, Harper Barnes, Janet Maslin, John Rockwell . . . the entire faculty of the Kulcher Department at Rock Central University is here, greased and ready to kick ass!

In the main, it's most solemn and worthy in the extreme, but there are exceptions. The best line in the entire book is Lester Bangs' "rock and roll at its core is merely a bunch of raving shit" simply because it shines out like a neon hamburger sign on the Houses Of Parliament. This book is short on laughs and you can't dance to it.

Still, let's be *responsible* in our attitude to this book, since editor Jim Miller and his handpicked team have been so *responsible* towards the music . . . sorry, Our Music.

The essays on the various topics, styles and artists are mostly pretty good — though some of the writers lose their nerve in the face of the bigger targets.

Paul Nelson totally fluffs out in his Dylan essay, despite — or maybe because of — his long and intimate knowledge of Dylan's Life And Times. He's chosen to tackle the subject by writing an extremely convoluted Raymond Chandler parody — nothing wrong with that: every writer who needs a little creative fun should try a Chandler parody at some time in their lives — which completely overwhelms and consumes his discussion of the subject.

The trouble is that it's one of the book's few oases of humour and originality, and so one would have *wanted* it to work, but it comes on as trivial, evasive and irrelevant.

Greil Marcus comes through with an excellent essay on The Beatles, comprising a one-sentence summary of John Lennon's central obsession/hang-up ("a refusal to settle for anything short of perfection combined with a clear understanding that perfection does not exist"), which demonstrates by its very clarity how much woffling and padding goes into most rock writing.

You're stuck with Miller's idea of what's Really Important About Our Music: which is why there isn't a comprehensive chapter on De Blooze (Peter Guralnick could've written his ass off on that one). People like Muddy Waters are merely alluded to in a sort of see-page-94 way in chapters on The Rolling Stones and The Blues Revival, as if the authors of those chapters thought that the subject had been dealt with elsewhere.

In addition, people like MC5, Iggy And The Stooges, Bo Diddley, the Velvets, the Dolls, Beefheart, Zappa/Mothers and various other people who, in their various ways, have turned out to be Quite Important In Our Music have been tucked away into little chapters about Heavy Metal, Jazz Rock, All The Young Dudes and so on. On the other hand, there are entire chapters about Creedence, The Allman Brothers, Al Green and many other fine performers.

There are even a couple of deluxe boo-boos: opposite a lengthy analysis of Ian Hunter we find a fullpage picture of David Byron (ex-Uriah Heep, if anyone cares) captioned "An extremely rare photo of Ian Hunter, formerly of Mott The Hoople, without his shades. Boston 1974." Oh dear, oh gawd, oh my oh my.

Not to mention the picture of Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent with "Tommy Steele and an English fan." In actual fact, the two Brits with our heroes are Billy Fury and Joe Brown. Whoooooooooooops!

Three points and out: good rock writing is rarely produced at leisure with the intention of being definitive; it happens on the fly, when a writer strikes while the proverbial iron is hot. That's when the writer takes the most chances, and it's why there's more real insights in *Rolling Stone*'s album review and feature anthologies.

In ten years' time, when this

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SIDE SWIPE

(Left) the FONZ aged 5 months — so tuf!; (right) aged 31. (From "Other Side" and "Scrapbook" respectively.)

book is in its six hundredth edition, Iggy will get more space than Roy Orbison.

And the last thing rock and roll needs is a definitive history. Thank God this isn't it.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE OFFICIAL FONZIE SCRAPBOOK
Ben Davidson
(Grosset & Dunlop £2.80)
THE OTHER SIDE OF HENRY WINKLER
Henry Winkler
(Warner £2.80)

NO DOUBT about it, the Fonz is big business. *Happy Days* is shown every morning in the States and the networks that show it here do so at peak viewing time. It's therefore inevitable that we get swamped with Fonzie paraphernalia.

Me, I'm a sucker for all that stuff. Badges, calendars, t-shirts — I'll buy anything.

'The Official Fonzie Scrapbook' is terrible. A re-write of press releases and biographies, it's full of useless information about *Happy Days* and their baseball team (why does every American company have a bloody baseball team?). Fortunately it's full of pix but they are from the handouts and they merely remind you of the shows.

I read it in 37 minutes.

***The Other Side Of Henry Winkler* took 55 minutes. However, it's just as bad, being basically the boring story of an actor who had success hit him at 30 and hadn't done much till then.**

Chalkie Davies

VISIONS BEFORE MIDNIGHT
Clive James
(Cape, £3.95p.)

IN THE DARK DAYS a couple of years back, when *The Observer* was beset with intimations of mortality, its staff apparently totally demoralised, Clive James was virtually the only card the paper had to play. A source of occasional anxiety, perhaps, to the company lawyers, he nevertheless proved inexhaustibly entertaining.

Now that the paper's fortunes — financial and spiritual — have been revived through an alliance with an American oil company, James' service has been recognised: his column has been granted a permanent position. The rest of the paper is laid around it.

James first became *The Observer*'s television in 1972, and immediately distinguished himself in a field where few had formerly bothered to tax their imaginations unduly — presumably in imitation of the medium they were ostensibly criticising. Television was considered tedium infinitum, a kind of homogenised stream pouring forth without end like the pea-green bile in *The Exorcist*.

So that James' masterstroke was that, while he allowed his excellent wit free rein, at the same time he did take television seriously. He took it as axiomatic that David Coleman and Eddie Waring were household names, even to *The Observer*'s supposedly erudite readers.

"No critic before me," he affirms, "had ever regarded David Vine as a reason for switching the set *on*."

He rejoiced in the ephemera and the diversity of the medium, and considered avoidance of even the sudsiest soap opera dereliction of duty. He helped to show that since something was omnipresent, and often catered to the lowest common denominator, it was nevertheless still worthy of serious attention. Indeed, it was self-evidently *most* in need of serious attention. (This same argument applies with almost equal force in pop/rock music, yet none of the broadsheet papers have yet taken the hint.)

Indeed, James' case was tacitly conceded by the *Sunday Times* last autumn when they were obliged to introduce some heavyweight competition, in the form of playwright Dennis Potter.

For one thing, it's certain that the television corporations respond to intelligent criticism.

"Even the mildest critic is likely to have more effect than he realises at the level of programme-making."

And James himself is hardly mild; some seemingly impregnable personalities have had their credibility blown to smithereens by a few of his carefully-chosen caustic words. And he not only watches intently — he also listens carefully. No piece of sloppy diction or high-falutin' sentence construction will pass without adverse comment; unique among Australians, James is solicitous of the health of the English language.

In short, he fulfills the primary functions of the critic — he is entertaining, without being gratuitous. His comments are all salient ones — and this is James' strength, as well as his self-justification.

This book, *Visions Before Midnight*, contains a selection of his columns between 1972 and 1976. Most of his greatest hits, which seem as fresh in the mind as, say, Monty Python's dead parrot (and there is no higher praise), seem to be present: Harry Commentator is your carpenter, Very Peter Hall, Very Sanderson, as well as beautifully-barbed comments like "Switching on *The Frost Show* late, as part of my usual preparation for switching it off early . . ." There is also a column on canine evils, which included a veritable Thesaurus of synonyms for dogshit.

Those of you unfamiliar with James' television columns (which I have always considered to be his true forte) should do two things: firstly, locate this book and peruse pages 77-87 where you will find wickedly acid pieces on Enid Blyton, the Eurovision Song Contest and Herman Kahn, all subjects which James would rank on similar levels of fatuousness; and secondly, place a regular order for *The Observer*.

There are two final points.

One is that James could be yet more trenchant on occasion — for example, I'd like to see a few lacerations of his nitric pen on the pachydermic smugness of *Nationwide*, since no programme is both more popular and more objectionable.

The second concerns a recent review of *Rock Follies*. He commended — of all things — the "authenticity" of the series, noting that "It takes real insider knowledge to know that any reporter from the *New Musical Express* must be portrayed as being completely inarticulate." If James has any empirical evidence to support this, we'd be interested to hear it.

Otherwise the statement seems to be of the gratuitously funny variety that he takes pains throughout the book to insist that he avoids. Since *Visions Before Midnight* is a rewarding book of criticism, I shall hope this is not an early-warning sign that James' inspiration is now flagging.

Bob Woffinden

MAKE A DATE WITH THE ENID

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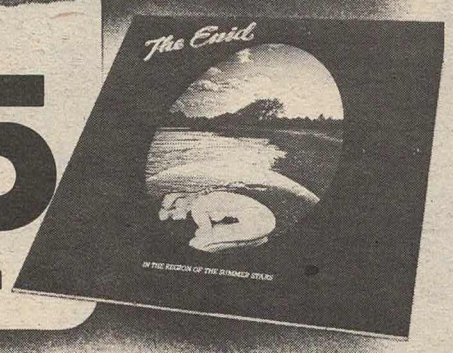
JULY 15 LAFAYETTE **WOLVERHAMPTON**

JULY 22 MARQUEE **LONDON**

JULY 23 ELECTRIC CIRCUS **MANCHESTER**

JULY 25 TOP RANK **PLYMOUTH**



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PLATTERS

NEW YORK DOLLS
(Mercury)

WHEN YOU have to dance to keep from crying and your girlfriend leaves you for a higher pair of heels, you need The New York Dolls, a long-gone gaggle of messed-up, sliced-up tykes with not a thought beyond girls, thrills and being in on the kill.

A reaction against the "sensitive" 60s cause-merchants, theirs is a glorious solipsism in which the self is the centre of the universe, their words culled from a glance over any adolescent shoulder while the week's exploits are being entered into the little red book.

And as our very own Tony "Public Enemy Number One" Parsons states in the sleeve-notes: "The New York Dolls were the major influence on such English New Wave bands as The Sex Pistols, The Clash and The Damned, and yet during their short but spectacular lifespan they were treated by the majority of the rock world as if they had leprosy."

At this moment, a lingering hatred of the rock and roll lifestyle hangs on the back of Johnny Thunders Heartbreakers, weighing down one of the handful of sublime combos on the planet.

Formed by Thunders — unrivalled in the New Wave Teen Appeal Stakes — the Dolls were five New York dumb, sharp kids comprising the flitty David Johansen on lead vocals, the corkscrew-curled Sylvain Sylvain on guitar and piano, the sneery Jerry Nolan (replacing Johnny's best friend Billy Murcia, dead in a bath-tub at 17 from too much, too soon) on drums, the grotesque Arthur Kane on bass and the immaculate Thunders on lead guitar and the pure essence of rock and roll.

Their two albums, released originally in '73 and '74, are badly produced and tackily repackaged, but they show that a Degree in Technical Perfection is no substitute for true love. Lasers and pop operas and the trappings of technology come in through the door only when belief goes out the window.

They smash straight into "Personality Crisis" with the definitive teen philosophy *"Wooow! Woooh! Yeah yeah yeah yeah! Oh no no no no no no!"*, crying wolf over impotent rage and ambition, when frustration and heartache is all you got, when your friends start taking up your mirror-space and your friends inevitably become acquaintances.

They sing of despair with such exhilarated energy and gleeful piano, with wolf-whistles and wolf-howls — kids from the street, who actually make noises! — and the huge smackeroos gilding the end of "Looking For A Kiss" find Johnny's boys searching for the comfort that only flesh as opposed to chemicals can provide.

It's a relentless see-saw rhythm and the solitary son of the metropolis is brought down by the beautifully gloomy young things so obsessed with shooting up when all *he* wants to do is make romance . . . *"Well I'm - a lookin' for a real, hot kiss — c'mon, kiss mae!"* commands Johansen, but there's no mistaking that Thunders is the top cat here — and you'd best believe it, L.U.V.

Who's afraid of the New York Dolls? JoHansen sounds deadly serious and Thunders malevolent as the boys exercise their social conscience following the ominous gong opening of "Vietnamese Baby", saying more about Young America's war effort than any amount of old "New Left" rhetoric: *"You're so sorry, busy and sorry, that's all you'll do."*

In true Iggy tradition, romance and war are interchangeable losers' games, the track inciting tempting images of rubbing the face of a faithless paramour in a mess of busted glass, of the Nam veterans who returned from a hero's defeat to rape their mothers and decapitate their wives, starring Johansen as avenging angel: *"What's wrong today is what's wrong with you!"*

"Lonely Planet Boy" lets you breathe easy for a lazy meander through futile infatuation: *"I'm crying . . . cantcha see I'm dying . . . for your love."* An innocuously gentle melody, breathy vocals and a two-timing saxophone enough melt the most callous of hearts makes the Dolls romantic even while alluding to heroin: *"Cos I wanna be there widcha, and I know what to bring/I remember, from the day you got over everything."*

Johansen goes ape on an unrestrained rendition of "Frankenstein" — the ultimate boy from the wrong side of the tracks. *"Is it a crime for you to fall in love with Frankenstein?"* Clodhoppingly impressive in the manner of an Iron Curtain formation march. Overkill? It makes "River Deep Mountain High" sounds like "Fly Robin Fly" — you surrender to it from sheer awe.

"Uh . . . how you call your lover-boy?" "Trash!" "Trash" is total committment — you don't fake garbage of this calibre, as Johansen pouts his petulant way through a morass of meaningless, totally profound lyrics: *"Don't try to take my knife away . . . Gonna get it up . . . please don't ask me if I love you . . . what you know is trash!"*, backed by an "ooohooohoooh" chant straight "From The Underworld" by The Herd, along with Peter Noone a seminal influence, to judge from Johansen's Framptoned blond tousle. A platform-booted stomp fit to trash your eardrums, but what a way to go deaf.

The celebration of the 50s good girl / bad girl pop ethic was one in the eye for all them bland, open-minded radicals that the Sickly 60s threw up. A foxy bitch in a waitress's skirt moves in on the Dolls block — just like in "Louie Louie" — only here there's humanity and cash transactions: *"Now there's twenty dollar bills and you can keep the change / All you gotta do is get on down in my range!"* Despite the mauve mascara and black lipstick, Dave's just a regular Joe as he pleads and cajoles the juicy C.T. who's *"bad . . . bad . . . sooo bad!"* not to make his heart bleed. And get the ultimate deterrent against playing hard to get: *"One nuclear bomb is gonna blow it all away!"*

Johansen's voice trembles with self-inflicted-pity on "Subway Train" — having such a good time feeling bad that it would only bring me down to feel good. *"I can't ever understand why my life has been cursed poisoned and condemned,"* following their wayward inclinations down the one-way electric lines of cheating girls and ornate derangement to a fitting finale: *"Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah — I just know!"*

The ironically named "Pills" is an irresistable celebration of cerebral chemicals — *"Shoot me to my head!"* — as exhilarating as your favourite shot courtesy of a night-nurse who walks like Bo Diddley.

The butt-twitching exquisite paranoia of "Private World" concerns the yearning for a private world and a private girl, with tears on the black leather shoulder and laughing to keep from screaming the scream that never ends. Clever desperation evocative of amphetamine-fuelled good-times and gang-fights, a pogo-ing piano and Thunders' guitar retorting much more eloquently than Johansen's words.

"Jet Boy" is a comic-strip inner-city aristocrat who really knows the score: *"Jet Boy's so preoccupied / He don't care about the war!"* Again, teen romance angst — *"Flying around New York City so high / Like he wants my baby!"* — and ooohooohoooh pure-pop chants rule until Johansen repairs his maquillage while Thunders performs intricate axe acrobatics without a safety net. "Jet Boy" could last forever and still not be long enough.

"Too Much, Too Soon" was merely too little, too late for 1974, several tracks coming across as no more than outrageous wall-paper.

It gets off the skids with a chandelier-earring shattering whistle and a simpering lisp of "C'mon boys!" for the national anthem of city sleaze "Babylon". The Rastas may wish to burn it down but the Dolls sought only to pump new muscle into it. More articulate and less emphatic than its debut parent, "Trash", it could only have been performed by boys with as much junk in their veins as on their faces.

Their revamp of the first of four non-originals, "Stranded In The Jungle" shows that the first cut is not necessarily the deepest as the Dolls cope with being boiled in oil and late for a date with awesome optimism — and they get the girl in the end, natch.

The evasive, tail-chasing "Who Are The Mystery Girls?" is worthy of the first album: *"Who's the one who wants to kick it on the floor and try to treat it like a scatter rug?"* Who indeed? Johnny Thunders is the answer to all your teenage dreams with that gorgeous guitar elbowing a babble-on Johansen from the spotlight.

The second cover, "There's Gonna Be A Showdown", is a mirror-gazing, kerb-kicking promenade of aggravated arrogance: *"They call me the Top Cat / Here in this here town/I just want you to be there baby / When the sun goes down,"* — inverted High Noon hits the East Side.

The hard-hearted heart-breakers of powder-room dilemmas are dissected in "It's Too Late", a superficial, supercilious litttle gem which trundles along like a cattle truck about to run off the rails — *"How's she ever gonna love you when she can't even parlez-vous your Francais?"* — and is best when Johansen quits caterwauling for a while.

His strident yell seems strangely out of sync with what's going down behind him on "Puss'N'Boots", a heel fiend's nirvana with it's cute catchline: *"Just like Puss'N'Boots — I hope you don't get shot for trying,"* closing to the sound of a redneck firing squad, recalling the sound effects of the first album.

Johnny Thunders' own "Chatterbox" is an archetype pop song, curious, quirky and absolutely X-Rated. The Dolls version of "Bad Detective" brings together the gongs of "Vietnamese Baby", the bop shoo wop ambience of "Pills" and the bravado of "Stranded In The Jungle" to prove that the Dolls were unwise to depart from dancing and romancing,

The last cover, "Don't Start Me Talkin'" is a frantic back-biting resume of who was beating on / necking with whom around David's block as one bumps into him on his way to the Beauty Shoppe ("To have my hair styled!"). Obviously mixing with a more dubious class of rich bitch as opposed to the good clean bad girls of before, "Human Being" is a messy exploration of human frailty — *"What you need is a plastic doll with a fresh coat of paint!"* — with only the saxophones recalling the glory of their debut, and proving one more time that anyone who produces anything of worth will get real messed up in the process.

I'm gonna ask you one question — would you let *your* son room with a New York Doll?

Julie Burchill

Original Dolls (from left): Johnny Thunders, Arthur Kane. Sylvain Sylvain, and the late Billy Murcia, David Johansen. Pic: LEEE BLACK CHILDERS

Would you let *your* son room with a Doll?

IMPORTS: FRED DELLAR

ODDS ARE that you've never heard of Philo. It's a label that boasts nary a mind-blowing name and has, as yet, advanced hardly more than a yard or two into rockland.

For, like Flying Fish and Rounder, to name its main rivals, Philo's forte is neo-ethnic music ... blues, folk and country, often fashioned in such a manner that everything comes up as salesworthy as the latest cut price offer from Tesco's.

The majority of the label's wares are cut in a wooden barn situated in the middle of a North Ferrisburg, Vermont, field, where, in common with more highly vaunted studios, such as Muscle Shoals and Sea-saint, a group of regular session-men — most of whom seem to be connected with Dave Bromberg in one way or another — help shape some singularly good surround-sounds for Philo's talented nonentities.

Not that everyone on the company's books is a total unknown — **Dave Van Ronk,** that salty-voiced guitarist who ranked alongside Dylan during the Greenwich Village days, recently provided Philo with "Sunday Street" (Philo 1036) an excellent amalgam of blues, gospel, guitar rags and contemporary songs (including Joni Mitchell's "That Song About The Midway"), which I mentioned in this column a few weeks back.

And also around is **Jean Redpath,** a much respected name in folkdom, whose "Songs Of Robert Burns" (1037), which features Rabbie's poems set to music by one Serge Hovey, has been kickin' up a little dust review-wise, one Stateside critic describing the Redpath version of "Country Lassie" as working out like "a rock'n'grass" ballad.

However, it's not the more familiar names that impress me — but rather those Philo artists who, at this particular point in time, seem further away from getting their names into the current edition of "Who's Who?" than Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves.

Current mainman on my check-out list is **Tom Mitchell,** whose first album, merely titled "Tom Mitchell" (1027), ranks among the better discs I've heard this year. An impressive singer, whose voice is frequently described as being a cross between that of Gordon Lightfoot and Johnny Cash, Mitchell, who recently has been playing gigs alongside Paul Siebel (Down, you Elektra freaks!), has a superior line in songs for sale. His "Sam Ogan", the tale of the archetypical good guy who paid the ultimate price for pacifism at the age of 39, is a class chorus song in the tradition of "Sam Stone" while "For The Love Of Pete" is an infectious portion of country-reggae (really!) that features good performances from such as Buddy Cage, Steve Mosely and Artie Traum.

A fine disc then and one only marginally better than "Swingtime In Springtime" (1032) by **Lew London,** another that ought to be added to the check lists of Asleep at the Wheel lovers.

Guitarist / mandolinist / dobro-player / vocalist London, a veteran of many high-flying sessions (he co-wrote "Death Of A Salesman" on Steve Goodman's "Words We Can Dance To", an elpee that contains performances by such Philo regulars as Winnie Winston, Jeff Gutcheon, Steve Burgh and Steve Mosley) proffers an appealing and quite refreshing line in western swing and such nostalgia-oriented originals as "Old Movies", philosophising that *"You learn from watching Doris Day, that in the end everything turns out okay"*, against a background that sounds pure Django Reinhardt.

Other Philo items worth bending an ear to include **"Jean Carignan"** (2001), featuring some superb playing by a brilliant, French-Canadian fiddle-player; "Any Old Wind That Blows" (1021), which singer-songwriter **Jim Ringer** has assistance not only from Bromberg's band but also from the head cheese himself; "Way Out West" (1011) by **Mary McCaslin,** an L.A. folkie who influenced Joni Mitchell in her early days; and "Always A Lady" (1029), a set of songs by **Rosalie Sorrels,** who was cutting sides for Folkways back in '61 and later became a director of the Newport Folk Fest, but perhaps gained more in the way of publicity when her marriage broke up after 15 years and Rosalie hit the road with her five kids in tow.

All-in-all then, Philo's a real major minor, a label worth checking out. And for those who want to learn more, I can only suggest that they drop a line to the company at The Barn, North Ferrisberg, Vermont 05473, USA, and ask for a catalogue.

Smashing your skull in style . . .

RAINBOW
On Stage
(Oyster)

RITCHIE BLACKMORE has said he's been a guitarist for 21 years, which probably makes him old enough to be Johnny Rotten's Dad. And yet, if you compare the energy output of the New Wave with Blackmore's Rainbow, you might think the generation gap was reversed.

The aim of Blackmore's music is to overwhelm his audience. If you can stay underwhelmed by this double live set, you'd be better off switching to Neil Diamond.

Only one album has come close to making the same impact, and that was Deep Purple In Japan", but Blackmore has sharpened up his act a good deal since then.

This guy is the only one of the tax exile axemen to consistently deliver the goods. No way is he gonna do a Clapton, warbling along to limp pop songs. No way is he about to go the way of Page, putting his music through a liquidizer along with his food.

Of course, along with the riffs, you buy Blackmore's own brand of outlaw mystique. But few people question the credibility of his image. He really is a hard-bitten guitar-slinger. A man who is obsessive, alienated, and aggressive. You can hear it in the music, because it's no pose.

Don't be fooled by the twee extract from "Over The Rainbow" that precedes the Rainbow stage act. The band power straight into "Kill The Kings", a riff ferocious enough to wipe out an entire dynasty. It hurtles along at a furious rate, making The Ramones seem like pedantic plodders in contrast.

Ronnie Dio is one of the few Americans who can sing heavy metal with conviction. He never ever gets shrill and girlish in an effort to keep up. And while many old wave drummers sound like cart-horses stamping in the stable Cozy Powell leaves his rivals at the starting gate.

Next up is "Man On The Silver Mountain", equally unrelenting. On "Blues", which follows, Blackmore shows he can be equally eloquent in a more soft-spoken manner. But that's mainly for added dramatic effect, making "Starstruck", the side one closer, even more of an assault on your central nervous system.

The whole of side two is devoted to "Catch The Rainbow", in which Blackmore confronts his major dilemma: how to play sophisticated music for head-bangers. Get too tasteful, and you end up with no audience. This cut just about strikes the balance. For each sensitive solo, there's a chunk of blasting riff. It's a risky business, though.

But there need be no qualms about "Mistreated", Rainbow's version of the last Deep Purple classic. No wonder Blackmore was discontented with the original. This is in a different universe.

The song starts with a sound not unlike an incoming shell. An abrasively pitched, high decibel hum. Imagine Ted Nugent with a million volts up his plectrum, and you get the idea.

Then the shells land, as Blackmore hits that majestic riff and Dio gives the lyrics a grandeur they never seemed to possess before. A moment to savour, as is the pneumatic. Blackmore solo that follows. It begins with wrenching, shuddering, high-energy Ali mocking an opponent. But the quieter segment rapidly gives way to Dio's emphatic vocals, as Powell kicks the song back in to life.

The start of side four reflects Blackmore's avowed interest in medieval music. "Sixteenth Century Greensleeves" is the title, though what it's got to do with the original song is by no means clear. Certainly, Blackmore plays the familiar theme as a prelude, but a totally different brain-damage riff follows.

Ah well, if he wants to think it's medieval, let him. From here, it just sounds like flat-out 20th Century heavy metal. The new dark ages, rather than the old.

The albums's final cut is in many ways its finest. "Still I'm Sad" used to be an old Yardbirds's hit single, based on a monkish chant. But the brothers are safely locked in the crypt for his rendition, as Blackmore's barbarians rampage over hallowed ground. The original gets the sort of treatment Vanilla Fudge gave to "You Keep Me Hanging On", except Rainbow can really play. This is a truly gross performance.

Ritchie Blackmore has never been fashionable among the more effete poseurs in the rock biz. But this is an album to cut through the hype that bolsters trendier acts with fleeting reputations. Put this week's latest exquisite sensation up against Blackmore's Rainbow, and you just won't believe the carnage. Ritchie Rules. No question of it.

Bob Edmands.

THE McCALMANS
Side By Side By Side
(Transatlantic).

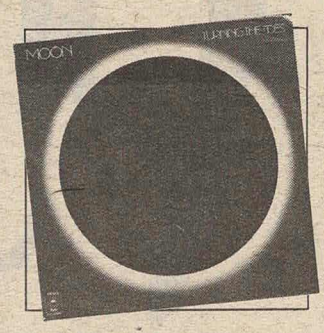
THE TITLE track, and reprise (all 39 seconds of it) are by Stephen Sondheim, and the majority of tracks written by that versatile chap Tradarr, who's been doing a lot of good stuff lately. The McCalmans are Robin Hall and Jimmie McGregor plus one, that is, they're a Scottish trio who specialise in easy listening versions of traditional material. The arrangements aren't breathtaking in their complexity, nor the harmonies striking in their arrangements, but it's an OK album in terms of blands, singalong songs.

Their last album, the live "House Full', highlighted their versatility, just the bunch for a networked BBC series of the sort which popularised The Spinners. "Side By Side By Side" has The McCalmans in a more serious vein, especially on the evocative "Farewell To Sicily" and Sidney Carter's poignant "Knocking On The Window". For variety, there's "Hornpipe", with its memories of Captain Pugwash, and "Romeo And Juliet" with a touch of the Max Boyces.

The McCalmans play safe folk music. That's to say, they don't experiment with the songs, but play it safe with them — not that there's anything wrong with that. There's certainly a place for music which expands the structure of the popular song, but there's also room for music like this, music you can listen to and enjoy each time you play the album without stretching your imagination.

It's a very 'nice' album, the sort of album which folkies (if such as still they are) will nod their mute approval of, and an album which those who detest folk music with a venom usually reserved for foreigners will simply dismiss out of hand. Their loss though.

Patrick Humphries



MOON
Turning The Tides (CBS)

THERE'S NOTHING in particular that can be faulted with this record. It's confident and up to a reasonable standard.

But then records come out every week about which the same thing can be said. They're not objectionable and they're not exciting, they're simply innocuous.

Moon are onto their second album and are currently on one of those package deals, touring the country with other 'nameless' bands in search of an audience. This is euphemistically termed exposure.

But expose what? Moon have a slightly outstanding singer by the name of Noel McCalla, whose voice is distinguished by its clear, round enunciation and is something like Al Jarreau's though not as insipid.

Beyond that Moon are a white soul group with rock leanings, at times like the AWB but without the sense of classic soul tradition that the AWB have (or had), and on "Turning The Tides" at least they are a very watered-down white soul group.

For their first album, released about a year ago, they had the help of a specially-flown-in Stuart Levine, noted producer of The Crusaders. For their second album they get Barry Blue.

As producer of "Turning The Tides" Blue compresses and equalises everything in sight, flattening down the sound and removing any punch that Moon might have in deference to his (I presume) astute commercial ear. This makes way for the strings . . .

Apart from "White Paper Time", an aimless funky instrumental, halfway between The Crusaders and the AWB, most of the songwriting is done by guitarist Loz Netto.

Some of the songs are fairly catchy and possible radio fodder (this probably has something to do with the presence of Barry Blue); however they're all very derivative, though of nothing in particular.

The music on this album is just like the songs, it sounds like thousands of things heard and minutes later forgotten — attractive but empty.

If they go on like this, Moon are going to get branded as the next Kokomo, and look what happened to Kokomo.

Paul Rambali

DONNA SUMMER
I Remember Yesterday
(GTO)

FINDING YET another stale slab of discotrash on my desk is getting to be an experience akin to a day-trip to the Inner Ring of the Inferno nowadays, but Donna Summer's latest burnt offering sears straight for the Equator into the realms of a reject Broadway pastiche.

Side One, for sure, is not disco music. It's music to cakewalk rather than get down to and while we're still on the subject of getting down, this album is singularly unsensuous. Why, "Love To Love You Baby" was a killer! A dramatic reduction of summer libido seems to have occured; one can only assume that Donna has reached the menopause quicker than one anticipated.

"Love's Unkind" with its "Clapping Song" ambience has Donna chortling asininely of how the object of her affections asked her best friend to the high school dance but the best friend don't want to know 'cos she loves someone else. Ah, such is life!

"Back In Love Again" is a sweet summerstroll while the title track contains Side One's sole sexual reference: *"I remember that first night — how we carried on, arm in arm, till the light of dawn."* Arm in *arm?* That's a new one on me.

There's no let up, the tracks merging one into another. Donna sounding like one of her own unfortunate backing chanteuses throughout.

Side two opens with the yeukily-named "Black Lady", in which at least the dreadful Broadway aura is shaking off, albeit embarrassingly. The image of black woman as wicked cosmic whore will no doubt bring a smirk to the lips of fans of "Mandingo" and the South African regime.

"Take Me" is an addictive masochistic fantasy — "Use me!" pleads Donna — while "Can't We Just Sit Down (And Talk It Over)" is a luxurious wail of clinging-vine angst. The ricocheting "I Feel Love" is a hard-edged exploration of "Take Me" territory in which Donna is merely incidental; the Moog and the surrender are the message.

Like Silver Convention, Boney M and the rest of the depressing, bland fleshpots which recur like melancholia, Donna Summer is a creation of the Kraut conveyor-belts. Trust the Germans to screw up the soul recipe; how can people called "Thor Baldursson", "Mats Bjorklund" and "Jurgen Koppers" make a soul record? How can icy Teutons feed the fire? Believe me, they try. They are very trying.

I guess the burgundy leather ankle boots, the *cafe au lait* thighs and the satin shoulders should rouse a feeble *frisson,* but to tell you the truth I couldn't be less impressed by the credits for "Costume Design" (Kamali, a cast-off of Bowie's) "Coiffure" and "Photography" (Skribneski, who should know better).

I guess I should care that "Love's Unkind" or that Donna's "Back In Love Again", proclaiming "I Fell Love" but "I Remember Yesterday" when this "Black Lady" could catch a glacier on fire, so when she begs "Take Me", and failing that, "Can't We Just Sit Down (And Talk It Over)" — frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

Julie Burchill

THE FATBACK BAND
NYC NY USA (Spring)

"YEAH . . . Fatback Band here. Since you know that 'Bus Stop' so well, we got one more for you. It's called the 'Double Dutch' — we want you to check it out."

That's how the latest Fatback Band album begins; the lyrics go on to explain how to do the "Double Dutch" (I tried, but got hopelessly tangled — I wonder exactly how you "move it one-two, in a circle, with that hustle feeling"?):

It's not really much different from "Bus Stop", or anything else on this or any other Fatback album.

The bass totally dominates the mix, along with sizzling hi-hat and occasional punchy brass. Which is as it should be because this is dance music first and foremost — everything else is secondary.

Therefore the only criterion is how good it is to dance to and unfortunalely I don't go to disco's so I don't know.

Paul Rambali

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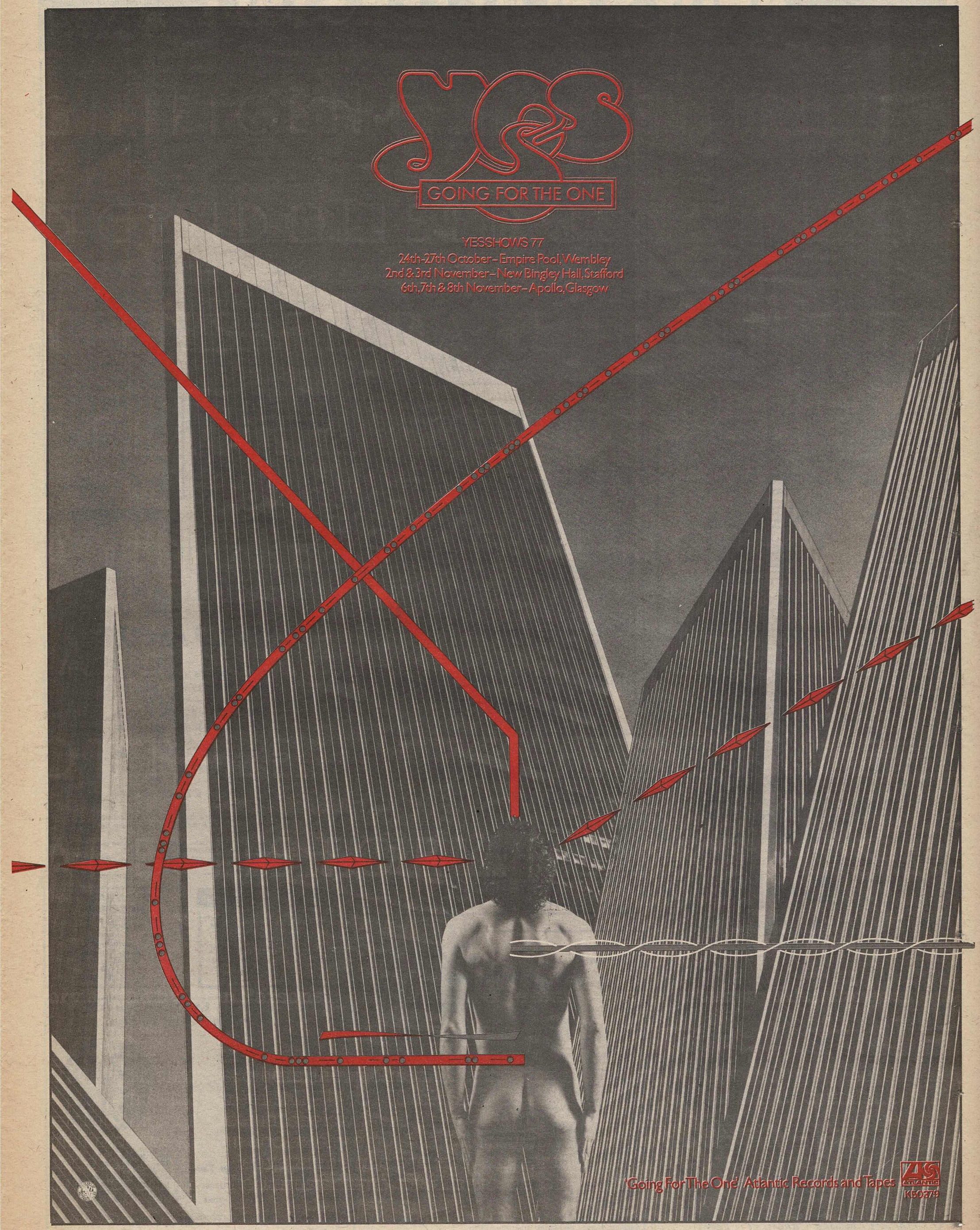
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Devastating larfs for dark daze

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS

Italians From Outer Space (Transatlantic)

"MRS SIMMONS?" "Nooooo, she got run over!" "Stupid bitch." "You got custard down yer shirt, yew dirty bugger!" "It's not custard. It's snot." "Christ, the cats thrown up." "Oh, where, oh quick, put it on some fried bacon!" "What — cat sick?!" "Nooooo! Me kippers and treacle!"

THAT'S THE Pythonesque Mrs Scumhead segment of the potential hit single "Breakfast" from those tortured geniuses, Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias, one of NINETEEN *devastating* piss-takes on their new platter.

Devastating, because on "Italians From Outer Space" the lads get down on cold, hard vinyl the true spirit of their ball-breaking live gigs where they hammer home their own brand of satire (file under Merciless, Hilariously Sadistic TRUTH) with such uncanny accuracy that I'd bet the majority of you New Wavers would RAAAAAAVE over the Albertos' three chord paen to punkdom, "Teenager In Schtuck."

Likewise those who frequent your local funky discomat to shake and shimmy to pseudo-soul will be finger-popping to "Nashville" and "I'll Come If You Let Me" until you break down into hysterical tears of humiliation or mirth when you catch the Lancashire accent chanting, *"Goin' to a party, every bugger boogie, goin' to a party, every bugger boogie."*

"Mandrax Sunset Variations Part IV" is where Dylan gets his lumps, "Willie Baxter's Blues" is where the band's necks grow an inch and turn decidedly crimson for the down-home country song featuring a vocal howled over steel guitars like a prairie dog with his private parts entangled on some rusty barbed wire. The song relates the story of love lost as the narrator gets wrecked and reminisces. Like, *"The cute way she looked when she got made . . . fill her up, Leroy, an' ah'll sing ya some more."*

"Old Trust" hammers rednecks even harder with the tale of a man's dog who runs off with his most prized possessions.

"Then at dawn that awful day, the worse day of my life, Old Trust stole ma mohair suit and ran off with ma wife . . . Old Trust, your daddy is sorely displeased with you."

Barry White is demolished with a disco-heavy breathing phone call to a suburban housewife, called "Brrrrr!" while 50s Fonz-schlock *(a la* musical leather an' drive in fantasy, *Grease?)* is demolished in "Teenage Paradise."

"Wolfman Jack on the radio, surfing thru the sea of life and coke for every-one."

Meanwhile they cram in a newsman reciting the daily horror show in the background, like Simon and Carbunkel did on the sanctimonious prayer for humanity, "Silent Night". Of course, they don't do the newspeak straight. But ya didn't *expect* then to, did ya?

On "Holiday Frog", we find the Beach Boys losing their birds to swarthy waiters while on a two weeks package tour to Benidorm.

Where they don't completely wipe you out is when their story sounds as though it was cut for their OWN chuckles, the faint whiff of indulgence creeping in. "Invocation Of The Fundemental Orifice Of St. Agnes" is one of these points, although you would never have guessed it from the title.

It's "Oooops, maaan, ah'm so stoned" Cheech and Chong humour strictly for the acid-casualties. "No Change" is the same, with our, uh, *freak* getting hassled as he signs on (while stoned). And 'Peon In The Neck" is pure yawns all round as hip Yanks fumble their way through studio time.

But, shucks, you can forgive a band who don't cut it on only three out of NINETEEN tracks with no trouble and you're rolling in the aisles again for their definitive statement on rock superstardom, "Happy To Be On (An Island Away From) Demis Roussos".

The predicament of a dumb clutz who millions look up to as a Godhead explained over music that is pure Fab Four.

"Pyramids are boring. Oh, sorry I said it, really didn't mean it, I was problably just stoned. Why dontcha leave me alone?" Perfect.

A touch of the Paranoias

The title track is where Callan meets Clint Eastwood (Barnsley version) mumbling through a spaghetti western and "Wholefood Love" is malnutrition-rock and "The Death Of Rock And Roll" is the ultimate rock song. And this record is bleeding GREAT and this band should be given their own television show so we can all get some larfs during these dark daze.

All songs are written and composed by N. Sleek.

Tony Parsons

LINDA RONSTADT
A Retrospective (Capitol)

DO YOU suppose Linda Ronstadt would be rated anything special by so many people if she was the sort of girl who looked like she needed a 37½p licence to roam the streets rather than the stunningly peachy-faced, bovine-eyed Gypsy bint she is?

I mean, if you concentrate solely on her voice (as divorced from her musicians and her face) it's astonishingly plain. So she picks some neat (and not-so-neat) tunes, performs them competently with the help of seasoned session players, but practically everything she touches turns to immaculately conceived and produced muzak.

Her voice may possess, superficially, a quavering authority but I fail to detect genuine emotion in it; more controlled, imposed affectation, emoting by proxy like talent by proxy (if the song's good enough, it's quality is bound to rub off no matter who sings it, right?).

So she surrounds herself in a cocoon of respectability, producers specialising in attaining a sound as smooth as a baby's bum, songs by respected (sic) composers, and fledgling Eagles. Only Neil Young, Fred Neil, Tim Buckley and (maybe) Mike Nesmith, of the writers she cops, stand outside the mainstream, and her pallid renditions hardly induce one to spurn the originals.

Buckley's magnificent "Morning Glory", for instance, is turned into maudlin muck called "Hobo", the strings so loud I could hardly hear myself drink. And she can't quite manage Nesmith's weird phrasing on "Different Drum" and "Some Of Shelly's Blues", never coming to grips with their idiosyncratic metre.

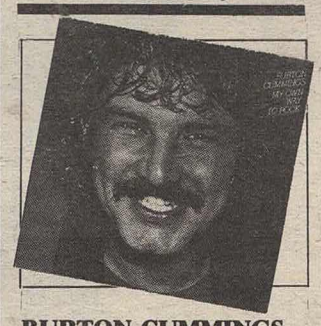
There are tasty morsels here and there (with musicians of this calibre, there are bound to be), like Herb Pedersen's subdued banjo picking on "Faithless Love" or, best of all, Andrew Gold's contribution to "You're No Good". The original bionic session man (appearing on neatly Anglicised guitars, drums and keyboards), Gold no doubt charted the excellent arrangement *after* sweeping out the sound stage and flushing the roaches down the bog.

Elsewhere on this double album (yelp!) embarrassments abound, particularly on the oldies. "Lovesick Blues", "Ramblin' Round" and "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" are cataclysmically miscalculated, as is her showband "Rescue Me", which should never be heard at the Talk Of The Town leave alone recorded for posterity at The Troubadour. I bet Frey, Henley and Meisner are proud of *that* one.

So just what is the fuss about? Even the cover pics are less than flattering, making Linda look like the sort of trollop with more finger prints on her ass than Scotland Yard nave got on file.

If you really have to acquire any of her stuff, Asylum's *"Greatest Hits"* (which also draws on her Capitol output) is by far the better bet. It's only a single album.

Monty Smith



BURTON CUMMINGS
My Own Way To Rock (Portrait)

BURTON CUMMINGS certainly is consistent. His second record is as bad as his "Portrait" debut. The fact that Cummings fronted Canadian hot-shots The Guess Who and is good buddies with Randy Bachman means nothing. Those are the kind of credentials it may be better to forget.

The Guess Who are one of those enigmatic redwood bands who attained massive popularity, particularly on the singles market, in North America but didn't mean a light anywhere else. Cummings solo career was threatened for last year but 1977 has really seen him take off with a couple of monstrosities that have sold far too well in my opinion.

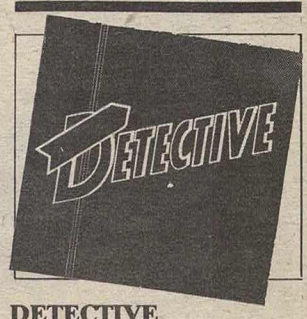
From the cover the grinning, sweaty mug of our hero, looking like Mark Spitz after a dip in the deep-end, oozes a sickly insincerity; a kind of 'I've got my own album to do isn't it wonderful' type hokum which makes one ralise that here's the sort of geezer contributing to the 'product' syndrome.

I mean he should have retired years ago. Cummings' pathetic lack of soul, direction, any sign of committment or downright guts all add up to a big fat zero, and having Jeff Porcaro, Bachman, Ollie Brown etc., isn't going to change that.

Material includes Bob Seger's awful, wanna get laid baby I'm a big, ugly rock star so "Come On By", the Righteous Brothers' "Try To Find Another Man" and a Steve Miller type rip-off assault on "Framed" which actually made me laugh. For the rest we're down to Burton's intensely annoying originals, which are either canyons of your inside leg doggerel or half-assed love songs played with a total absence of feeling; not one number that has anything remotely resembling a decent melody.

The sooner someone in a position of authority with any taste or gumption stops people like Cummings from subjecting the market with their brand of poison the better it will be for the mass of genuine creative forces unable to get heard. Everything about Burton Cummings, and a lot of others whose records seem to get miraculous release, is entirely irrelevant to the furthermost of true artistic standards.

Max Bell



DETECTIVE
(Swansong)

WHEN MICHAEL Des Barres was sojourning in London, going through the motions of Silverhead and other assorted, third division glitzkid antics, I always got the impression that he was more concerned with the comfort and notoriety of the rock star lifestyle than a real desire to use the music as a medium for actually saying anything.

He struck me as one of those people you meet who heard the Warhol pronouncement that everyone was going to be famous for 15 minutes, and figured that if he moved his ass real fast he might cop for some extra time.

It was kind of hard to raise that sort of speed in London, but after he took himself off to Los Angeles and set up within the circular circulation of the Strip, he at least got name checks from Rodney Biggenheimer.

One of the problems that attaches itself to being a non-specific celebrity is that, now and again, somebody takes you seriously and wham! suddenly you find you've got product. There it is, and the world just sits around and judges.

It wouldn't be quite fair, though, to judge Detective simply on Des Barres. There's also Tony Kaye, the pre-Wakeman, Yes keyboard man, Michael Monarch, who was in the formative Steppenwolf, Bobby Pickett, an Allman sidekick, and a drummer from Boston. Between them they've produced the kind of record that the worst type of airconditioned rock and roll businessman would like to put out if talent and creativity didn't get in his way.

Echoes of Led Zeppelin rampage through the whole record with Des Barres straining every nerve to produce a pale shadow of Plant.

This, coupled with unimaginative arrangements and meaningless to dumb lyrics adds up to something I know I will never listen to again.

Am I being unkind?

Yeah, maybe. But if we don't watch it, this kind of drek will probably become the muzak of the 80s. By then I'll be too old to take the stairs and I sure as hell wouldn't like to be subjected to this manner of foolishness in the lift. Or while I eat my soy-synth cheeseburger, for that matter. Oi vey.

Mick Farren

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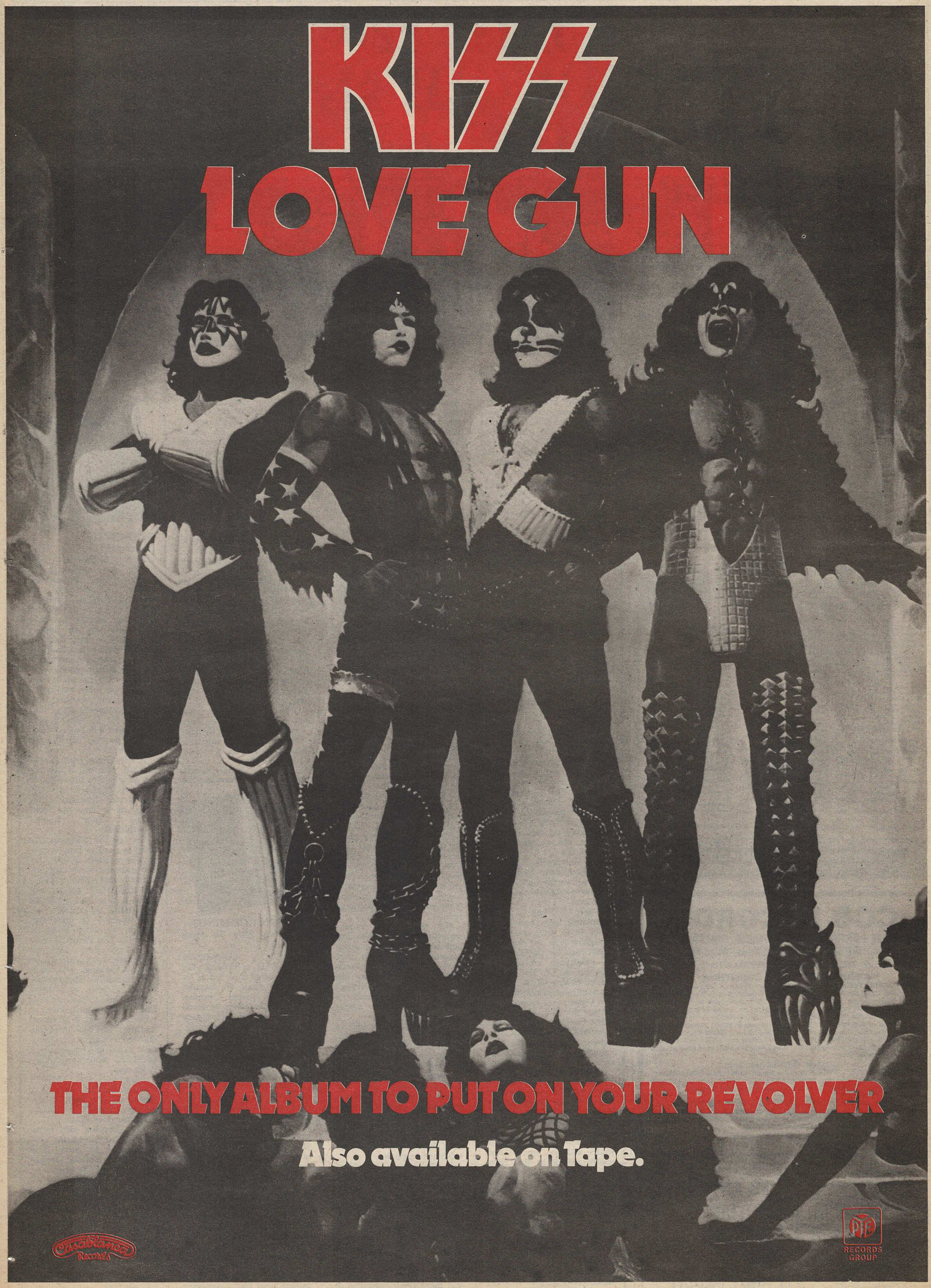
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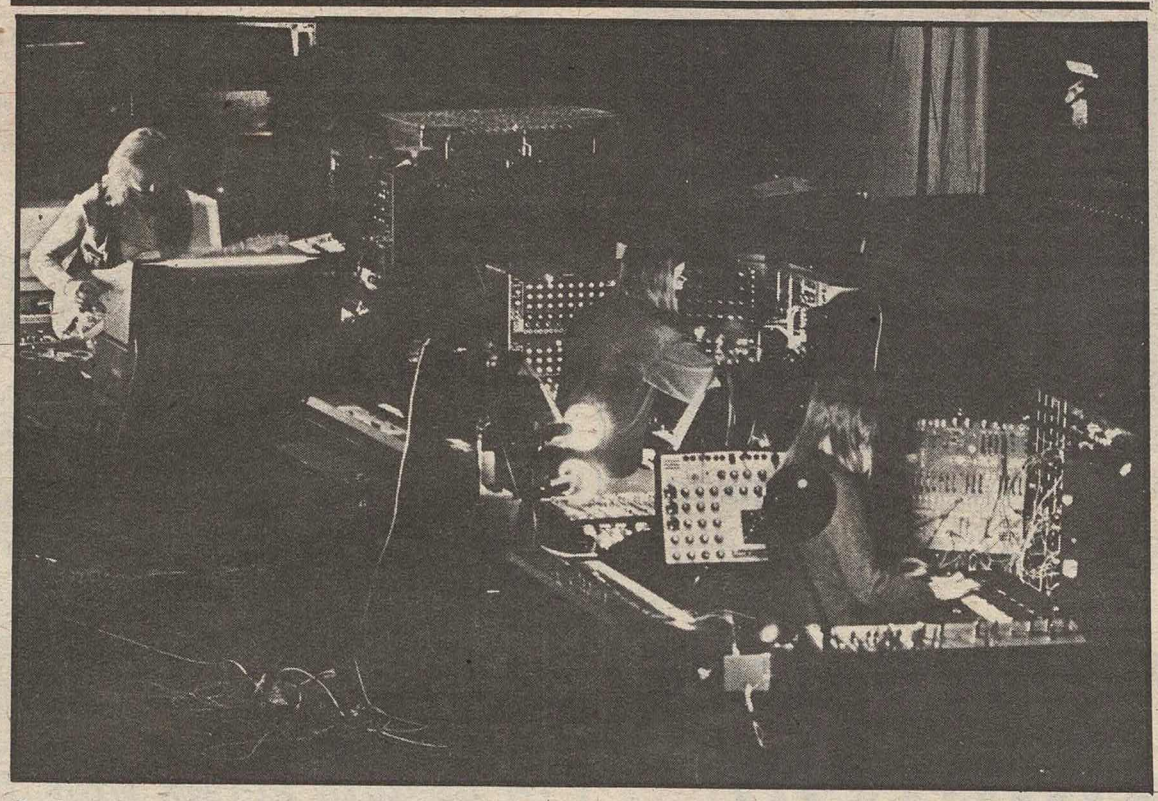


Simple musicians plying their trade in semi-darkness. *Pic: GEOFFREY TYRELL*

WARNING: This page is Heavy

TANGERINE DREAM have released an album — "Stratosfear" — written a movie-score for Friedkin, completed a successful American tour and two members have released solo albums since I last interviewed them so let's catch up on the facts and the gossip as their first American tour slowly winds its way across the country . . .

The scene is the Lisner Auditorium in Washington DC and the concert is sold out. People are paying $20.00 a ticket outside and many of these people are Black. This is only one of the surprising things that are happening to Tangerine Dream these days.

Their latest album, "Stratosfear" is selling heavily in Black record shops. What d'you make of that one? The pioneers of electronic synthesizer music, of techno-rock — whatever term you care to use — the archetypal cerebral German group who sit on stage in darkness operating three huge banks of computers and syntheizers are actually selling in the soul and disco market. How come? The answer is, of course, that their music's changed some . . .

The equipment has changed some too — T. Dream are always adding to and changing their equipment. At this moment Christoph Franke is waiting to take delivery of a prototype polyphonic synthesizer which will allow him to play chords. Each technical change changes the music.

Their sound is clean and sharp. The Tangs use a PA specially built for them in England by Martin Audio which has a cross-over designed to reproduce synthesized sound. It can also carry very high volume, and it needs to because T-Dreams are now *loud*.

VERY LOUD.

I've seen them several times since they began their heavy metal approach last year so I knew what to expect. They hit 120db measured at the back of Fairfield Hall, Croydon, the last time that they played London and this is the highest volume ever recorded here. The GLC legal limit is in fact 98db. So I brought some cotton-wool plugs with me just in case they had it in mind to blow the Americans away.

They still play the overlapping layers of sound textures they've been known for since the days of "Phaedra" and "Rubycon." In fact, the second piece they played concentrated on romantic pastoral melodies played by Edgar Froese on the grand piano while Peter Baumann and Christoph Franke built drifting, gauzelike layers and veils of sound.

"Did you think it was cosmic?" inquired Peter afterwards, politely.

There is no way that Tangerine Dream could be a support act or even *have* one, and yet to undertake their first American tour as a headline act with no support seemed to be going too far out on a limb. They chose to use the Laserium light show as an additional attraction — one which would enhance the music and not compete with it.

A nebulous cloud appeared on the screen behind the group. It floated, ever-changing, in an illusion of three dimensions, like a universe in creation. *(Far out! — Ed).* The intensity of the red laser light gave the projected image a degree of substance that a conventional light show lacks. It was as if flames were burning inside the cloud.

The laser seemed to add another element of danger to Tangerine Dream: not only are their instruments capable of making blood run from your ears as they shatter your eardrums but a 1Kw krypton laser could render you white-eye blind in a millionth of a second.

The number reached an end after having built up to a multi-dimensional electronic roar of heavy metal which pinned everyone back in their chairs like a couple of Gs thrust. Edgar returned to the piano. It was like someone playing the grand piano in another room of a large house after a cataclysmic thunder-storm.

ON EITHER side of the darkened stage stood a twenty-foot-high mirrored triangular column. These columns slowly rotated in the darkness reflecting the control lights of the synthesizers, the house lights, a pair of dim blue laser beams projected from the back of the hall and all the time suggesting movement on stage — like a movement caught in the corner of the eye, as if another person had walked on stage; glimpses of the audience, the reflection of the laser show, an unexpected mirror in a darkened empty house.

We sat in the second row. In front of us a row of 13-year-old girls wriggled about as if trying to escape from their skimpy clothing as they burned up some righteous grass. In the Virgin Records party sat Senator Jacob Javitts — making his bid for the youth vote by saying how pleased he was to meet everyone. He kept staring nervously at the young girls, maybe fearful that one was his own grand-daughter and might pass him a joint.

It was time for the heavy metal — they cranked the volume up. The advantage of a high volume electronic rhythm is that it shakes your body from the pit of the stomach, thus saving you the effort of tapping your feet. Edgar took his guitar, stood up and delivered an ear-shattering wax-loosening electronic feedback solo.

The infinite capacity for heavy metal that young American audiences have seemed well satisfied by this demonstration of sheer power. A dim blue spotlight illuminated Edgar as he explored the random noises you get by tapping and manipulating a custom-built Gibson. It screamed wildly and constantly. Dry ice rolled across the stage. Random strobes flashed. The laser display throbbed and span. A wild-eyed freak stook up and screamed "Play all night!" as the music shuddered to a climax.

Their final number was a gentle return to Earth, opening with a guitar solo on a prepared 12-string Rickenbacker from Edgar. This enabled them to beat the metal again as an encore.

"Turn on the lights. Let us see you!" demanded the audience but the Tangs just walked silently off in the dim light of the control neons of the synthesizers and their little keyboard spots. It was as if the Tangs had never been there — the rows of lights flickering on and off in a pre-arranged sequence. The group remaining invisible and mysterious.

Tangerine Dream are now firmly established in Europe but the money and fame which success brought with it almost broke up the group. The main differences were between Peter Baumann and Edgar Froese. A spate of conflicting reports earlier in the year said first that Peter had left the group, had been replaced by a computer, had gone solo, had rejoined, had never left . . . It's still hard to find out what went down.

Just prior to their US tour I interviewed Peter Baumann here in London when he came over for the release of his first solo album, "Romance 76."

"We want to be very cautious about

PETER BAUMANN gettin' funky . . .

what we are doing. We are not splitting up but we are not married! It's always the same with a group: you can have a common status when you start but I cannot imagine three people having over six years the same kind of development musically and personally — both very important. So it's more than natural that we say we have to be aware of what we are doing, otherwise we will lose our own identity.

"Edgar is 8 or 9 years older than me. He is married. He has a child. I think these things really do matter to

By MILES

the kind of thing you are playing. We had no discussion at the beginning — we had the same background — we just did it and we found this is what we wanted to do. The world has changed in the last seven years. We just thought we couldn't go on with what we did in the beginning — it would be dishonest. The end was "Ricochet" and the new beginning was "Stratosfear". This is a time of changing."

Edgar said much the same thing on the jet between Washington and New York City. As we flew over the pollution from Philadelphia, Edgar stared out of the window and spoke quietly.

"What I've found is that all the success of the last one and a half years was psychologically a bit much, you know? I'm 33 now and I've been connected professionally with music for about 13 or 14 years, so it doesn't get to me. I think I can handle money very carefully — I've got quite a lot of knowledge about it. But these two boys are ten years younger and they've got a high income. And you have to be fair. You have to help them a little bit to get everything the right way: not buying big cars, liquor . . . Success is something which could happen for one week or ten years, you know? It depends on an intellegent operating situation."

It seems like the 'intelligent operating situation' was the cause of the problem. "There were a lot of discussions on how to save money and that. Should the next album be more commercial or should the next one be going back to earlier things? All these things we were discussing one month — very very hard — and fortunately in the end we had what I think is a good sign for the group, that we keep the group together, that we should take a cool look like intellegent human beings and not like silly superstars and see what we've got and how we reached that."

The discussion was interupted by a stewardess who tipped a tray full of coca-cola in papercups over a babe-in-arms sitting across the aisle from us. I resumed the interview by asking about the film score they did for William Friedkin of *The Exorcist* and *French Connection* fame. Friedkin seems to be more than an ordinary fan of theirs — he has had special speakers built so that he can listen to their music in as true fi as possible and has built this new film around the music of the group rather than just commissioning a soundtrack in the normal way. Friedkin says:

"The music of Tangerine Dream was an early and major inspiration for the film of *The Sorcerer*. I first heard Tangerine Dream while in Munich for the opening of *The Exorcist*.

"Had I heard them sooner I would have asked them to score that film.

"A year later, we met in Paris. I told them the story of the film and gave them a script.

"It took more than two years to make *The Sorcerer*.

"One day, in the middle of a primeval forest in the Dominican Republic, about six months into shooting, a tape arrived from the Dream, containing ninety minutes of musical impressions. It is from this tape that the film has been scored, though the musicians had not then — nor even now as this is written — seen any of the footage.

"Yet somehow they were able to capture and enhance every nuance of each moment where their music is heard.

"The film and the score are inseparable."

Very heavy praise from a filmmaker. Edgar said that it was the first time they had ever worked on film music yet they found it very easy.

"All our knowledge about improvising and creating very fast meant that when we sat down for the first time and started to compose the music for Friedkin — the first time I've ever composed — it was so easy! It was so easy because we just put it down in a few words: a few discussions about forms and melody lines and prism structures and so on. We wrote it down, we made some scripts and then we taped the lot."

EVERYONE WAS very pleased about the American tour. It was the first time that they'd played there and by deciding to do a headline tour to launch the band they were taking a calculated — and very expensive — risk. At first things looked bad. Their first major gig was Chicago and two weeks before the concert the local CBS reps were frantically calling Virgin saying they must cancel the gig because only a few hundred tickets had sold.

Then, suddenly, in a matter of a couple of days, the concert sold out all 5,000 tickets. It was a smash. They had to do four encores. The same thing happened in Cleveland of all places — home of minimal blank-out heavy metal. I witnessed the sell-out in Washington and so it was a happy Tangerine Dream that sat on the jet on its way to New York.

Edgar spoke about his return to the guitar after many year absence: "I had to give it up, you know, because there were so many good players around. It doesn't mean that I'm now a much greater player than six or seven years ago but that what I've found is more direct. Electronics, if you use them for a couple of years, they tell you so much about the parametrical situation *inside* of sounds. If you listen to music you know what's really happening. It's no longer just a 4-bar song which you can learn to whistle, it becomes *much* more. By learning to synthesize sounds and construct them from a very elemental level to a complete song, by yourself, very very carefully, you find you have to be much more careful about how you use them."

Both Edgar and Peter have solo albums out. It turned out that the plane was a very appropriate place to talk to Edgar about his:

"'Macula Transfer' was composed during flights in the last two and a half years. I usually have a small paper in front of me or a tape recorder and I just write it down.

"It's very strange, looking out of the window. You can't move very much — just have a drink, maybe, or some food — and relax. To relax is hard, specially if you've got a longer flight — say a couple of hours. So you start thinking about little things. For the album I did four or five concepts that were not required for Tangerine Dream. I had to do an album for my German company, Brian. I had to do one further record for them."

He didn't think he would want "Macula Transfer" released anywhere else; for world wide distribution he would rather cut another record.

"It would be nice to maybe make a record of just acoustic guitar, or maybe next time I'll conduct a small orchestra or make an album of just synthesizer."

Before the tour, Peter had expressed to me his fears of making a solo album: "I always was afraid of doing solo work because I always thought that putting so much energy and so much concentration into it was losing concentration for the group. But this was not the case for this record."

The record in question was "Romance 76", which Virgin have released.

"I like to call it an edge point of pop music. I hate the word 'avant garde' and I don't want to do avant garde and can't identify with it. I'd like to do some edge points of pop music where people are absolutely enjoying themselves — identifying themselves with it but still it's so attractive that people are actually listening. This is what I'm doing at the moment — I want to use the lyrics — in a very unconventional way. Very strange you understand!

"Edgar and Christoph were away travelling. My lady was away and I

■ *Continues page 47*

ON THE TOWN

If wearing a bit of mascara makes John Perry passe . . .

And in the On The Town Silly Season Future of Rock sweepstakes, it's 33-1 on

Electro Angloid Impressionism

The Only Ones
ROCHESTER CASTLE

UP UNTIL LAST night yours truly was far from convinced that the much touted new wave (ironically a jazz tag dating back to early Coltrane) was going to produce any one band liable to stay the course for more than a few glorious months, at least not on English soil.

But it seems that the '70s are at last evolving some kind of nebulous pattern akin to the '60s rock explosion, which should prove the healthiest thing to happen round here since God knows when. If the new bands can shake off their dead weight (there's a lot of dross receiving maximum coverage) then the survival of the fittest seems well under way.

I'm putting my high cards on a group of comparitive unknowns who are capable of leaving the lesser side show bands looking pretty irrelevant.

The Only Ones are far from assuming the future of rock-'n'roll mantle for July. It would be plain murder if any rock writer labelled them as legit saviours, *wunderkind* bar none. That's happened before — quick reputations based on a night's aberration, which result in the unfortunates being stuck with an unliveable image that eventually stifles their proper development. It happened to Moon, it happened to Roogalator : worthwhile outfits with potential, unable to deliver all the goods to all the people at the right time.

Inevitably, some people will hate The Only Ones. They in turn need to re-think certain aspects of their stage image unless that impression is a genuine evolution of the music.

Band founder, lead singer-songwriter and rhythm guitarist Peter Perret is sitting on an explosive future, so I wouldn't want to cramp his style, but at times his true English dead-pan vocals slip too close to Lou Reed drawl. He wears make-up on stage too, which is either so passe it's ridiculous or so out-dated as to be funny. Little things like that will irritate those of you who draw quick assumptions, though The Only Ones' strength lies in another zone.

Musically, they impressed me even more than The Stranglers — and this on an apparently off night when the PA failed, resulting in all the harmony vocals sinking stone flat and a verbal fight taking place in the Rochester dressing rooms (the beer cellar) after the gig. But if this was a bad night then lead me to a good one, because The Only Ones have everything necessary to enter the ring with all the new American names and not be disgraced.

Where other recent discoveries fall short, they shine. They can play the obligatory three chord trick and all the harder ones too. The combination of Perret and lead guitarist John Perry is more than a summation of the high energy, three-minute cliche; it sparks with a force generated by the arrangements and material while oozing an onstage tension lying dormant in the personality of the group and its peculiar approach; something that was hitherto the property of Television and Talking Heads.

Perret's low-key delivery is the catalyst for their instrumental prowess, dual guitars interweaving over the rock solid rhythm section of bassist Alan Mair and drummer Mike Kellie.

Another key reason why The Only Ones will produce records and concerts in a stratosphere not yet open to their contemporaries is their comparative maturity and experience. Kellie is an established drummer, ex-VIP and Spooky Tooth, who doesn't merely panel-beat the background, but plays so that you want to listen to him as well. Mair provides the mean appeal of accepted bassman stances, but his empathy with the beat and his fluid running attack are vital to the furtherance of Perret's unusual melodic ideas.

The set is entirely original material, some of it six years old. If I was pushed I'd compare them to Syd Barrett's Pink Floyd — but the overtones are invidious, so forget it. Perry's influences are presumably West Coast, clear electronics meshed into nouveau flot feedback. At their best they induced a buzz I hadn't felt from an English band for ages.

Numbers that lifted my head included "As My Wife Says", "The Guest" their superb single "Lovers Of Today" backed with "Peter And The Pets", "Another Girl, Another Planet", "Oh No" and the iced finale, "City Of Fun". In time this thing is going to metamorphose towards that combination of the avant-garde and the simple that has always been the copyright of the best homegrown rock, from Traffic to Roxy.

Just one grouse. The Rochester was pretty empty, even for a duff Tuesday night. If you thought the current happenings were not for you, go see The Only Ones.

Max Bell

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

Alright, which of you guys felt up Chris Salewicz then? Split Enz camp followers camp on.

Albion Dance Band
RAINBOW

A CITY gent who dances like some rural Astaire while still perusing his copy of The Times; a gangling melodeon squeezer, attired in a bum-freezing school blazer; two drummers; a bassist and guitarist plugged into ye olde 13 amp mains; a keyboard-player who recently worked with a country-rock outfit; and a reedman whose forte is tootin' mightily on an array of crumhorns, recorders and shawns etc.

Another opening night for the Theatre of The Absurd perhaps?

Nope — it's just our perennial hero Ashley Hutchings, rider of Southdown coaches, back in town to provide the extravaganza bit in Billy Connolly's Extravaganza show. Which is odd really, especially when one considers that Hutchings and his latest array of rock and reelers, The Albion Dance Band, were originally asked to fork out around eight thousand quid for the sheer joy of appearing on the same stage as the Pop of the Picts.

The real question is, having duly been afforded The Big Gig, did the Albions blow it?

Well, of course they didn't . . . even though on this occasion there was no Shirley Collins to heap up the bonus points.

It was blatantly obvious, right from the opening set of polkas, that the audience and Hutchings' happy harmonists — on this night: John Tams (lead vocals, melodeon), Phil Pickett (reeds a'plenty), Graeme Taylor (guitar vocals), Jon Gillaspie (keyboards), Dave Mattacks and Mike Gregory (drums) and Hutchings (white suit, bass and vocals) — were made for each other.

Playing a miscellany of dance tunes plucked from the upper reaches of the Cecil Sharp · hit parade, plus a Richard Thompson number ("Hooray", yells a voice in the crowd. "Thank you, Richard" retorts Tams) and such chorus songs as "An Acre Of Land", the Albions romped engaging throughout the proceedings, the great bout of applause greeting a version of "Postman's Knock", the band's recent single, which featured the fleet footed exploits of the Albion Morris Men, a body of entertaining and colourful terpsichoreans.

"We're here to warm you up for Billy," chortled Tams, who acts as front man and joker-in-chief for the Albions these days. And warm them up they did, the audience being in Hampden Park mood by the time that Scotland's leading welly-basher moved on stage.

Now there are many who think of Connolly as being a genius (see Ian Cranna's highly enthusiastic review in these pages on *2/7/77* but while I can giggle myself stupid at the idiocy of a Milligan or even at the hot-pot humour of a Harding, Connolly does no more than make me smile.

Now there's no doubt that he's a gifted entertainer and that his hit 'em hard approach registers with many, but it seems to me that he aims much lower than he needs, proffering too much in the way of bowel shots and aiming for the easy laugh. I much prefer the days when he was a much more humble sort of bum —but then, I guess, most of the 3,000 other cheering Rainbowites would strongly disagree.

Fred Dellar

Or as dark horses from Down Under at 100-7 we have . . .

New Zealand Nutters

Split Enz
NASHVILLE

LIKE ME you've probably long suspected Split Enz to be a bunch of posing turkies.

On the strength of the one gig that I saw, by accident more than design, at the Nashville last week, this is most certainly not the case. They are seven very fine musicians who make very fresh, clean, warm music.

The pair of gigs they played were stuck in between the final recording of their new album, which is being produced by McCartney Man At The Mixing Desk Geoff Emery, and its mixing.

It was, therefore, being regarded by the band as a bit of a giggle like. Also it was obviously regarded as being a chance to check out audience reactions to the new material.

Indeed, they only performed one number — "The Woman Who Loves You", replete with a fine spoons performance from percussionist Noel Crombie who also excells on bells — from their first album. The other nine songs were all new.

At the time, though, I didn't know this (I don't exactly put on the first Split Enz album as soon as get in at night) and assumed that the near-orgasmic reation they were getting from the capacity audience was a result of familiarity with the tunes. As I was also moving more than a toe or two to the band's insidious melodies — their real strength — this would appear to augur rather well for the future.

In fact, there were more than one or two numbers — during "Crosswords" and "Charley" for example — when it seemed that the band would have their already heavy visuals (the Professor Pretorius crops and make-up actually work live as opposed to in pix) nicely improved by the odd hundred grands worth of laser beams flashing delicately about their skulls.

They are not, though, these Antipodeans, a bunch of mere technoflashers. Nope, more Melodium City.

Wandering about the Nashville were several Split Enz lookalikes. These people are known (of course) as Frenz Of The Enz. No-one knows from whence these young ardents appear. I was a little cross when one of them tried to touch me up.

Chris Salewicz

. . . where does that put these fellows?

Muddy Waters

NEW VICTORIA

BY GOLLY there are still a lot of blues buffs holing up out there. It's not surprising that the grand old man should sell out the New Victoria, but it is a revelation to see just how many people there still are with long hair, bell-bottom jeans and baseball boots.

Support band SALT, with their guitar. bass, drums and singer/harp player line-up (augmented nicely by Lou Martin from the Rory Gallagher Band on keyboards) and their time-honoured repertoire, went down a treat with the *aficionados*.

And wow, did they take me back to a tenderer time, when I too wore bell bottoms and every other band was English and played like that. I was always a sucker for white boys on the blooze.

The Muddy Waters Blues Band came on for a few instrumentals without the man, and damn fine they were, too. so it wasn't very nice for a few people to scream "Muddy" at them all over the place.

Let's face it, Muddy is no spring chicken and it's too much for him to play much over 45 minutes. Aren't people cool enough to be glad to hear him at all and enjoy a good band when it's in front of them?

The band set the mood and pace for muddy's entry well.

Obviously the place fell apart when Muddy, very natty in white and black, came on to a standing ovation.

What can you say about an old master, an ageing and beautiful character who plays like a boy, but with all the heart and experience of his years? When he sings "I'm gonna mess wit' you", you'd better believe it. His real mastery is in the apparent ease and simplicity with which he delivers one graceful, flashing stroke after another — like the so appropriate baying bottleneck in "Howlin' Wolf", or the quick, sweet vocal wail in "Honey Bee".

I do think people are a little over the top freaking bar by bar, like obsequious balletomanes cheering every time Rudolf Nureyev bends a toe, but I guess Muddy has earned such esteem all right. The great thing is that although he could get by just swell with his rip snorting, let's-see-you-kids-top-that versions of classics — "Baby, Please Don't Go", "Hootchie-Cootchie Man", "Kansas City" — he is still introducing excellent material, like "The Blues Had A Baby (and They Called It Rock And Roll)" from the "Hard Again" set.

The band is good enough, too, for Muddy to stay loose and let them have their blows, particularly guitarist Luther Johnson and harp player Jerry Portnoy. And pianist Pinetop Perkins took his share of the vocals on "Kansas City" with real sass.

I guess Muddy meant it when he said playing here was like coming home, 'cause he played longer than is usual and came back for another ovation and a heady "I've Got My Mojo Workin'."

Sail on man. I hope you live to be 104.

Angie Errigo

This Heat

CHELSEA COLLEGE OF ART

THERE ARE weird gigs, and there are *weird* gigs, but this one stands as the weirdest I've attended since the memorable time Faust caused a sensation by augmenting their line-up with road-drill and concrete block a few years ago at Sheffield's City Hall.

This Heat may not indulge in such blatant tactics, but the reaction to their music is, by and large, pretty similar.

Fear.

Not the fear of getting your head kicked in, but the fear of the unknown, of confronting something outside one's normal frames of reference. A similar reaction, in fact, to that which causes weak fools to slip into the grasp of predatory religious maniacs when "The Excorcist" hits town.

A three-piece, (Charles Bullen on guitar, clarinet, vocals and percussion; Charles Hayward on drums, electric piano, vocals and organ; Garath Williams on organ, bass, vocals and percussion), they bear more than a passing resemblance to the more inventive German bands like Faust and Can; yet to neatly pigeonhole them as "avant-guarde rock" would be all too easy, and all too wrong.

A major setback, for a band like This Heat, is the problem of actually getting gigs: their situation dwarfs the similar, much-publicised plight of many new-wave bands, who seem to be getting their fair slice of the cake nowadays. True, This Heat have the advantage of having done a session for John Peel, (parts of which were repeated, strangely enough, on Alan Freeman's show), but this "advantage" has proved to be a mixed blessing, one faint-hearted promoter cancelling out a gig after hearing the broadcast ... .

Consequently, they've been forced into playing only the more adventurous venues, places like the AIR Gallery and here at Chelsea College of Art. After all, art students are that much more open-minded, more experimentally-inclined than the rest of us, aren't they?

It appears not.

The stage, stark and dark, is lit only by slide-projections either side of the band's clutter of equipment. They take the stage with a noticeable lack of ceremony, and open with a rhythmic, Can-like piece called "Horizontal Hold", Hayward's drumming especiallly reminiscent, at times, of the metronomic, cyclical style of Can's Jaki Liebezeit.

This and the following "Not Waving But Drowning" are two of This Heat's more formally-structured pieces, the latter being a strange, eerie little song about drowning: a repetitive, atmospheric theme sketched out by Williams' unorthodox use of bass tones and Hayward's organ, over which Bullen picks out a haunting clarinet figure. Simple in structure and chillingly evocative of lonely despair, it stands as one of the band's most successful achievements.

This early in the set, the audience are dividing into to camps: the engrossed and the bewildered. Some depart for the safety of the bar, but the mafority remain to set up a "pro and con" tension which escalates as the evening continues, especially during the sections of free music This Heat insert into their set.

"Romp", a relatively accessible instrumental featuring some astonishingly intense, jarring guitar from Bullen, does little to relieve the tension. Enthusiastic applause mingles with outraged shouts — no middle ground, it seems — and a cry of "Play some dancing music" is met with a tongue-in cheek "Green Onions" organ riff from Williams.

During the next number, (titled, ironically enough, The Rough With The Smooth"), a stranger informs me darkly that "there might be a riot", but adds, rather grudgingly, "but I admire them for what they're doing — takes a lot of guts, I suppose..".

He's not far wrong on both points.

The final song, "The Fall Of Saigon", (based, apparently, on reports that the American Embassy staff, holed up in the embassy during their last days in Saigon, were so hungry they ate their pet cat), boasts a fittingly dirge-like texture and rhythm emphasised by woodblock and bass drum, culminating in a lengthy, excruciating guitar / organ climax from Bullen and Williams and ending with a piercing organ tape-loop as the band leave the stage.

After the gig, I learn that the Pistols played one of their earliest gigs here, and were booed off stage, How ironic, then, that the art-school punks in the audience tonight responded to This Heat in similar fashion.

In attempting a truly *radical* restructuring of rock music, This Heat have unavoidably set themselves some pretty insurmountable barriers as regards reaching an audience of any size; it can only be hoped that the obstinacy of their stance doesn't choke them completely. They deserve to be heard, at the very least.

Andy Gill

Count Bishops

NASHVILLE

WHILE THEIR Kings Road-clad contemporaries in last years R'n'B revival get rich and famous fast by the 12" full-colour pic sleeve limited edition release and regular beatings up at the hands of fascists, the Count Bishops have remained relatively untainted by fahionable New Wave success.

For why? They've been gigging round town at all the right places (apart from the Roxy) for a good twelvemonth now; play as fast and furious as anyone else; have had two outstanding singles out on Chiswick; and even resemble vinylwise, live-wise, *personality*-wise, an Anglo Flamin Groovies!

The Bishops have always been more interested in rock and roll, the music, than peripheral statements like clothes or posing, which is possible why they aren't up there with the Clashes of this world. But the comparatively recent introduction of a graceless Australian vocalist (school of Ronnie Van Zant) marred their set at the Nashville last week, organised to celebrate the release of the Bishop's long awaited debut LP.

I am reliably informed by experts that the band had far more of an identity (genuinely dirtyass rock and roll) when rhythm guitarist, Zen, handled the vocal chores.

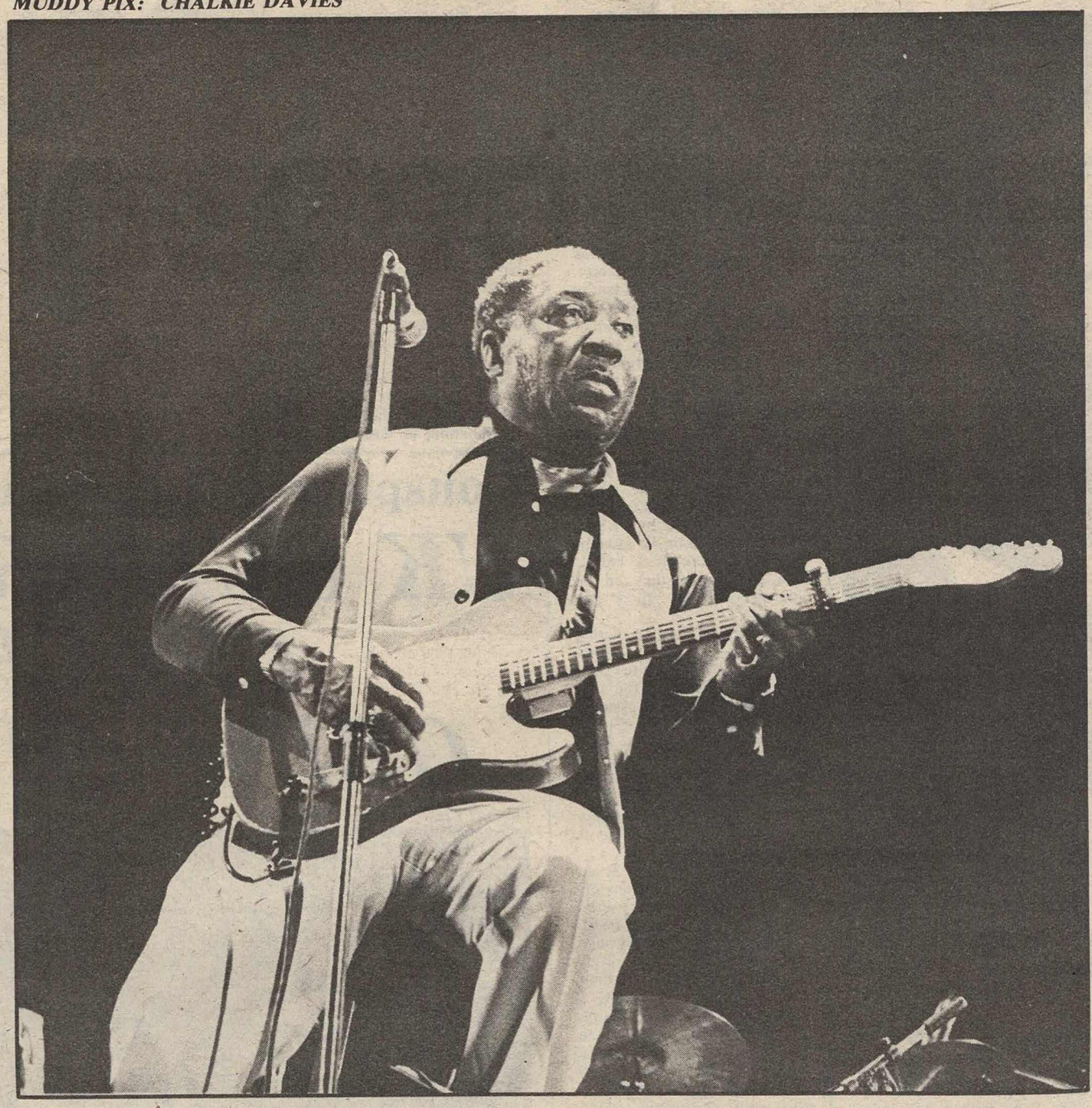
Otherwise the only thing that seperates the Bishops from the Boys is *class.*

Unfortunately after a few early jars of Fuller "London Pride", the author was unable to catch the name of the support band. Thinly disguised as punks (although the drummer and the guitarist hadn't even bothered to cut their hair) this vaguely embarrassed crew of ex-hippies sung heavily anti-punk lifestyle songs in amusing charicature of the Blank Generation: *It's so tragic/ There's no magic/Here come the dumb."*

Very interesting.

Jonathan Barnett

MUDDY PIX: CHALKIE DAVIES

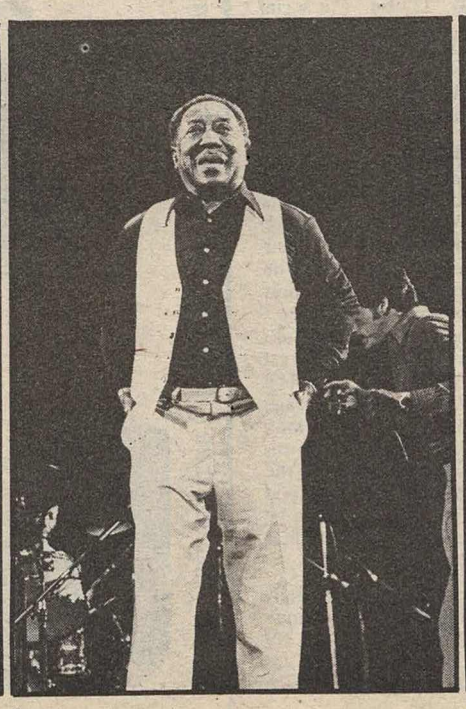


While across town for the Old Master it's

Mud, Sweat, & Tears

(of joy)

Everybody ...



know ...

I'm here ...

Above: Vibs' Knox Carnochran flashes gnashers.
Pic: ANETTE WEATHERMAN

The Vibrators

LEEDS POLYTECHNIC

THURSDAY NIGHT is 'New Wave Night' at Leeds Poly, and a damned attractive proposition it's fast becoming. This week it was The Vibrators.

Now, personally I don't give a shit how old The Vibrators are, or might be, and I don't even care that they're a bunch of outrageous posers. I don't care because The Vibrators are one helluva rock 'n' roll band. Fast, tight, sharp, they hit hard and strike out rarely, and from where I'm standing that's most of what counts firmly covered.

For the Vibrator fans and fact freaks among us here are the titles I can remember: "Yeah, Yea, Yeah", "Sweet Sweetheart" — *"I remember when we were young/Things used to be so pretty/But now we're getting old/Things are so bad and that's a pity"* — "Keep It Clean", "Petrol", "London Girls" and "Bad Time" — *"I've been having bad times since I was 22"* — all of which I presume are on the "Pure Mania" album. Iggy's "No Fun" and "Jumping Jack Flash" were the only non-originals I recognised; both were played fast, natch, and with charming disrespect. Great.

Knox Carnochran and John Ellis both play guitar and both sing. Ellis is a better guitarist and handles most of the lead work, but that's okay 'cos Knox is a better singer so he takes care of the majority of the lead vocals. The bass player, Gary Tibbs, is new and 19 *(An ex-Heatwave too — Ed.)* but you wouldn't know it to hear him play. The drummer's name I've forgotten, which is a shame because he's bloody good — heavy on the flash, but that's the way I like 'em.

Okay, that's about it I guess, The Vibrators, a very fine rock 'n' roll band with a sense of humour. Like the man said, "You pays yer money and you takes yer choice" — but do yourself a favour: go see them for yourself before you put 'em down, all right?

John W. Hamblett

Crawler / Moon

PORTSMOUTH

THERE'S A cruel irony about this "Heat On The Streets" package tour. During the last two years each of the three bands involved has been touted as a bright hope, and now they're all fighting for survival.

The quid entrance fee for Crawler, Boxer and Moon, *(and* a free eepee *only* if you're seated by 7.30 pm) could be an indication of CBS's magnanimity; why not give the kids a good deal while promoting three acts on the roster that all have albums fresh in the market place?

If only life was as simple and innocent as that.

Instead you might see hints of desperation in the whole Heat On The Streets concept. Heavily subsidised by CBS, it seems like a do-or-die attempt to finally break these bands; how else would they all be guaranteed such good live exposure?

But even the best marketing stratagems go wrong, and we arrive at the Portsmouth Guild hall to hear that in the first week there's been a casualty and Boxer are unable to play. Bassist Tim Bogert has been spewing blood and vocalist Mike Patto has lost his voice. Battle fatigue so soon?

The second disastrous disappointment of the evening is Moon.

The potential of this seven piece is vast, but unfortunately that hasn't been either realised or developed by the band. Instead they stumble through their bland repertoire, rarely employing the breadth of their instrumentation. They have a particularly abrasive sound, which at first could have been attributed to the poor sound quality, but later proved to be just another manifestation of their stiff arrangements and general sloppiness.

A combination of saxes, flutes or harp and percussion were indiscriminately thrown in. With two guitars working overtime on American R&B, the rhythm section hammered the cacophony into the ground, while singer Noel McCalla tried extremely hard to inject some enthusiasm into the mess. He has the vocal range, but sadly lacks distinction and could be any anonymous disco-soul vocalist.

Practically anybody following Moon couldn't fail to be impressive, initially at least, and Crawler strode on stage with a confidence I hadn't anticipated.

They are true and committed professionals who now have the unenviable task of convincing people they still have something going for them musically, although they were originally formed around the late Paul Kossoff and perhaps would not have attracted attention otherwise.

The basic strength of the group rests with Rabbit on keyboards and the excellent combination of bassist Terry Wilson and drummer Tony Braunagel, who sits behind a bass drum that looks and sounds like the nozzle of a cannon. Up front we find the stereotype hard rock guitarist and vocalist in Geoff Whitehorn and Terry Wilson-Slesser respectively.

The former, with blue flashes in his long, unruly hair, crouches over his Les Paul or Fender in the typical pose, but for some reason gives the impression he's slowly working his way through a Bullworker course as he hurriedly fingers off solo after solo.

The latter chooses to stride around stage, indulge in some energetic armswinging or mike touting, and uses a vocal that personifies the whole approach of so many British white singers who wish they'd been born black and soulful.

As musicians they're never less than competent and often exciting, having a good appreciation of dynamics, and with such songs like "Blue Soul", "You Are My Saviour" and "Stone Cold Sober" there's the suggestion they have a songwriting talent, even if much of their other material relies firmly on the treatment given by Whitehorn and Wilson-Slesser.

Unfortunately they are not musically staggering enough to be considered as anything more than just another band playing the hard rock formula pursued by the Ian Gillan Band, Rough Diamond and the rest.

Tony Stewart

Rocky Ricketts

BRISTOL

IMAGINE for one glorious moment that you have been privileged to glance at the divine ledger of rock'n'roll legends. Where are they now, those supermen who unleashed the teenage delinquent and thus changed the very structure of modern society? Some have fared badly at the merciless hands of Old Age while others joyously jive on, their rockin' fury unabated. So it is with Rocky Ricketts, who recently transformed the Granary Club into a pulsating Palais de Jitterbug.

The Rocky Ricketts Show starts with some hot instrumentals from Rocky's four-piece backing band, The Jet Pilots of Jive; a nice version of "Telstar" featuring one of those plastic and tin tacky organs whose reedy tones make the soles of your sneakers curl up with glee.

The temperature rises as that stunning trio of full-bodied female flesh, The Rockettes, take the stage wearing sensational polka-dot outfits. They've got Rita Hayworth hairdos, they're stacked like Lana Turner, and with their red chrome lips, enough make-up to last Split Enz a month and a week's ration of gum, the crowd has almost forgotten Rocky.

But suddenly he appears, dangling over the balcony onto the shoulders of Vince Pube, his former probation officer turned manager, and the twistin' and the boppin' begins. "I Saw Her Standing There", "Wanderer", "Route 66", "You Really Got Me", "Dream Lover", and "Shakin' All Over" — Rocky, looking like Arthur Lowe in a wig playing an Ealing Studios spiv in Kiss eye make-up, turns in a great performance and some very funny between-songs comments. The Rockettes bump and grind and continually display their lace panties and suspenders and rub themselves and do things with candles and rub themselves and ...

The gang take five while Vince's "sister", down-market Edna Everedge, conducts a raffle and then The Rockettes return, now attired in blue satin minis and Jubilee knickers, to sing "Sisters" and a sobbing awful "Terry" (eat your hearts out, Little Ladies).

Rocky comes back to sing "Stupidity" ("Dr. Feelgood were gonna support us tonight but they were all killed in a car crash on the way") and "That's Alright Mama", during which a for-real old lady, with silver hair yet, arrives twisting on stage, closely pursued by a dog and several Rocky Juniors. They play "Gloria" ("a social comment song"), and Vince releases a flood of flab in a striptease and then vomits blood and the show draws to a chaotic close.

The Rocky Ricketts Show is an occasional project performed by the Bath Arts Theatre Workshop; it is superb modern theatre and with their lovely comic grossness, the frantic camping and their attitude of throwing in everything plus the kitchen sink, they must be the nearest English equivalent of The Tubes. With so much on stage activity it's easy to overlook the band, but the four musicians play extremely well, the guitarist producing some good solos — and the show would be a lot less effective without their solid musical base.

Of course, they really deserve a few weeks in a smallish London theatre or a TV slot — but that seems as unlikely as Howard Schuman writing a funny joke.

David Housham

'Conspiracy Theory' advanced as

UK GUITARISTS CRACK GRINS SHOCK

Below: Crawler's Geoff Whitehorn causes fans to split sides

Pic: TERRY LOTT

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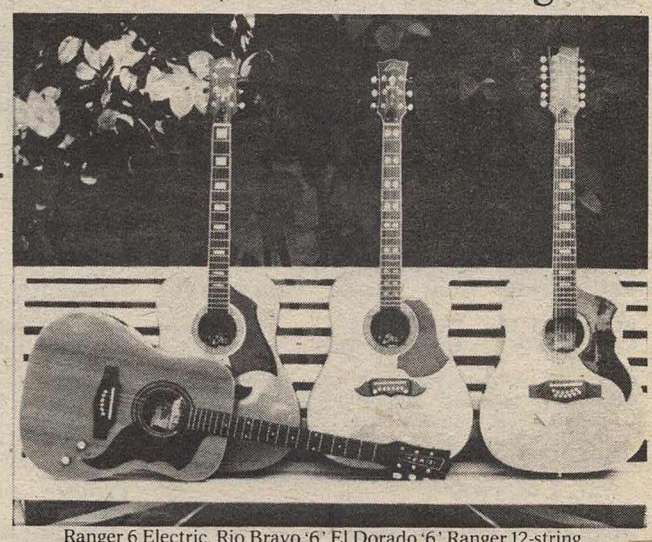

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NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

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BATH Viaduct Hotel: ZHAIN
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: TRAPEZE
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM The Parasol: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: XTC
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: THE BOYS
COVENTRY Mr. George's: THE VIBRATORS
CROYDON Red Deer: WIRE
FALKIRK Maniqui Hall: THE JAM / THE JOLT
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: BILL PRICE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
HUDDERSFIELD Peacock Hotel: LEON ROWSOME
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE DARTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: STINKY TOYS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CADILLAC
LONDON GREENWICH The Albany: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Ravenscourt Park: WEST END STOMPERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TYLA GANG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: ROGER WILLIAMSON
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE 'O' BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SOUNDER
LONDON TEDDINGTON Clarence Hotel: WINDOW
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT RD. Roebuck: TIM FITZPATRICK
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.C.2 Crawford's: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: RAVI SHANKAR
MANCHESTER Rafter Club: THE ONLY ONES
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: CRUISER
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: SHEER ELEGANCE
POYNTON Folk Centre: MICK HANLY
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: HONKY
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Dog: FORCE
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE ENID
UXBRIDGE Pinn Inn: SWEET SENSATION
WOLVERHAMPTON Giffard Arms: BILL CADDICK
WOLVERHAMPTON R.A.F. Cosford: SOUL DIRECTION
WORTHING The Balmoral: THE DEPRESSIONS

FRIDAY

AXMINISTER Guildhall: NUTZ
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: THE BROTHERS
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: ROGER BROOKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOURNEMOUTH St Stephen's Hall: COUNT BISHOPS / FRESHLY LAYED BAND
BRADFORD Star Hotel: GORDON TYRRALL
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TANYA HYDE & THE TORMENTERS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: LITTLE BOB STORY
BURTON 76 Club: THE DARTS
CAMELFORD Lanteglos Farm Hotel: ROD MASON BAND
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: SHABBY TIGER
CHORLEY Charnock Richard Park Hall Leisure Centre: JULY WAKES FESTIVAL with FIVE HAND REEL / GAY & TERRY WOODS / GORDON GILTRAP / GRYPHON / ROSS MACFARLANE / BUSHWACKERS / SPRIGUNS / WALLY WHYTON
CLACTON 101 Disco: SHEER ELEGANCE
DURHAM Trimdon Bird In The Hand: MARTIN SIMPSON
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE JAM / THE JOLT
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
HARLOW The Grove: STATELINER
HEREFORD Flamingo: J.A.L.N. BAND
IRONBRIDGE Meadow Inn: VIN GARBUTT
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: SOUL DIRECTION
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MICK RYAN & JON BURGE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: S.A.L.T.
LEEDS Grove Inn Folk Club: LEON ROWSOME
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: VICE QUEENS
LINCOLN Horse & Groom: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY / FIREFLY
LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion: STINKY TOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN

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LONDON FINSBURY Town Hall: LEON ROSSELSON / REDD SULLIVAN / BARRY ROBERTS / COKAYGNE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: MAGNUM
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: METROPOLIS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE DRONES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES / LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON N16 The Pegasus: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Brooke's: THE DOG'S BREAKFAST
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SWEET SENSATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HOT WAX
LONDON W1 Speakeasy: KOSSAGA
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE PIRATES
PETERHEAD Palace Hotel: MIDNIGHT RIDER
PLYMOUTH Embassy II Club: BILLY J KRAMER
PRESTON Duck Inn Hotel: FREERIDE
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE VIBRATORS
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: THE CHANTS
SHEFFIELD University: DEAF SCHOOL / NO DICE
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: HEDGEHOG PIE
STOKE Bailey's: BILLY OCEAN
STOKE George Hotel: QUARTZ
WASALL Bilston Cock Inn: JAKE THACKRAY
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE ENID

SATURDAY

BANCHORY Kincardine O'Neil: MIDNIGHT RIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DEAF SCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: ROGER BROOKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BLOXWICH Memorial Hall: OSCAR
BRIDGWATER The Manor: AFTER THE FIRE
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: ALEX WELSH BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: JOINT EFFORT
BURY Folk Club: LEON ROWSOME
BURY ST. EDMUNDS St. Edmunds Head: BILL PRICE
CHASE TERRACE The Troubador: FORCE
CHORLEY Charnock Richard Park Hall Leisure Centre: JULY WAKES FESTIVAL with GALLAGHER & LYLE/BARBARA DICKSON/ FAIRPORT CONVENTION/BOTHY BAND/DREW McCULLOCH/HEDGEHOG PIE/ALMANAC/MARY ASQUITH/NOEL MURPHY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: DEAD END KIDS
CROYDON Red Deer: COCK SPARRA
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: EATER/THE MODELS
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
DUDLEY J.B's Club: THE DARTS
ECCLESHALL Shebdon Folk Club: ROBIN DRANSFIELD
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: ALISTAIR ANDERSON
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: THE PIRATES
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: RACING CARS/WARREN HARRY
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): TOU PLANX
HARROW Tithe Barn Farm: AMAZORBLADES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: NUTZ
LINCOLN Horse & Groom: KRIS BYRD COUNTRY SOUND/OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HERON/BRAINCHILD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE DRONES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: WINDOW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES/LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON Marquee Club: PANAMA SCANDAL-/DIRT
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Brooke's: THE DOG'S BREAKFAST
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON N.8 Interstellar Medicine Show: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BETHNAL
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HOT WAX
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE ONLY ONES
LUTON Sands Club: LITTLE ACRE
MANCHESTER Belle Vue: SWEET SENSATION
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: DOWNLINERS SECT
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: NO DICE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER/MOON
PLYMOUTH Embassy II Club: BILLY J. KRAMER
PORT SUNLIGHT Price Social Club: FOGGY
REDDITCH Tracey's: THE VIBRATIONS
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: SOUL DIRECTION
RUGBY Emmaline's Club: THE CHANTS
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WHITEHAVEN Zodiac Club: OZO
WISHAW Crown Hotel: THE JOLT
WORTHING Carioca Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
YEOVIL Sparkford Inn: ZHAIN

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH
BARROW Maxims Disco: THE JAM
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BODDAM Buchaness Hall: MIDNIGHT RIDER
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CARDIFF New Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN
CARLOPS Allan Ramsey Hotel: REZILLOS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: TOM ROBINSON BAND

JULY WAKES EVENT

takes place this weekend at Charnock Richard in Lancashire. Acts include GALLAGHER & LYLE (above), BARBARA DICKSON (left), LEO KOTTKE (right) and FAIRPORT CONVENTION (below).

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EXETER Rougemont Gardens (free): JUNKYARD ANGELS / BRUJO
GLASGOW Shuffles: DEAD END KIDS
HARROW Tith Farm House: CREPES'N'DRAPES
HEATHFIELD (East Sussex) Folk Festival: FAIRPORT CONVENTION / ROBIN HALL & JIMMIE McGREGOR / SUSSEX MUMMERS
HUDDERSFIELD St. Patrick's Club: LEON ROWSOME
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: TRAPEZE
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: THE MUTANTS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: GARY SMITH
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: ASCEND
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON E.1 Shadwell Basin Festival: SUCKER
LONDON EUSTON Open Space Theatre: CIRRUS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: HARVEY ANDREWS / TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSHWACKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS / LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON W.C.2 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Airport Hotel: BERNARD WRIGLEY
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE DRONES
NORTHAMPTON Saracen's Head: VIN GARBUTT
NOTTINGHAM Commodore International: CILLA BLACK
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS / JOINT EFFORT
SCARBOROUGH Olly's Club: MARTIN SIMPSON
SHANKLIN I.O.W. Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: ZHAIN
WHITLEY BAY Sands Club: OSCAR

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Youth House: THE SUNDAY BAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMERICAN TRAIN
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AJ WEBBER
CHESTER Quaintways: OZO
COVENTRY The Smithfield: STAGE FRIGHT
DONCASTER Outlook Club: JACK THE LAD
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Zhivago's: REZILLOS
GODALMING Shackleford Centre: BILL PRICE
GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: J.A.L.N. BAND
GUILDFORD Bunters Club: BETHNAL
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
INVERNESS Ballantore: MIDNIGHT RIDER
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRUTTERS/TEQUILA
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: WHY NOT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WARREN HARRY/RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF THE EARTH
LONDON E1 Half Moon Theatre: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LONDON
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: 999/THE ADVERTS/THE SWORDS
LONDON Marquee Club: QUANTUM JUMP
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: BOBBY & BILLY ALESSI/ANDY DESMOND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MIKE KHAN BAND
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex at Crackers: STINKY TOYS/CROCODILE/MEAN STREET
OBAN Corran Town Hall: DEAD END KIDS
STAFFORD Top of the World: TRAPEZE
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: BILLY OCEAN
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: CRAWLER/BOXER-/MOON'
ULLAPOOL Community Centre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
WHITLEY BAY Sands Club: OSCAR

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Tree Tops Hotel: MIDNIGHT RIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TRAPEZE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
CARDIFF Top Rank: SASSAFRAS
DONCASTER Side Saddle: JACK THE LAD
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SAHARA FARM
HIGH WYCOMBE Chiltern Rooms: THE DARTS
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare Club: NUTZ
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: QUAD
LOCHCARRON Village Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: 999
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BETHNAL LONDON / NEW HEARTS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: SUCKER

GUIDE

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FUHAM Bishops Park: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: METROPOLIS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SQUEEZE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: HEAD OVER HEELS / PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troublador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway: PUNK NIGHT
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: OSIBISA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
LONDON W14 Tthe Kensington: WARREN HARRY
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ZHAIN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM University: STEREO GRAFFITI
WELWYN GARDEN CITY The Fountain: LOL COXHILL
WIGAN Riverside Club: FOGGY
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: CRAWLER BOXER / MOON

WEDNESDAY

BARROW Washington Hotel: PETE & CHRIS COE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
EXETER Catharsis: OTTOMAN
GLOSSOP Folk Club: LEON ROWSOME
GUIDFORD Kings Head: DANGEROUS RHYTHM
HANLEY Victoria Hall: CRAWLER / BOXER / MOON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPITERI
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JACK THE LAD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JET HARRIS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WARREN HARRY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RINGS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: DAVID BROMBERG BAND / 'O' BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: THE SAINTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: LANDSCAPE
LONDON W.1 Adams Arms: BILL PRICE
LONDON W.11 The Tabernacle: HERE AND NOW / THE B52s
PAISLEY Silver Threads: REZILLOS
PETERSFIELD H.M.S. Mercury: J.A.L.N. BAND
RAMSGATE Van Gogh: BETHNAL
REDDITCH White Lion: VIN GARBUTT
SKYE Dun Vegan Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY Raleigh Club: JENNY DARREN

RESIDENCIES

ABERDEEN Clover Leaf: MIDNIGHT RIDER Wednesday (20) for four days.
BATLEY Variety Club: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND Wednesday (20) for four days.
BIRKENHEAD Deerstalker Club: THE CHANTS Week from Sunday.
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: LINDA LEYTON & THE STATESMEN Thursday for three days
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: CLODAGH RODGERS Week from Monday
BRACKNELL Folk Festival: ALBION DANCE BAND/THREADBARE CONSORT/BOB DAVENPORT/PETE BOND/BILL CADDICK/MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG/MIRIAM BACKHOUSE/MAGIC LANTERN/HEDGEHOG PIE/TANNAHILL WEAVERS/HOT VULTURES/DE DANANN Etc. Friday for three days.
CHORLEY Charnock Richard Park Hall Leisure Centre: JULY WAKES FESTIVAL See under Friday, Saturday and Sunday for details
CLEETHORPES Pier Pavilion: TONY CHRISTIE Monday for three weeks
CRICKLADE (Wilts) English Country Music Festival: BOB CANN/RAY ANDREWS/JIM SMALL/OLD SWAN BAND/FLOWERS & FROLICS/REG HALL/KEITH SUMMERS/OSCAR WOODS Etc. Friday for three weeks
DERBY Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS Thursday for three days
ECCLES Talk of the North: BILL FREDERICKS Week from Sunday
GT. YARMOUTH Windmill Theatre: BERNI FLINT Summer season opens Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: CHAMPAGNE Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GONZALEZ Thursday for three days
MANCHESTER Fagin's: FANTASTICS Thursday for three days
NORWICH University Folk Festival: RICHARD DIGANCE/FRED JORDAN/JEREMY TAYLOR/ FLAKY PASTRY/WALTER PARDON etc. Sunday for three days.
OLDHAM Bailey's: SMIFFY Thursday for three days
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: TOMMY STEELE/COOL BREEZE Summer season opens Friday
SKEGNESS Pier Theatre: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS Summer season opens Friday
ST. AGNES Talk of the West: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: SWEET VINE Tuesday (19) for five days
THURSO Folk Festival: BOYS OF THE LOUGH/BATTLEFIELD BAND/ARTIE TRESIZE & CILLA FISHER/GARY & VERA ASPEY/PAT McNULTY/RICHARD BUTLER Etc. Friday for three days.
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHOWADDYWADDY Wednesday (20) for four days
WATFORD Bailey's: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: MERSEYBIRDS Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

I'VE JUST BEEN looking through the TV schedules for the coming week, and it's not a pretty sight. But this is what we've come to expect during the summer months, when BBC's output is built around sport and repeats, while ITV fills in much of its time with second-rate American imports. Still, you may be interested in one or two of these items...

On Friday, BBC-1 repeats the **Neil Diamond** special "Love At The Greek", just five weeks after its original screening by BBC-2. This must create something of a record in terms of rush repeats, but it's no doubt been dictated by the enormous publicity surrounding his recent visit.

BBC-2's four-part "Rhythm On 2" (whoever cooked up that title ought to be shot) covers vintage rock'n'roll on Tuesday night. **Freddie "Fingers" Lee** does his Jerry Lee Lewis bit, **Mike Berry and the Outlaws** recall the songs of Buddy Holly, and the **Darts** re-create the sh'boom sound of the 50's.

Showaddywaddy provide the main interest in BBC-1's "Seaside Special" on Saturday, followed by the late-night "Make The Music Speak" (another bloody awful title) with **Lena Martell** — who has the star quality of a Bassey, yet remains inexplicably under-rated. Oh and by the way, **Kid Jenson** is anchor man in Thursday's "Top Of The Pops".

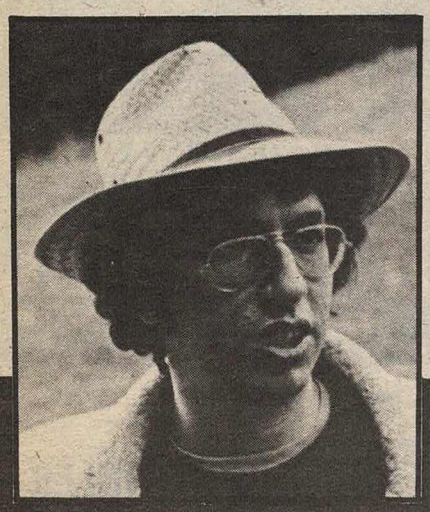
BBC-2 has two worthwhile repeats on Monday — **Barbara Dickson** in "The Two Ronnies" and Canadian singer **Anne Mortiffe** in "The Camera And The Song". Same channel's Saturday night horror session features two vintage classics — **Boris Karloff** in "The Mummy" and **Lon Chaney Jr.** in "The Wolfman".

More repeats over on ITV — the **Muppets** on Saturday, and the **Bay City Rollers'** "Shang-A-Lang" on Wednesday. An eight-week series called "Hi Summer" begins on the network on Sunday night, featuring residents **Pearly Gates, Carl Wayne** and **Lena Zavoroni,** with theme song by **Lynsey de Paul.**

Radio 1 has **Quantum Jump** and **Steve Tilston** "In Concert" at 6.30 pm on Saturday. And Sunday at 5 pm sees the start of an 11-week series called "Summer Of '67", hosted by **Pete Drummond,** which looks back at the music and sounds of a decade ago.

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday) there's **Bryan Chalker & The New Frontier** and **Drew Taylor** in "Country Club", followed by **Kitsyke Bill** and **Cryril Tawney** in "Folkweave".

Friday night's Top Twenty based upon listeners' letters to Radio Luxembourg, to be featured in **Stuart Henry's** "Sound System", will be:
1 BOB MARLEY "Exodus"; 2 **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegious"; 3 **ELO** "New World Record"; 4 **10 c.c.** "Deceptive Bends"; 5 **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 6 **GEORGE BENSON** "In Flight"; 7 **PETER FRAMPTON** "I'm In You", 8 **NEIL YOUNG** "American Stars 'n' Bars"; 9 **CROSBY STILLS & NASH** "CSN"; 10 **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 11 **"TOM PETTY** and the Heartbreakers"; 12 **STEVE MILLER** "Book Of Dreams"; 13 **SUPERTRAMP** "Even In The Quietest Moments"; 14 **EAGLES** "Hotel California"; 15 **LITTLE FEAT** "Time Loves A Hero"; 16 **MOON** "Turning The Tides"; 17 **JIMMY BUFFET** "Changes In Latitudes"; 18 **"STEVE WINWOOD"** 19 **DAVE MASON** "Let It Flow"; 20 **THE JAM** "In The City".



London's South Bank Music Fair gets under way next week. The 17-concert season opens with Royal Festival Hall shows by OSIBISA (below) on Tuesday and DAVID BROMBERG (left) on Wednesday.

Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

XTC

MUSIC MACHINE

ONLY A few nights earlier there'd been a brawl in the Music Machine involving the Boom Town Rats, but in the cold atmosphere while XTC played it seemed impossible anybody could get carried away and start chucking beer mugs.

The place is like a mini-Lyceum Ballroom with 60s tack decor. Crafty fluorescent lights cause young ladies considerable embarrassment when their black bras clearly show up under their white blouses; an assortment of middle aged drinkers making the most of the Machine's late bar licence mingle with the white haired punks; and dolls house tables and chairs are positioned around the now deserted dance floor.

Somewhere in the rafters XTC peer down at the largely indifferent audience, some 20 feet below the stage.

They're a youthful quartet exhibiting characteristics of new wave music: singer-guitarist Andy Partridge has a monotone vocal style inspired by the Dylan-Bowie-Reed school, the numbers are short attacks on your rhythmic senses, and instrumental virtuosity is negligible.

In style they're curiously and indiscrimately eclectic, drawing from the MC5 and Stooges, and yet having more than a passing respect for 60s British Beat Music. Drummer Terry Chambers, bassist Colin Moulding and Partridge are visually reminiscent of the Mod genre, and yet their keyboard player, Barry Andrews would probably be in a Rock 'n' Roll Revival band, had not punk rock come along.

Obviously the early 60s puppet show theme, "Fireball XL5" when they sound like the Tornados and Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower", a pretty mediocre interpretation with harmonica, are songs they include to confuse an audience even further.

Musically they're fairly inexpert, but instead of this manifesting itself as raw energy, XTC choose to be careful, keeping the songs simple, unornamented and as a result generally unexciting. And due to Partridge's garbled vocal it's difficult to make out the lyrics, except on "She's So Square", which apparently refers to the bores of '67.

Moulding, an excellent bassist and probably the best musician of the group, sang one of his own songs, "Dance Band", and unfortunately has a clearer diction. Say unfortunately, because lyrics such as *"One, two, three, I'm so happy and so is she"* are hardly impressive.

They encored with a particularly lethargic reading of "Route 66".

Tony Stewart

XTC: Ecstasy or Ex-Training College?

Warren Harry

BRISTOL GRANARY

THE LAST time Warren Harry played here, the sensitive souls who frequent the Granary threw beer over them. Tonight they aren't wheedling even half that response out of a crowd whose animation is decidedly suspended. I just don't understand it, because Warren Harry are a real bonzer little group.

"Raw energy", zest and zip etc. are pretty cheap commodities these days when anyone who puts on his old ripped-up school uniform and gobs on people seems to think he's entitled to superstardom, but not only do Warren Harry possess the collision course kinetics of the finest punk bands, they have some keen compositions and a lot of instrumental ability.

Nearly every number is introduced by rapid, tumbling cymbal splashes as young drummer John Clarke attacks the temp, his hard skillful drumming held in place by Pete Fairly's steady bass. The songs are typically mid-seventies stuff with "What Did We Do?", "Schoolgirl", "I Am A Radio" and "Tropez" containing echoes of everyone from Be-bop Deluxe to 10C.C., but they also have an additional hard rock edge that is unmistakeably 1977 rather than 1975 revisited.

Mr. Harry sings the humourous scenario/story lyrics in clear thespian tones and wields his rhythm guitar with gusto. During "Run" when the group sound like the Stranglers one step closer to mainstream rock his frustration with the whole hostile situation got the better of him and he crunched a cymbal and almost gave Clarke a quick lobotomy in the process.

They do have a distinctive sound of their own however, due in most part to guitarist Graham Dible and keyboards player John Kayne who work with closeness and empathy. Dible's solos grow in tastefully gradual intensity while Kayne provides their technicolour shadows and at the same time sweeping scenic extravaganzas from his synthesizer.

Dible also plays a mean mandolin on "Backwards Forwards", instant tough rock Hall and Oates, and he uses it again on the only slow number of the set "Sail On" for silly Demis Roussos/Zorba the Greek sound effects.

It would be sad if the record business and public alike become so engrossed in the New Wave that excellent young groups like Warren Harry are prevented from the fame and fortune which they clearly deserve.

David Hasham

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EATER
+ Bethnal
Saturday July 16th
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+ Sham 69
Wednesday July 20th
Audition Night
30p before 10pm 50p after 10pm
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T DREAM

● *From page 39*

had a late summer. I had a wonderful place to work in, so it was a romance to the time of doing the music — but the word romance contains much more. It's not a romance to a lady. 'Romance 77' was getting FM airplay when I was in New York so T-Dream may break as solo artists as well over there."

IT WAS time to catch up on the gossip. The last question I wanted to ask Edgar on the plane was about the possibility of a Froese-Bowie collaboration. Ever since it became known that Edgar and David had been running round together there have been rumours of this possibility. Edgar described his meeting with the thin white person:

"I met him the first time in a Berlin restaurant after his Berlin concert of May last year. He said he liked my 'Epsilon In Malaysian Pale' record very much and I said 'Thankyou very much'. It was very funny. Then we started talking about the matter of timeless music — what is timeless music? Then we went to the classics and we went to rock 'n' roll and all the stuff which you could call timeless by style — by style of music.

"So we found out that he wants to do the same as I want to do — to create a timeless music — a specific style of combinations between centuries. Of course I like his stuff very much — except one or two records. Then I found out he was four years in art school and was involved in graphics and I did the same. We were talking about 3 or 4 hours.

"He left and then came back in August last year. He got a flat in Berlin and every day or every second day we went out and had long conversations about art, because he is very involved with art — techniques and the styles of painting. But the problem was that my time plan was different from his time plan . . ."

Bowie had "Low" to make, Edgar had "Macula Transfer". Edgar had to make the T-Dream album "Stratosfear" and Bowie had a European tour and by that time Edgar was in Los Angeles with Friedkin . . . "It was impossible to see each other. We hadn't got to talking about doing some stuff together. We could do but . . .

"It's sort of difficult for people like he is. It's not necessary for musicians to earn publicity. I think keep away business from friendship. Now what I want to say is that . . . the first part would be 'Okay, let's work together'. Then there might come up strange things like record companies and the money and, ahh . . . I'm not really interested in that at all. And he isn't at all. We were talking about that in Berlin — whether it could be announced without any publicity but up till now we're just good friends . . ."

JAZZ DIARY

U.S. SINGER Joe Lee Wilson will be appearing at the 7 Dials on 21st July, and is not to be missed. Having spent an afternoon at Joe Lee's Ladies Fort in New York watching video of the recent festival at his club — Shepp, Murray, Sheila Jordan — I can testify that the pipes are in great shape.

JCS are running a series of Sunday evening gigs throughout the summer, with **Wind & Fingers** on 17th, the title of the composition and the Bristol band, and **Lol Coxhill** and **Gerry Fitzgerald** also on the strength. The Star & Garter features bassist Ernest Mothle's new band, **Zila,** with **Dudu Pukwana** on 23rd, July. The JCS Summer School is being held at Sarah Siddons School, North Wharf Road, W2 between 25th, July and 5th August. Tutors will include Jimmy Hastings, Olaf Vas, Alan Wakeman, Paul Nieman, George Chisholm, Charles Alexander, Jeff Green, John Burch, Peter Ind and Alan Jackson. Application forms from Jazz Centre Society.

Horace Silver is at Ronnie Scott's from 11th — 23rd July, and will be followed by the **Dizzy Gillespie Quartet.** Guitarist **Terry Smith,** who has just released an excellent album on the Lee Lambert label, is playing at the 7 Dials with singer **Barbara Jay** and the **Tony Lee Trio** on 28th July.

The Musicians' Co-operative is running a 6-week summer series of concerts at 100 Club, beginning on Monday, 18th July with the **Stan Tracey Octet,** then **Intercontinental Express** on 25th.

CBS are well into their reissue series of Bethlehem Jazz Recordings, with one of **Charles Mingus'** finest albums, 'East Coasting', and **Art Blakely's Big Band,** featuring **John Coltrane.** Best feature of the month has to be the sudden flood importation of Japanese releases, with the long-awaited 'Air Song' by **Air** on the Whynot label every bit as good as anticipated. Check through the bins at Collet's Jazz Record Shop and keep tongue off stock.

Brian Case

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Sunday July 31st at 7.15 p.m. NATIONAL HEALTH + PAUL BRETT
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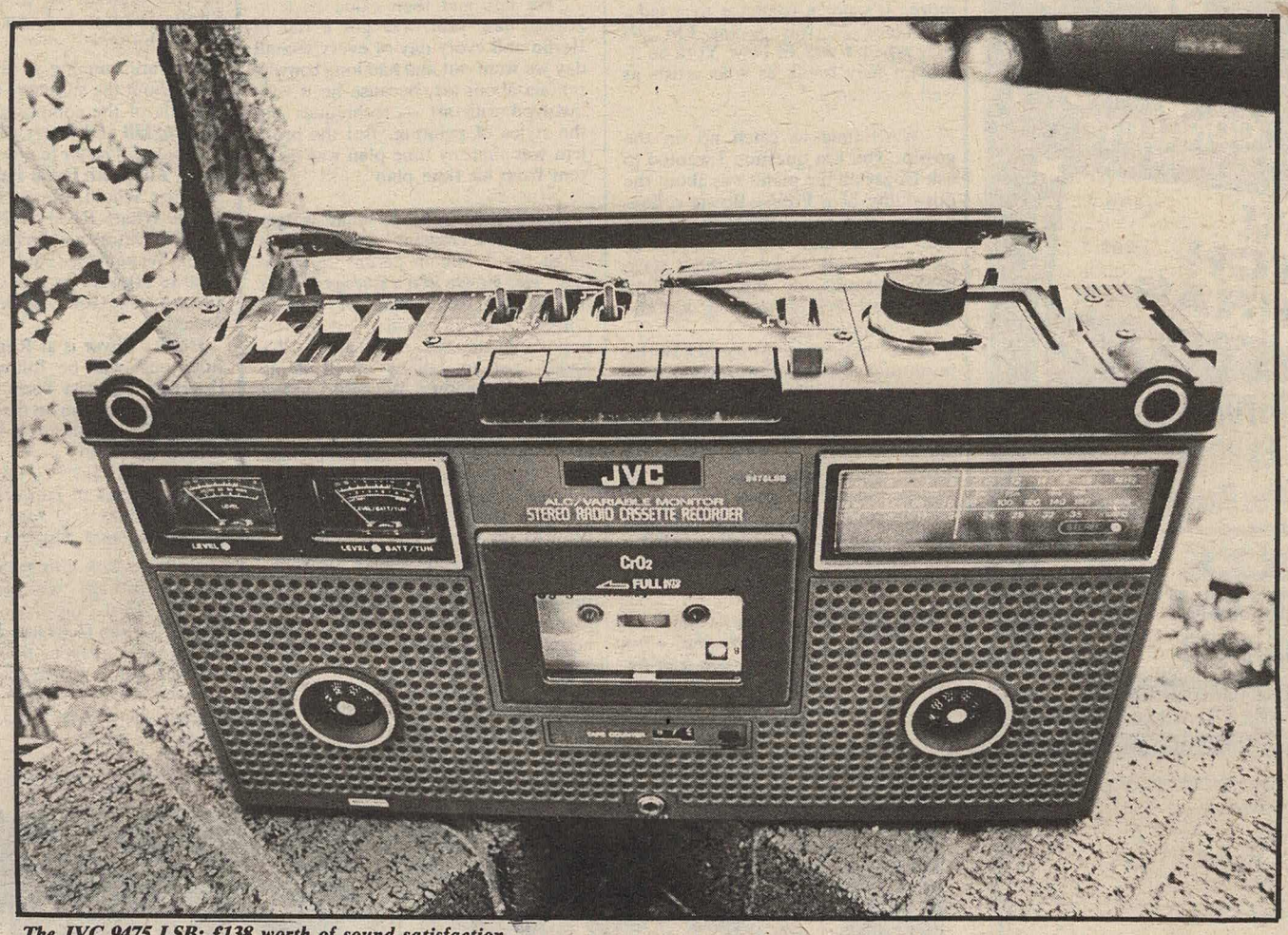
CASSETTES: By ROY CARR



The JVC 9475 LSB: £138 worth of sound satisfaction.

What to save when you trash your hotel room

A survey of the Number One Rock'n'Roll Road Toy (smooth terminology, eh, kids?)

WHENEVER YOU see photographs in the daily papers of itinerant rock stars flitting in and out of airport terminals, amongst their hand-baggage you'll probably spot the inevitable rock 'n' roll road toy — a portable stereo radio cassette recorder.

In developing such machines certain manufacturers have achieved such a high degree of sophistication that this item of electronic apparatus has become as essential to touring as supplies of clean underwear.

In fact, when life along the Endless Highway suddenly loses all touch with reality, and degenerates into senseless hotel room wrecking, the colour TV may go straight out of the window but *never* the stereo radio cassette recorder.

And even though in places like America local radio is a totally different ballgame from what is passed-off in Britain as commercial radio, it's usually the stereo cassette that works overtime.

Not only does it enable Electric Gypsies to catch up on the latest album releases but, even more important, to immediately check-over cassettes of their own performances that have been made directly off the p.a. mixing desk.

Indeed, groups like Thin Lizzy frequently drive straight back to their hotels after gigs to re-play a cassette of the evening's performance before hitting the local night-spots. The procedure helps to keep them on their toes, enabling them to spot and tighten-up any loose ends.

From my observations while cruisin' in and out of dressing rooms and hotel suites it appears that, because of its reliability, the four-band JVC 9475.LSB stereo radio cassette recorder (average discount price £138) is by far the most popular portable.

After giving it a damn good test-run, it's easy to ascertain why!

Smoothly housed in a fashionable para-military design heavy-duty casing, the dimensions of the JVC 9475.LSB have been kept to just 9" × 16" × 4¼", and with batteries it weighs in at a little over 10lbs.

You might like to note a few more essential specifications:

The sensitive four-band radio offers the following frequency ranges: FM/88 — 108 MHz, SW/6 — 18 MHz, MW/540 — 1600 kHz, LM/150 — 350 kHz, while the intermediate frequency on SW, MW and LW is 455 kHz and on FM 10.7 MHz.

The 5" dual cone speakers (5 watts — 2.5 watts per channel) guarantee the very finest sound quality from both radio and recorder for such a compact portable.

Apart from the telescopic antennae for SW and FM and Ferrite core antenna for MW and LW, another built-in accessory that ensures the best possible radio reception is a small red light which, when receiving FM stereo broadcasts glows brightly to indicate you're in tune. Also, the VU meter needle makes its biggest deflection to the right whenever any of the four wave bands are tuned correctly.

There are other simple-to-operate devices which enable you to secure the very best response. When tuned to the FM wave band, flick the AFC (Automatic Frequency Control) switch to the ON position and you get drift-free stability of sound. If, on the other hand, you're recording short, medium or long wave broadcasts, flick the AFC switch OFF and it will eliminate those irritating perpetual atmospheric beats which often impede one's listening pleasure.

Finally, the MODE switch, which dictates mono and stereo, will, if put to WIDE, accentuate and boost stereo reception.

FROM EXPERIENCE, I've found that very few portable radio cassette recorders offer the best of both fields in one compact housing. Not too long ago, yours truly spent (I think the word wasted would be more appropriate) a most frustrating Saturday afternoon loafing along Tottenham Court Road (London's hi-fi specialists' district) testing out one machine after another (whenever I could find a salesman remotely interested in attending to me, or for that matter, any other potential customer).

On that particular occasion, I devoted my attention to portable *mono* radio cassette recorders, only to discover that in most instances the radio was far superior to the accompanying cassette recorder.

The quality of most portables under £75 offered maximum treble and very little bass. When I inserted a hard rock (The Doobie Bros) or funk (Bootsy's Rubber Band) cassette, the re-production was muffled — and when things got frenetic often caused rattle.

The only one that offered anything like value-for-money was the Audiotronic three-band (FM/MW/LW) ARC 150 (£47.50). No doubt about it, the overall quality was far superior to almost any other mono machine I heard.

Now, when testing stereo cassettes on the JVC 9475 LSB, I've found it to be first rate whether making direct sound recordings or playing back an assortment of pre-recorded cassettes.

In fact, the JVC 9475 LSB offers two methods of making stereo sound recordings. You can either utilise the two very sensitive built-in condenser microphones or, if funds will allow, plug-in external microphones (optional) which can either be hand-held or installed on the mike arms (optional).

Should you need to employ external microphones then you can either use two compatible (they must be equal in polarity, sensitivity, impedence and frequency response) uni-directional microphones or just one stereophonic microphone.

Utilising both the JVC demonstration cassette tape that accompanied the recorder and an ever-reliable C-90 HF (most highly recommended), I then set about the first test.

By means of a DIN jack, I took a line off a Sansui amp and recorded a number of totally different recordings ranging through be-bop, R&B, 50s rock 'n' roll, hard rock, funk and new wave. And, so that I'd encounter no difficulty in making aural comparisons, I selected recordings with which I'm extremely familiar.

"Somethin' Else" (Eddie Cochran), "Spanish Stroll" (Mink De Ville), "Honky Tonk" (Bill Doggett), "Ornithology" (Charlie Parker), "Pretty Vacant" (Sex Pistols), "Layla" (Derek & The Dominoes), "Lights Out" (Jerry Byrne), "Chocolate City" (Parliament), "Kick Out The Jams" (MC5) and side one of the all-time aural test-card, P. Floyd's "Dark Side Of The Moon".

I then unplugged the DIN jack, tuned into Capital Radio and added "Way Down" (Elvis Presley), "Baby Don't Change Your Mind" (Gladys Knight), "No Surfin' Today" (Four Seasons) and "Roadrunner" (Jonathan Richman).

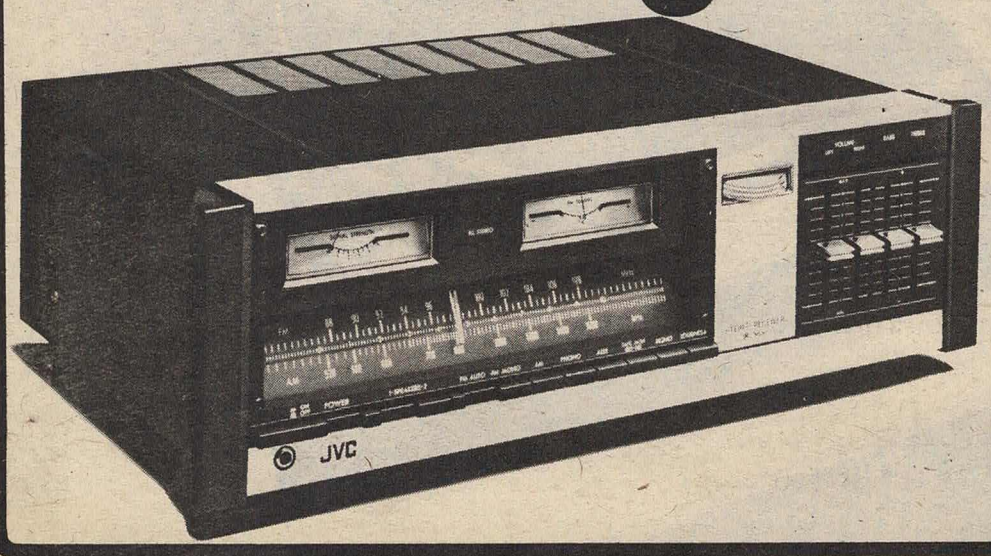
Satisfied that I'd covered virtually all bases, I re-wound the tape and discovered that, without exception, the playback was as good as the original recordings. The highs were still high and the bass frequencies crisp and clear.

As a method of re-checking, I then inserted the tape into my stereo cassette deck and replayed it through my hi-fi speakers. Still no noticeable loss of quality. Yet again, I played the tape which I had just made through the JVC portable and it remained distortion free and true-to-the-original even when I jacked-up the volume.

To say the least, I was impress-ed.

Next I dug-out a handful of pre-recorded cassette tapes, such as "The Sun Sessions" (Elvis Presley), "Mothership Connection" (Parliament), "Out Of Their Skulls" (The Pirates), "Marquee Moon" (Television), "Hejira" (Joni Mitchell), "Rare Masters Vol.I" (Phil Spector) and "The Last Record Album" (Little Feat) and listened very carefully to a few tracks off each, first through the speakers and then through a pair of stereo

Beginner's Luck!



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Also featured is an accurate centre-of-channel meter to show you when you have selected an FM station at the very centre of its signal where distortion is minimal and stereo separation at its best. It works with the signal meter which indicates when you are tuned to an FM signal (or AM) at its highest signal strength.

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head-phones. There was absolutely no cause for complaint.

Just to take things to the extreme, I then placed the JVC 9475.LSB on the floor approximately five feet away from my hi-fi speakers, popped in a fresh blank cassette and then, as a matter of interest, played the 12-inch disco cuts of "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" (The Ramones), "Motorhead" (Motorhead), "I'll Be Good To You" (Brothers Johnson), "You + Me = Love" (Undisputed Truth) and once again "Spanish Stroll" (Mink De Ville) and recorded *au natural.*

Surprise! Surprise! Due to the rather good acoustics of my music room, except for a slight loss of dimension and presence the recorded playback was nevertheless reasonably acceptable. It could probably pass on a portable *mono* cassette machine.

Later in the evening, I ankled along to a pub where some friends of mine were playing a gig and, utilising just the built-in condenser mikes, captured (at their request) the entire proceedings.

Despite picking up snippets of nearby conversations, the clinking of glasses and allowing for the questionable acoustics of the bar, the overall sound that I preserved on cassette wasn't all that different from the crash-bang-wallop that spewed out of the band's 100 watt p.a. system.

As a matter of interest, a couple of songs were quite good enough to later transfer (with a minimum of hiss) to a 7½ ips stereo reel-to-reel tape. Can't wack an occasional bit of aural rock-verite.

Apart from its obvious mobility, the fact that the JVC 9475 can also be easily connected up to any stereo component system gives it that added flexibility. At an average discount price of £138, I'd say it was money well spent.

If you're in the market for such a high quality rock 'n' roll road toy, it doesn't cost anything but half-an-hour of your time, to drop by your nearest hi-fi specialist and play with it. That's of course, if you're lucky enough to find a salesman who will attend to you . . .

Dear worried blue eyes . . .

QUITE OFTEN it's the simplest things that cause the most problems. I keep getting enquiries from people who've accidentally erased a cassette recording that they were most anxious to keep.

Well, it's no big deal ensuring it doesn't happen again. At the rear of every blank cassette there are a couple of knock-out tabs (pre-recorded cassettes already have these tabs removed), which are there for your protection. What happens is, that when these knock-out tabs have been removed (use a small screwdriver), the recording button on your cassette machine can't be pressed and therefore it's impossible to erase a recording. However, if in the future, you want to either erase that specific recording or re-record over it, then you can seal the tab holes with adhesive plastic tape. No sweat.

Now this is important: if you only want to preserve the recording on one side of a cassette this is what you do. Hold the cassette with the rear edge with the tabs towards you and making sure that the side which you want to protect is facing upwards. Having done that, only knock-out the tab on the right with your screwdriver.

End of public service announcement.

Wild swings of the Rootsometer needle as On The Town's ethnic search uncovers . . .

NOTT'S WONDERS

Gaffa

NOTTINGHAM

SOMETIMES it's easy to believe that there's more rock in the craggy granite walls of Nottingham Castle than anywhere else around here. Yet, in the city something stirs: five hearts burst in the endless beat of the Boho Zone. Namely, the organic shuffle known collectively as Gaffa. I saw them play twice last Saturday. They are unquestionably *the* Nottingham band.

Gaffa's current set opens with a song entitled "Normal Service Will Never Be Resumed". Initial attention centres swiftly on bassist, lyricist and singer Wayne Evans. Wayne plays a green bass guitar shaped like a frog. As his body bobs perkily like a ping-pong ball in a glass bowl, his hands prime a thick spread of notes smack into the music's core. Upon his head rests a small brown sideless box: a simulated television.

Why?

Well, when the screen on your square god goes blank, a distant voice pipes "normal service will be resumed". In the song a TV screen blanks, and a voice says "normal service will never be resumed". Gaffa relate the reactions of an ordinary guy to such an announcement. Ultimately the song has wider connotations. Beneath the everyday cloak of normalcy lies . . .

It's an ambitious and arresting piece, characterised chiefly by Gaffa's propensity for numerous abrupt time changes. The jerky rhythm is punctuated by clusters of crunching electric piano from Brendan Kidoulis — the youngest in the band with 'posh' voice (an asset in acquiring gigs).

Anchored stage centre is drummer Mick Barratt. Burly and beefy, he pummels his kit with a ferocious vigour; his boisterous drumming often sounds like a succession of tiles dropping from a rooftop.

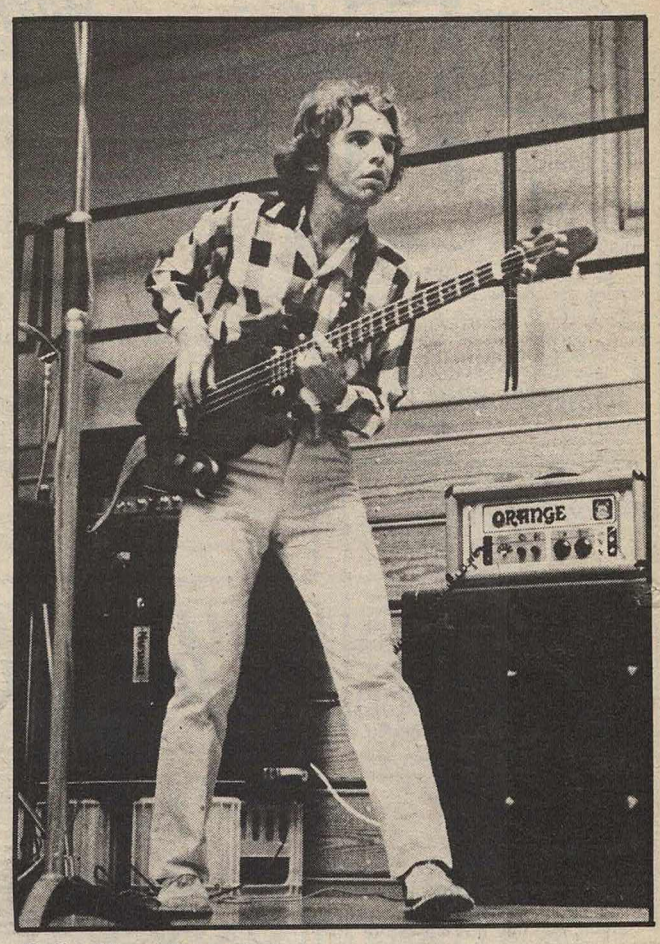
Twinned to Barratt's left are rhythm guitarist John Maslin, set-solid and serious — he wouldn't look amiss in Little Feat (he plays their way too) — then lead guitarist Clive Smith, looking so happy just playing guitar.

Gaffa benefit immeasurably from the cogent lyrics of Wayne Evans: unmistakeably English (as in Coyne'n'Harper) snapshots from the scrambled fabric of suburban life.

A further focal point is provided by the band's convincing visual enactment of their material, in moments like that when the contemptuous ire of "Dirty Old Money" is compounded by Evans' jubilant mastication of a pound note.

It all adds up. Around now four songs from a working repertoire of fifty will be released on an EP: the eponymous "Normal Service Will Never Be Resumed"; "Stage Gear"; "Several Grabs At The Empty Holdall"; and "Married Man". Costing fifty pence, the EP will be the first issue on the Cleverly Brothers label, founded and funded by a Nottingham record dealer.

Malcolm Heyhoe



Gaffa's Wayne Evans plunks bass frog.
Pic: PETER COLEMAN

Johnny Nash

NEW VICTORIA

FOR HIS first appearance on a British *theatre* stage (I think he once toured the USAF bases) in over 20 years of recording, Johnny Nash chose to dress like a country squire, employ an unnecessary string section to emaciate his own excellent 5-piece backup group, and do little more than stand stage-centre, from where he sang a succession of his hit singles.

A bad show then? Not on your life; he was magnificent.

All the records have finally been proved correct; he *is* blessed with one of the finest voices in popular music. Not only does he not need any noticeable act, as far as I was concerned he needn't have brought along his friends and allies. Nash could perform two hours of accapella melodies without boring this reviewer.

Now that Clyde McPhatter and Sam Cooke have discorporated I can't think of any other performer who could entrance a theatre full of hard-heads with that Caribbean chestnut "Island In The Sun" (which developed into an exceptionally tight singalong, there being a goodly percentage of patriot Jamaicans in attendance) or encore with a particularly sensitive rendition of "I Believe", a quasi-religious hymn of excruciating banality.

If Nash had been a preacher at my boyhood church I might even now be a believer.

For the most part he wrapped his golden tones 'round a sequential tribute to JA, his own accompanists serving well on Stir It Up", "Guava Jelly", "There Are More Questions Than Answers", "Hold Me Tight", "Tears On My Pillow", "I Can See Clearly Now", and his two reggae adaptions of Sam Cooke classics, "Cupid" and "Wonderful World".

Equally compelling was the hit ballad, "Loving You", and his latest single, "That Woman".

I shall now stop trying to translate his performance. The point is, it doesn't matter a damn whether he's pop, MOR, soul, reggae or whatever; he can sing rings 'round most everybody else in the biz.

Show opener Viola Wills is also a fine singer, sadly neglected, despite an overlong dues-paying period. Unfortunately, the ragged presentation of her act and the abysmal sound (funny that, 'cause it was great for Johnny) did nothing to display her true worth to the assembled company.

Cliff White

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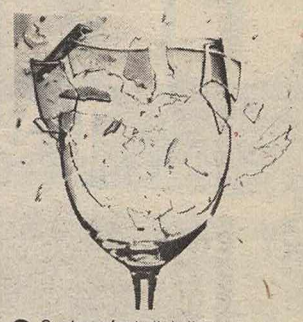

2 Such perfect pitch, it can shatter glass.

3 We played back a recording of Ella on Memorex tape.

4 Memorex too shattered glass. Incredible!

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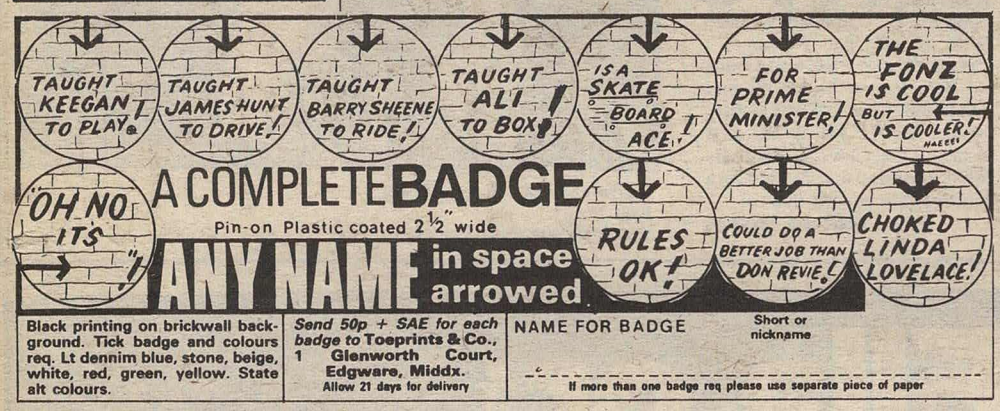
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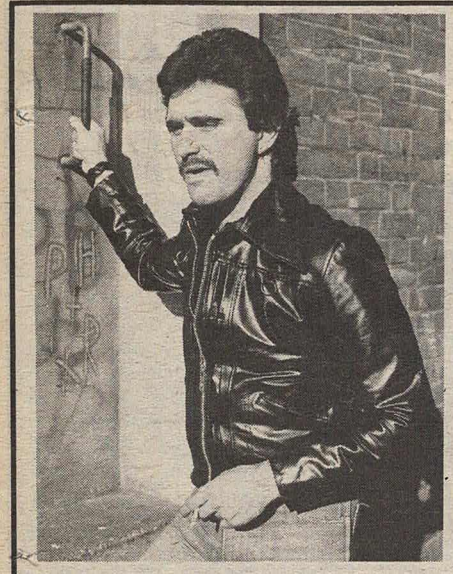

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All leather uppers in 4 colours — black, brown, natural, red.
3, 4, 4in Heel — **£6.99**
5, 5in Heel — **£7.99**
6, 7, 6in Heel — **£8.99**

H

MEN'S CLOGGS
All leather uppers and metal kick guard in black or brown. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
£8.99

Send Cheques, P.O.'s, Credit Card No. or Club Check Voucher to CLOGGS at above address.

NAME
ADDRESS
STYLE LETTER
COLOUR
SIZE REQUIRED
All items protected by the CLOGGS FAIR DEAL

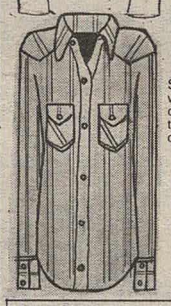
SQUARENECK CHEESECLOTH TOP
A new one from Shapes, an elasticated square neck with front pockets. In stripes or checks with a white background. **£3.20** plus 25p P&P. One size only 32" to 42" bust.

COTTON DRILL LOONS
A good quality cotton drill in the original hip fitting loons. Still only £2.60 + 40p P&P. 2 pairs 70p P&P. Colours: navy, olive green, red, yellow, purple. Guys waist sizes 26" to 31" to 32". Girls hips 32" to 37" to 38". (33" inside leg length). Please state two alternative colours and your waist size. Girls state your hip size.

SHAPES BARGAIN ★ COTTON LOONS
His 26" and 28" waist. Hers 32" and 34" hips, colours as above and also black, dark green, maroon, brown, 2 pairs **£4.50** 70p P&P.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cotton cheesecloth kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.65** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 30" to 40" girls 34" to 44". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with two colour embroidery on a white background. **£2.75** + 20p P&P. Chest sizes 32" to 42", bust 34" to 44".



CHEESECLOTH 12 BUTTON TOP
The stripped 12-button cheesecloth top, white background with contrasting colour stripes, still **£1.80** + 15p P&P. Sizes 30" to 34" bust. Please state your bust size.

CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seems the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain, white or denim blue colour **£2.75** + 25p P&P. Sizes 30" to 42" 44" chest/bust. Please state which design and your size).

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring rugby shirt in two combinating colours with white colour. 100% cotton. **£3.90** + 20p P&P. Colours: navy/white, red/white, green/navy, red/navy. Sizes: 32" to 38" chest, (34" to 40" bust). Please state your size and an alternative colour.

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LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1 Gene October; 4 "Tejas"; 6 Dolly Parton; 9 Hot (Tuna); 11 Stranglers; 13 Olsson; 14 Andrew (Loog Oldham); 15 Herbie Hancock; 18 Jeff Beck; 20 (Kevin) Ayers; 21 "Emma"; 22 Robert (Johnson); 23 Keith Moon; 28 Loog; 29 "(No) Fun"; 31 Refugee; 32 Daltrey; 33 Oldham. **DOWN:** 1 "God Save The Queen"; 2 Nilsson; 3 Captain Beefheart; 5 Johnson; 7 Roger Waters; 8 (Laura) Nyro; 10 "Tonight's The Night"; 12 Slim Chance; 16 Brenda Lee; 17 Heart; 19 Kokomo; 24 Harry (Nilsson); 25 Nigel (Olsson); 26 "Flesh"; 27 Tuna; 30 MOR.

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Anabas are the first to present a complete range of Glitter designs in this country — they must be seen to be believed.

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Large ☐
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Name
Colour of shirt
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Second Choice
I enclose Cheque/PO £ (which includes P&P)
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Address
NME22

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LG195 Eagles | Q2217 E.L.O. | Q2223 Elton John | Q2207 Yes | Q2017 Chicago | Q2861 Stones

T2028TG Can't Get Enough | T2045TG Handle With Care | T240TG E.L.O. | LG10 Evil Woman | Q2248 Rod Stewart | Q2202 Led Zeppelin

Q2215 Bad Company | Q2214 Eagles | Q2212 Wings | Q2220 Frampton | Q2211 Kiss | Q2219 Beatles

LG158 Bang | LG115 Organ Player | LG136 Hot Stuff | LG134 Hot Chocolate | LG171 Queen | LG199 Rush

Code No. RM14

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ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

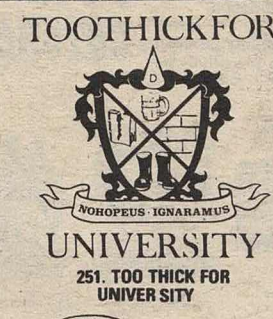
677. SUPERSIGN
Cap Sleeves
Only £2.65 each (Or £5 any 2)

123. TRUST ME

All designs shown below are available on both garments
Details as follows
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(106 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.

673. LEADER OF THE PACK

696. COSMIC RIDER



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVER SITY

697. LORRY

126. LIPSMAKIN

255. THINK PUNK

QUALITY CONTROL PASSED INSPECTION DEPT.
THIS PRODUCT WILL GIVE SATISFACTION AT ALL TIMES GUARANTEED TO MAINTAIN IT'S HIGH PERFORMANCE. IN THE COMING YEARS
DEMONSTRATIONS ARE AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.

188. PRODUCT

252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)

200. NAZARETH

703. STRANGLERS

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

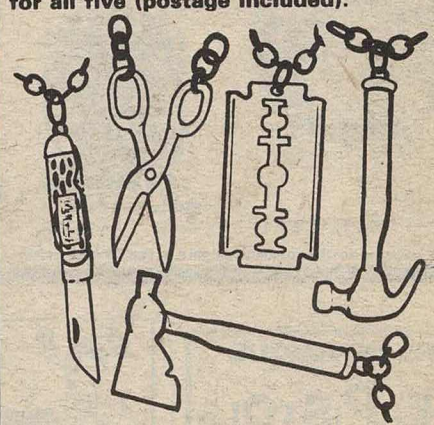
167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

★ SPECIAL OFFER ★
From PERMAPRINTS
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2 for all five (postage included).



Heavy steel (nickel plated) pendants approx. 1½" long complete with 22" chain. 5 titles available, ONLY 55p each. (or £2 for all five) (A) razor; (B) scissors; (C) axe; (D) hammer; (E) knife.

528. APOLLO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

229. SERENE BOOZER

248. POPPET

700. NEW STATUS QUO

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

159 BEETHOVEN

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224. WINGS

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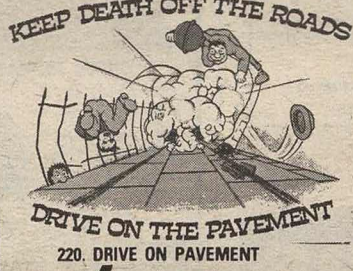
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

CONTENTS
untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order

129. CONTENTS

227. MILCH TRAY

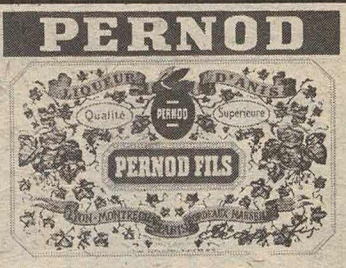


220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

704. MIGHTY MINI



667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

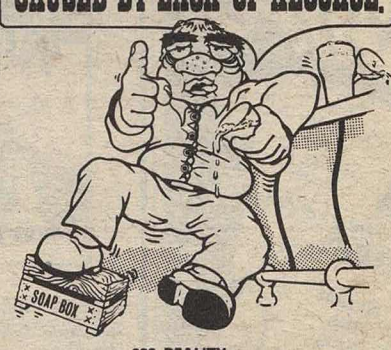
694. FOCKINK

148. LED ZEP

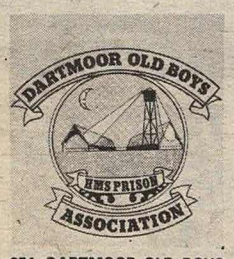
Electric Light Orchestra
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.



232 REALITY



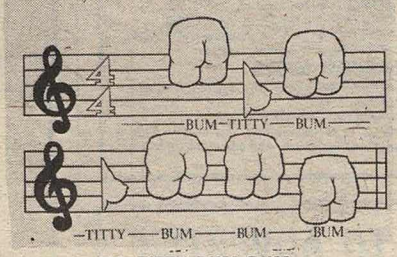
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

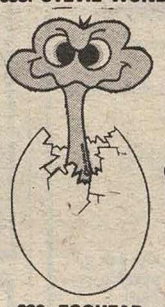
Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death
I shall fear no evil. Cause I am
the meanest Son of a Bitch that
ever walked in
the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH

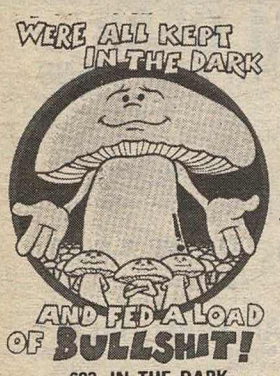
169. EAGLE



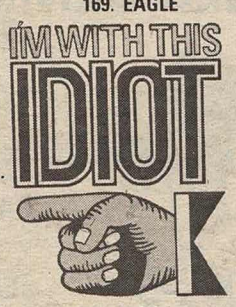
253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD



683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER

Permaprints Designs are also available at the following stores to personal shoppers only (not mail order)
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Shirts Galore Plus, 123 High Street, Beckenham, Kent.
Jim Beam, 119 High Street, Ayr, Scotland.
Masumi Fashions, 24 Inglis Street, Inverness.
Bloggs, 102 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, G2.
Charlies Bazaar, 12a Pottergate, Norwich.
Shirts Galore, 57 Water Street, Rhyl, N. Wales.
Shirts Galore, 7 Trinity St., Wrexham.
T-Shirt Centre, 46 The Old High Street, Folkestone.
Buds T—Shirts, Dreamland, Margate
Tony's T-Shirts, Marbles Market, 527 Oxford Street, London W1.
Mohammed's, Indoor Market, Dolphin Sq., Weston-Super-Mare.

258. TAKEN

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Address .....
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OTHER ITEMS .....
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I enclose £

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A74 Jimi Hendrix — B2. Take It Out — A81 England — R563 Outlaws Rifle — R3. Eagles on the Border — R4. Eagles Desperado — F3 Smile — A3 Santana — F98. It Feels Good — A70 Dave Bowie — F9. Happy Here — A82. Eagle — A75 J. S. Spitfire

A61 Led Zeppelin — A5. Pink Floyd — A81 Virgin — A66 Outlaws Lady In waiting — A5. KC and the Sunshine Band — A64 We knead your ass — R2. Eagles-one of these Nights

R288 Make mine country — F948 So What If I Ain't A Genius . . . I'm Beautiful — A72 Beatles — A6 Marshal Tucker — F68. Only Here For The Beer — A67 Atlanta Rhythm Section — F69 Ya Don't Work — F11. Do Unto Others

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					1 2	
					1 2 3	

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Style 527 Western styled 18" parallel with rivetted pockets in 14oz denim. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38". Inside leg: 34" only. Sizes from 26" to 34" waist are prewashed if required. £12.95

Flared needle cord westerned style with rivetted pockets in navy and dk brown. Waist sizes: 26" 27" 28" 29" 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42. Inside leg: 32" 34" 36" £12.50

Denim Jacket 14oz denim (original style). Chest sizes 30" 32" 34" 36" 38" 40" 42" 44" 46". Prewashed if required. £14.95

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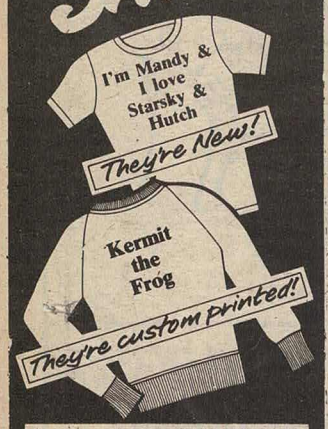

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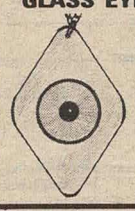

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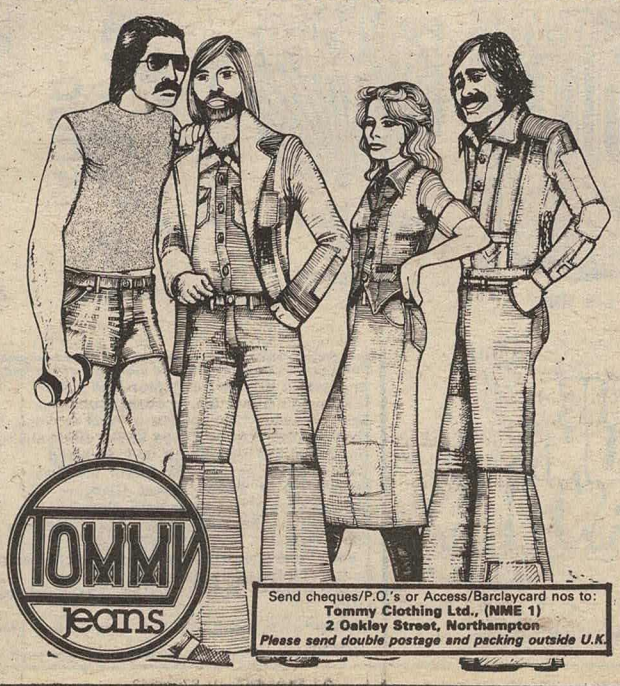

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ACROSS

1 Along with the ubiquitous CBGBs, Noo Yawk's premier sleazo rock hop (4,6,4)
7 & 6 In 1969 when her husband was jailed for draft evasion, she cut the elpee "David's Album"
8 Is it too late to say that he recorded "Rock Bottom"? (6,5)
9 & 24 Remember June 1970 when for half a dozen weeks Mungo Jerry was the future of (snigger) rock'n'roll? (2,3,10)
10 Of "Gypsy Woman", "I'm So Proud", "People Get Ready" and The Big 16
12 & 26 Stain of mod (anag. 4,6)
14 Former Wailer and 'erb lobbyist (5,4)
15 "Tons Of Sobs" was their debut elpee, in 1969
17 Roxy 45/Or defunct mag (6,4)
19 "— —— Day" — Edwin Hawkins Singers (2,5)
20 After Marley and Co, one of the longest-running reggae groups (5,3,3,7)
21 Sounds like Ozzie had a lousy weekend? (5,7)
23 Just for a change like, classical composer geezer
24 See 9
26 See 12
27 The McGarrigles (4,3,4)
28 See 11

DOWN

1 The former Ducks Deluxe now with The Rumour (6,7)
2 Forerunner of "A Night At The Opera" (5,5,6)
3 Of "I'm Stone In Love With You" and "You Make Me Feel Brand New"
4 See 13
5 Li'l Richard oldie (5,6)
6 See 7 across
7 & 21 down American-born producer and former musical director of UFO, it's been said that he invented folk-rock
11 & 28 (a), The Everlys (anag. 5,6)
13 & 4 Previously a hit for P.P Arnold (3,5,3,2,3,7)
16 A hit for T. Jones and A. Harvey
18 White dopes on punk — featuring the excessive Fee Waybill (3,5)
21 See 7 down
22 As in Toof, viz a viz Gary Wright
23 Poet geezer namesake (got class this crossword) formerly with Uriah 'Eep
25 As worn by Willy De Ville?

FOR LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS SEE PAGE 50

DISCO SCENE

All lineage in this section 12p per word

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In the interests of moral enlightenment and spiritual uplift, GASBAG presents

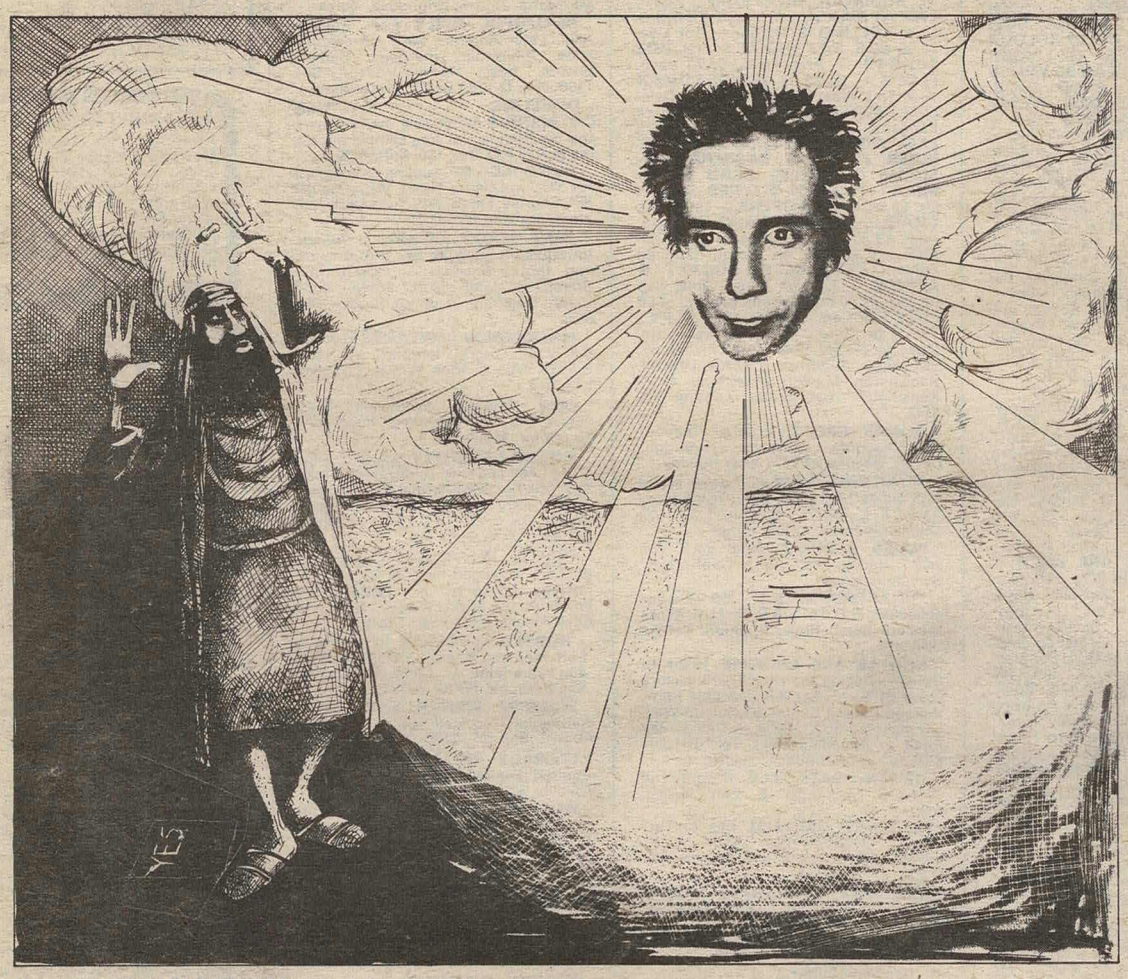


Illustration: TONY BENYON

I SAW THE LIGHT

A Morality Tale For The '70s. Directed by Charles Shaar Murray.

I AM SITTING in a morbid corridor at the heart of Earls Court Stadium. It is July 2, about 9.05 pm and I feel cheated.

I came to see Bad Company. Instead, I have the choice of seeing four insect-sized figures on stage, or of watching the whole thing on an inflated TV screen.

My seat — for what it is worth — is Block 99, K17, which means that it is virtually impossible to see the screen in any case, because of the angle.

I find the whole thing a degrading fallacy of what rock is supposed to be. It is music of youth, music with life, and one of the strongest communication medias for youth, as Mick Farren states in *Watch Out Kids*. I say, "Watch out kids 'cos you're being conned."

This ain't communication; this is just Big Business cleverly managed by that cleverest of managers Peter Grant, who alienated Led Zep from their public and has now successfully repeated it with Bad Co, a British band who play their first gig in 18 months in a venue which is so ridiculously big that no-one can see them. They haven't the decency to play decent venues and spend five or ten nights instead of just one.

Tonight is my first experience of the giant rock venue and I must say that I see the progression of Big Business Bands as appalling. How can watching them on a bloody great screen be like seeing them live? For the people in the second floor gallery here, there can be no communication with the band at all.

I have up until tonight had no time for punk, having seen the Sex Pistols at Chester Quaintways about a year ago. But if rock in London is heading towards the total big business stuff, then I'm all for punk. Take music back to the people.

It is for the public to help bring music back to the streets again. There are things you can do:

1) DO NOT got to venues larger than 2,000 seats;
2) DO NOT buy albums by bands who do not appear in your country regularly (tax exiles);
3) COMPLAIN if your favourite band treats you bad, i.e. no gigs around your area.

I hope you publish this letter because I write with feeling. Bad Company come on in a minute, but I'm going to find someone to complain to.

I can't stay here. I just feel cheated.

NIK LEVER,
Warrington, Lancs.

And welcome to "Economically viable rock". The whole issue of Bread in Rock has spawned its fair share of hypocritical posturing — rock has always been about po' folks trying to get rich — but if economic pressures result in The Consumer — that's you, sunshine — not getting what he came for then something's going badly wrong. After all, you've got economic pressures of your own, right? — CSM

FIVE WEEKS AGO I had long hair, liked Fleetwood Mac and Peter Frampton, went to one concert a year when I came to London and thought it was a good life!

Four weeks ago I saw The Clash (brilliant), the Subway Sect (O.K.), and the Slits (crap). I had a feeling. Something was changing?

Three weeks ago I saw the Stranglers (fucking good) and London (just as good). Something going on here. Something good.

Two weeks ago I cut my hair really short. I look a lot better (says my missus) and I've stopped walking around going "Hi Maan" to my (old) hippy friends.

One week ago I saw The Jam (pretty good). This week I've blown all my wages on records by the Pistols, Clash, Damned, Stranglers, London, Heartbreakers, Jam and Adverts.

Anyone who says NEW WAVE ain't gonna catch on is an arsehole! From a 28 year old ex-hippy (I mean it maan!)

ALAN THOMAS,
Penryn, Cornwall.

Okay fab readers . . . is this guy a bandwagon jumper or simply a geezer who's willing to get turned on to something new? Each one of us must now look deep into his/her own hearts and . .

Ahhhh, get on wiv it! — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE

I FEEL I must write and tell you that my two sons buy the *NME* every week and I always have a gander at it. I am a 49-year-old grandmother and over the years my three children have each been through different phases.

In the '60s my daughter Jenny was a mod. In the early '70s my son Gary was a hippy. And now my youngest son Paul is a proper punk. When I was a girl I was a jitterbugger! I can't imagine what my grandchildren are going to grow up to be.

GRANDMA MARSH,
Newton, Hyde.

P.S. My husband is 55 (his name's Fred) and he's the Rolling Stones' biggest fan.

'Bout the right age for the Stones, inne? — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE
Now, now . . — CSM

JUST WHY is Julie Burchill getting so het-up about The Stranglers' "London Lady"? Afraid the finger will be pointed in her direction next? Seems to me that she's just using the *NME* as a vehicle for airing her grievances about men in general and her sympathy for the feminist movement in general!

Not as "liberated" as she thinks she is, if she's so sensitive to a little criticism.

If "critics" are going to introduce their personal phobias into what are meant to be reviews then they should expect to get knocked in the way Caroline Coon is. For God's sake, get on with the reviews, and let's hear what went on on stage and lay off the long-winded descriptions on what you wore, etc and your sensitivity to certain lyrics.

If you can't get off on the image (which it almost certainly is) or the music, leave the reviewing to someone competent and objectively-minded. Talk about "collective phobia"!

MAUREEN, Cleveland.

See next letter — CSM

DEAR STRANGLERS, you make me feel like a wog.

A FEMALE EX-STRANGLERS FAN.

Okay Maureen? — CSM

AS ALL THINGS must go in cycles, my friends and I have evolved beyond "punkishness". We realise that we could no longer stagnate as ageing hippies and must indeed set the cosmic example by revealing the next step for humanity, namely: "Slump Rock".

We do not really worry about the dole; anarchy is just plain boring as somebody will only follow it with another organised society equally as boring. Seasons come and seasons go!

So just slump into the summer grass and smile into the grinning face of life, let it all pass you by. Slump into a carpet during winter, slump into another beautiful person. Slump together! Yes, already our souls are happily slumping into a wonderful ocean of indifference.

SLUMP ROCKERS RA SIVA AND JON CLOUDS, NORWICH.

Ah, the true blank generation. — HIDEOUS BILL.
Cool it, maaaan! — CSM.

I'M CONFUSED. What's all this about anarchy, minimalism, and fascism (sorry, neo-fascism)? P'raps you could explain what is what and who is what to a humble blank generator like me?

I think the Sex Pistols boat party thing was a small scale reconstruction of the Peterloo Massacre of 1819. To non-historians, the Peterloo Massacre took place when Orator Hunt (read 'The Sex Pistols') was speaking (were playing) at a mass-meeting (party) on St. Peter's Fields (the River Thames).

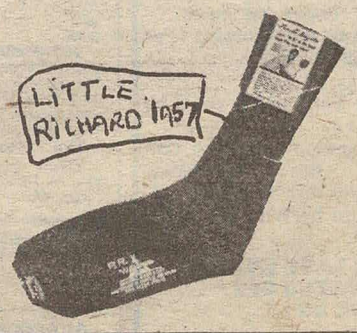
The magistrates were scared stiff of Hunt (Pistols) because at a previous meeting he had stirred up a riot (errr). Suddenly the magistrates sent in the Yeomanry (police) for no clear reason (ditto) and one rode up and told Hunt that he was under arrest. Both incidents then took a turn for the worse, for the spectators and Hunt (the Pistols). Here ends today's History ('know your policeman') lesson

ANTHONY DUNCOMBE-MOORE, Nantwich.

Brrrr . . . chilly in here all of a sudden — CSM

I EXPECT you will think I'm as kinky as they come, but the fact is I collect men's socks. I find them tremendously erotic, particularly when they have large holes in the heels. I am not a foot fetishist — but I do go a bundle on old socks that were once owned and worn by legendary rock and roll performers such as Bill Haley and Carl Perkins.

They are an obsession with me, and have been ever since I first purchased a pair reportedly worn by Little Richard when he cut "Good Golly Miss Molly". They are very small (size 5) and when I bought them for two quid in an auction ten years ago they were heavily scented with a pungent, musky vegetable fragrance that reminded me of boiled cabbage!



You can keep your autographed album covers, concert posters, and souvenir programmes — give me a moth-eaten pair of old rocker socks any day.

LEAPIN' LINDA, Acton W3

Huh???? — CSM

HEY, IF I'd known you were going to print my letter, I'd have written sooner. Did I blow it?

F. F. F. PHRASER, Falkland, Fife.

Blow what? — CSM

HEY! YOU guys! Are you ready for this? I mean this'll really grab ya by the scrotum. O.K.? Here goes.

I have done it. I have discovered the SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE!

No kiddin' — I have touched the COSMIC STONE! I have attained the ultimate level of NEBULOID AWARENESS!

I tell ya, man, it's so far out it's unbelievable. I mean this is where it's really at!

Want a piece of the action? Want clued on this AMAZING SECRET? The jive is yours for a mere 500 grand in used fivers. If ya can't raise the bread an elpee token will do. Be hearin' from ya.

JOHNNY ASTEROID, Glasgow

Will this do until we get the Dylan interview, boss? — CSM
No chance — CSM

DEAR JONATHAN BARNETT, having just read your account of the happenings at Stonehenge I feel I must put you straight on a couple of things.

(1) What Hawkwind were doing at Stonehenge was playing for the people. What were you doing?

(2) If we played for longer than we normally do it was because we had perhaps got a little too much into the *spirit* of things rather than the reverse, which you implied.

(3) We certainly did not prevent Gong from playing on purpose: we didn't even know they were present. The P.A. was dis-assembled not at our request but because our road crew, who had been working for 48 hours continuously — free — were knackered and wanted to go home.

What's to stop other bands from bringing their own gear and crews?

Thanks for giving a totally distorted view of the proceedings. Everyone I spoke to had a good time. Start taking the tablets.

ADRIAN SHAW (Hawkwind).

FUCK YOUR criticism and check your facts because writing lies is a dangerous occupation. References to heroin and thinking only of yourself can only reflect Jonathan Barnett's attitudes more than they do ours. The generator, as he pointed out, was expensive, but so was the rest of the equipment that we have to hire, including: an articulated truck; a three ton lorry; eight roadies; Atomhenge; lighting, P.A. etc.

To turn up at a festival with a guitar under your arm and ready to play is not quite the same thing as trying to put on a spectacular show for nothing. People who know us know that we don't charge money for doing free gigs. We've been getting ourselves seriously into debt over the years through being a people's band. And 4,000 of them stayed with us from 12 till dawn and didn't go back into their tents even during the time the generator had packed in due to constant use throughout the day (four other acts used it apart from us — Mr Barnett please note).

I doubt if Jonathan Barnett would recognise a "Vibe" even if he got it from a sex shop, complete with instructions.

BOB CALVERT / DAVE BROCK (Hawkwind).

'S'matter . . . don't you guys talk to each other any more? Anyway, points taken. You're all wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, Awright? — CSM

t-zers

ISN'T IT NOT the case (yes readers, *T-Zers* discovered an old tea-chest full of its favourite triple-negatives over the weekend) that before the setting up of the **Sex Pistols** Euro-jaunt semi-revealed on page three, a somewhat less conventional tour plan was mooted but aborted?

This was for a series of musical recitals at towns along the Northern French coast, the idea being that Pistols punters could be steamered across the Channel for the gig and ferried back again the same night. This ingenious wheeze capsized, *apparentment*, because no ferry/shipping line would undertake the operation. *Zoot alors*, exclaims a retired British General, whatever happened to the Dunkirk spirit? . . .

Harrassed teen idol **K. Richard,** however, refuses to admit defeat. While hanging around Toronto waiting for the Lord Chief Mountie to decide his fate, Keef has been cutting "numerous" demos at Sounds Interchange, the studio recently used by **Thin Lizzy** for their next elpee. Studio boss **Jeff Smith** personally engineered the sessions during which Keef confided that the police warrant that started his case rolling had been issued to search someone else's hotel room and most definitely not that of Mr. Richard *en famille* . . .

V. small number of *A&M* pressings of "God Save The Queen" circulating on 'black market' and fetching outrageous prices. Is it true (or rather, isn't it not the truth?) that Pistols' boss **Malcolm McLaren** purchased one for his private collection for £40? Others are said to have exchanged hands for twice that amount . . .

Bob Marley poorly foot shock. An assassin's gun failed to stop him but The Hardest Working Rasta In Show Business has been laid up with a foot injury sustained while playing soccer. As a result, the **Wailers'** U.S. tour due to start in Miami last week has had to be rescheduled for later this month . . .

Info-City Newsflash: **Mike Thorne,** producer of chart-busting "The Roxy' London WC2" album, was once classical record reviewer for *Hi Fi News*. His first gig for EMI involved a single using 100 saxophonists. Bet that was a novel conversation topic with **Slaughter & The Dogs** . . .

Ry Cooder's follow-up to "Chicken Skin Music" due on August 5. Called "Show Time" — ladeez'n'gennelmen let's hear it for Mr. Ry Cooder, The Hardest Working Anthropologist In Show Business — it's a basically live affair but with two studio cuts previously unreleased in the UK . . .

Stiff planning a pub-rock (what's pub-rock?) album featuring, among others, **Kokomo** and **Ducks Deluxe** . . .

Can it be true that WEA managing director **John Fruin** rebuked some of his staff for being "improperly dressed" at a birthday party last week for **Alan Freeman.** The "improperly dressed" WEA staffers were wearing T-shirts and jeans, as was A&M managing director **Derek Green.** Alan Freeman, incidentally, claimed to be 50 . . .

Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, who will probably be knocking back their dooty free's by the time you read this (see page three), said their farewells to London Town last week. Farewell party one was a gig at Krackers to thank their supporters. The H'Breakers turned in an incredible set in 289 degree heat, marred only by **Buzzcocks'** unco-operative attitude viz a viz lights, soundcheck and dressing room. What gives, cocks? Farewell party two — attended by Thunders' lady **Julie** and her two-year-old offspring **Little Johnny Thunder** — was at the Track label offices. This one was unfortunately turned over by the police after several morons playfully threw cans at heads of passers-by . . . Johnny's last words may well have been, "We *shall* return." Then again they could just as easily have been, "huh . . ." . . .

Is it true **Sid Vicous** has a habit of disturbing **Unca Malcolm's** sleep by phoning to tell him that he's fallen in love again? . . .

Gulp, we hope you boys is gonna be rilly happy together. As *NME* went to press Tuesday, we heard that **Leee Black Childers,** manager of the **Heartbreakers,** was having a meeting in a Soho pub to try and fix up a gig starring His Boys and Teds' faves, **Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets** (who incidentally, are also among **J. Rotten's** faves). Childers, you'll remember, was duffed up by punks who thought he was a Ted after the **Boom Town Rats** gig t'other week. The Thunders/Sunsets project is an attempt to cool out the two warring factions before it goes any further. You're a plucky fella, **Leee,** even tho' you've got a very silly name . . .

Talking of **J. Rotten's** faves, London area listeners can hear The Hardest Working Spiky Head In Show Business talking about and playing his favourite records on Capital this Saturday. His host, **Tommy Vance** (35), taped the show — two hours are promised — last week. Rotten brought along his own records, most if not all of them reggae obscurities . . .

Wilko Johnson claims he can read all of Milton's *Paradise Lost* in a mere 8½ hours (including a ten minute lunch break). Great show for the Rainbow, huh? . . .

Richard Nixon (of **Frost** Show fame) is, according to Burke's (of Peerage fame) new book on Euro royalty, ninth in line for the throne of Albania. And what's nine people more or less? On the other hand, he *could* try pairing **Tricia** off with **Prince Charles** . . .

This week's Stars Turn Out For **Pirates** *T-Zer* features **Muddy Waters, David Coverdale,** and **The Damned's Brian James** and **Captain Sensible** — all were at Dingwalls foot-tapping to the beat of London's latest hot combo . . .

Discipline that lying *T-Zer*. **Climax** have left **Miles Copeland's** management, but not for **Irv Azoff.** Acting manager is **Tony Brinsley,** who's helping Climax handle themselves . . . birch that foul-mouthed *T-Zer* . . . *manage* themselves . . .

Viz a viz that **Johnny Rotten** razoring incident. *T-Zers* can now reveal that among the witnesses was young Japanese person **Mika,** she of **Sadistic Mika Band,** who was in the company of friend, "Pretty Vacant" producer **Chris Thomas,** who was in turn in the company of **J. Rotten.** Pretty Mika sensibly locked herself in the car . . .

New **Rumour** platter "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" (*NME* Single Of The Week) first recorded in 1940 under the title "Concerto For Cootie". It's a **Duke Ellington** number . . .

Open letter to **The Jam.** Could **Rick Parfitt** of **Status Quo** please have his amp back? Rick is a friend of **Paul Weller's** dad, who manages The Jam, and says he lent them an amp some six months ago. He hasn't seen it since . . .

Boxer, who missed two dates on the CBS Heat On The Street tour 'cos **Mike Patto** lost his voice and bassist **Tim Bogert** was spewing up blood, rejoined the **Crawler-Moon** package over the weekend . . .

Marcus Lipton, the MP who recently declared that society should smash the punks before the punks smashed society, has opened his big mouth again. He wants the BBC to ban "Pretty Vacant". Not that he can find anything specific to take offence to, but he doesn't like the flip-side "No Fun", presumably 'cos it contains a durty wurd . . .

More on **Wilko:** After just one abortive day of rehearsals with former **Chilli Willis Paul Bass** and **Pete Thomas** and keyboards player **John Potter,** the erstwhile Oil City Axeman is still without a band. Seems he kept prattling on about temptation, Lucifer and falls from grace . . .

Eric Burdon and members of **The Clash** among the turn-out for **Muddy Waters** at New Victoria Friday . . .

And once again it's back to boring old men in white suits: **John McLaughlin** is allegedly threatening costly litigation if producer **Alan Douglas** goes ahead with plans to release the tapes of the **McLaughlin** and **Hendrix** studio jams . . .

And sticking with Jimi: it is said, by those who say this sort of thing, that producer **Ed Chalpin** — the man responsible for all those tacky pre-Experience Hendrix albums — used to play a tape to his friends which clearly has both Hendrix and Curtis Knight asking Chalpin to swear never to release the tapes commercially . . .

The unacceptable face of tax exiles: **Ronnie Wood** selling the Richmond home he bought for £140,000 (aka The Wick, as featured in the drug trial and re-trial of **Mrs. Chrissie Wood**) for £300,000 . . .

A rival music magazine (not *Melody Maker*) seething over the fact that *T-Zers* needed to point out a blunder in their columns last week. *T-Zers* hears they're planning revenge. By ripping off our layouts? By copying our headlines? Or maybe they'll think of something new — it's about time . . .

A PS on **Mick Ronson** (which is different to A Pox 'Pon Him): so self-possessed and unmoved by current trends is Our Lad from Hull that, save for the odd cut on the radio, neither "Low" nor "The Idiot" have yet shaken his ear wax about in the entirety of their album formats *("In other words he hasn't bothered to buy the buggers"—Ed)* . . .

Damned with faint praise. *Billboard*, reviewing **The Damned/Dead Boys** gig in New York, reported somewhat disappointingly that Rat's boys seemed "no more threatening than the average wasted English musician". The Big Apple's own **Dead Boys,** according to *Billboard*, easily won out in the Gross-Out Stakes. They picked up points heavily for throwing instruments and "assorted furniture" around during their set, and scored a knock-out victory when singer **Stiv Bators** proceeded to transfer body lice from himself to his guitarist. Eat your heart out, **Captain Sensible** . . .

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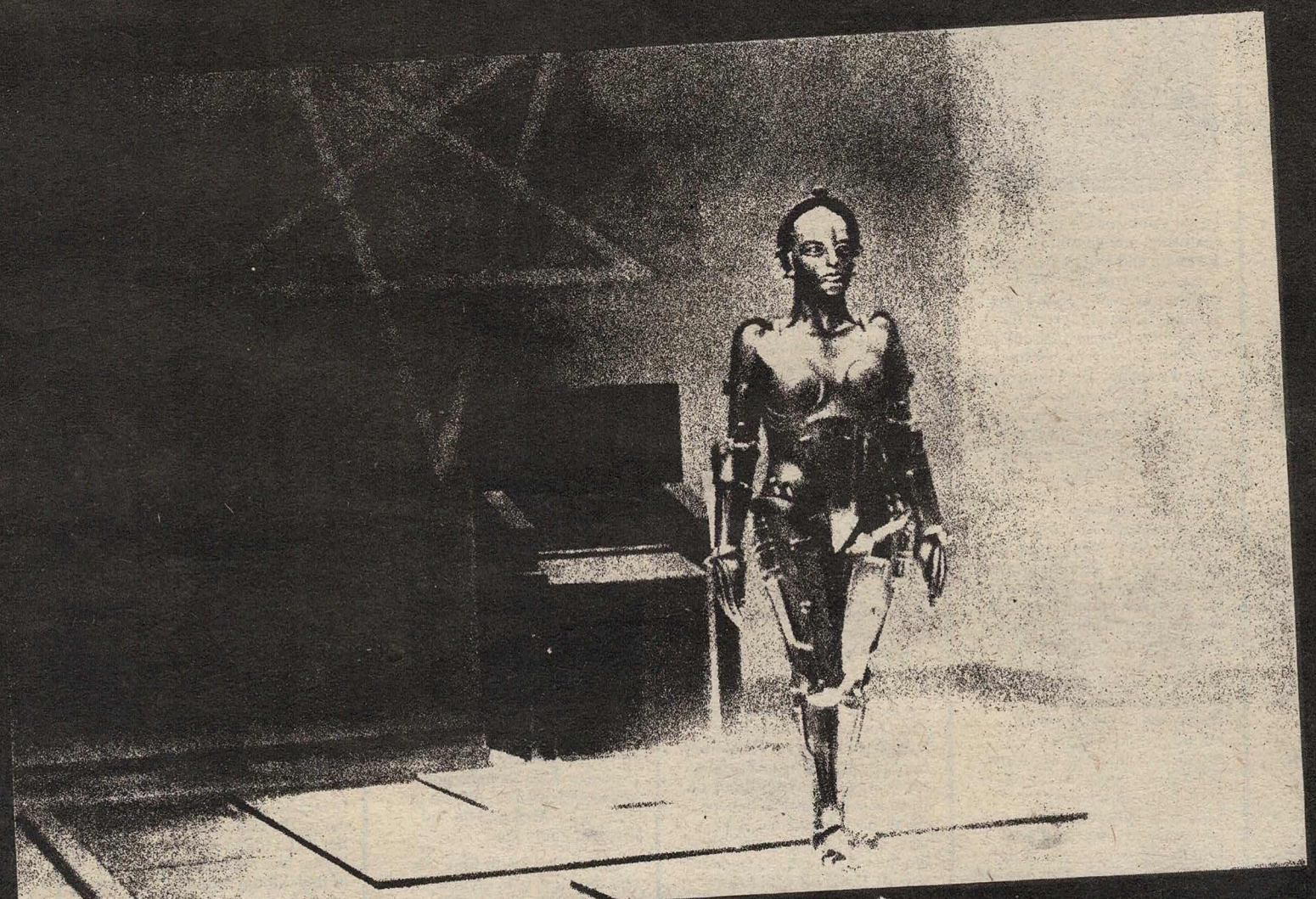

LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE

Live! In The Air Age... capturing the magic of BE BOP in concert. They couldn't get all your favourite tracks onto two album sides, so they've made it a two record set – for the price of a single album.

Tracks include: BLAZING APOSTLES, SHIPS IN THE NIGHT, FAIR EXCHANGE, SISTER SEAGULL, MAID IN HEAVEN, ADVENTURES IN A YORKSHIRE LANDSCAPE and many more.

This, the very first Live BE BOP deluxe album, marks a special event in the band's history. In the past we have always regarded our stage music as something quite separate from the studio albums. BE BOP deluxe in concert was simply just that,... a single event, experienced and then gone forever, as impermanent and elusive as we could make it. It seemed wrong to transfer such an event from the nervous white light of the stage to the calm persistence of plastic. But now, with the opening of a new chapter in the band's development it feels right to commit some of our moments of musical time to the waltzing of your timeless turntables.

Among the old favourites you will find two previously unrecorded songs:... "Mill Street Junction" I wrote way back in 1972, a relic from the very earliest period of the band's career. "Piece of Mine" is more recent, being part of BE BOP's live shows for around two years.

So here it is, Live! In The Air Age, with thanks to the many people behind the scenes who help keep the show on the road, but most of all to you for being there to hear it.

Bill Nelson.

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